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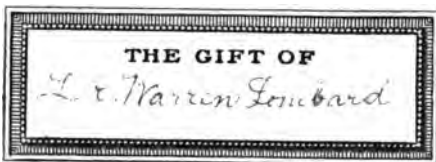
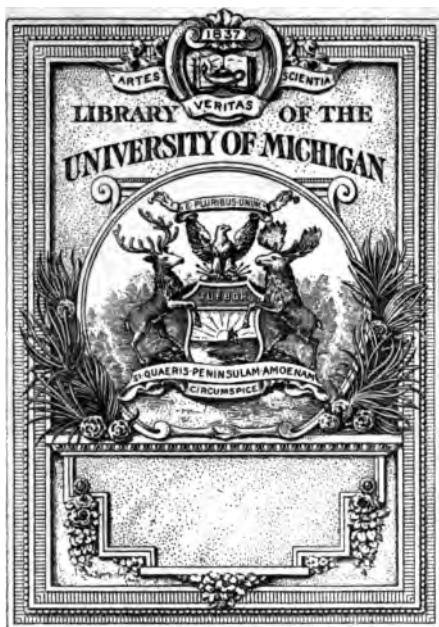
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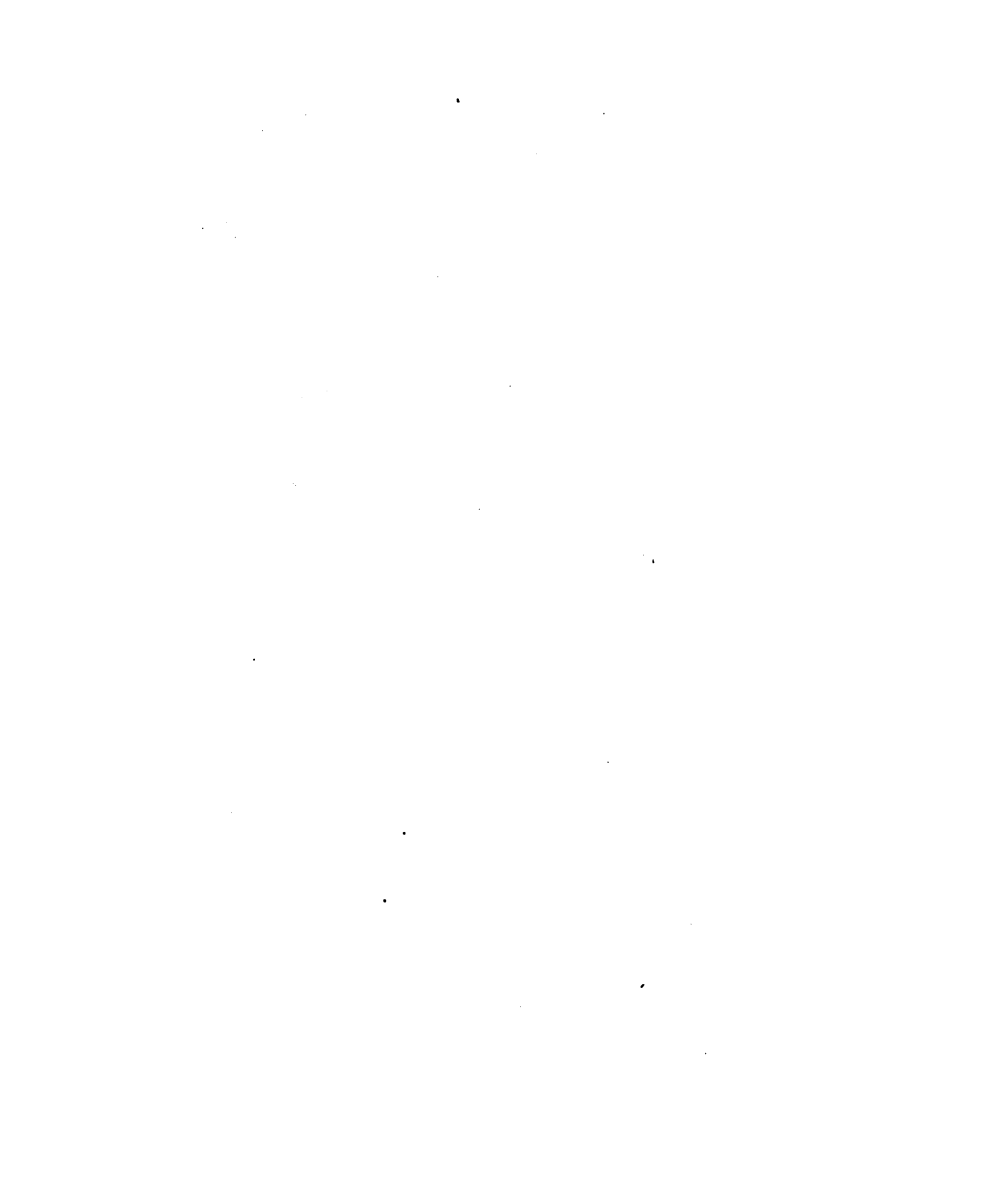
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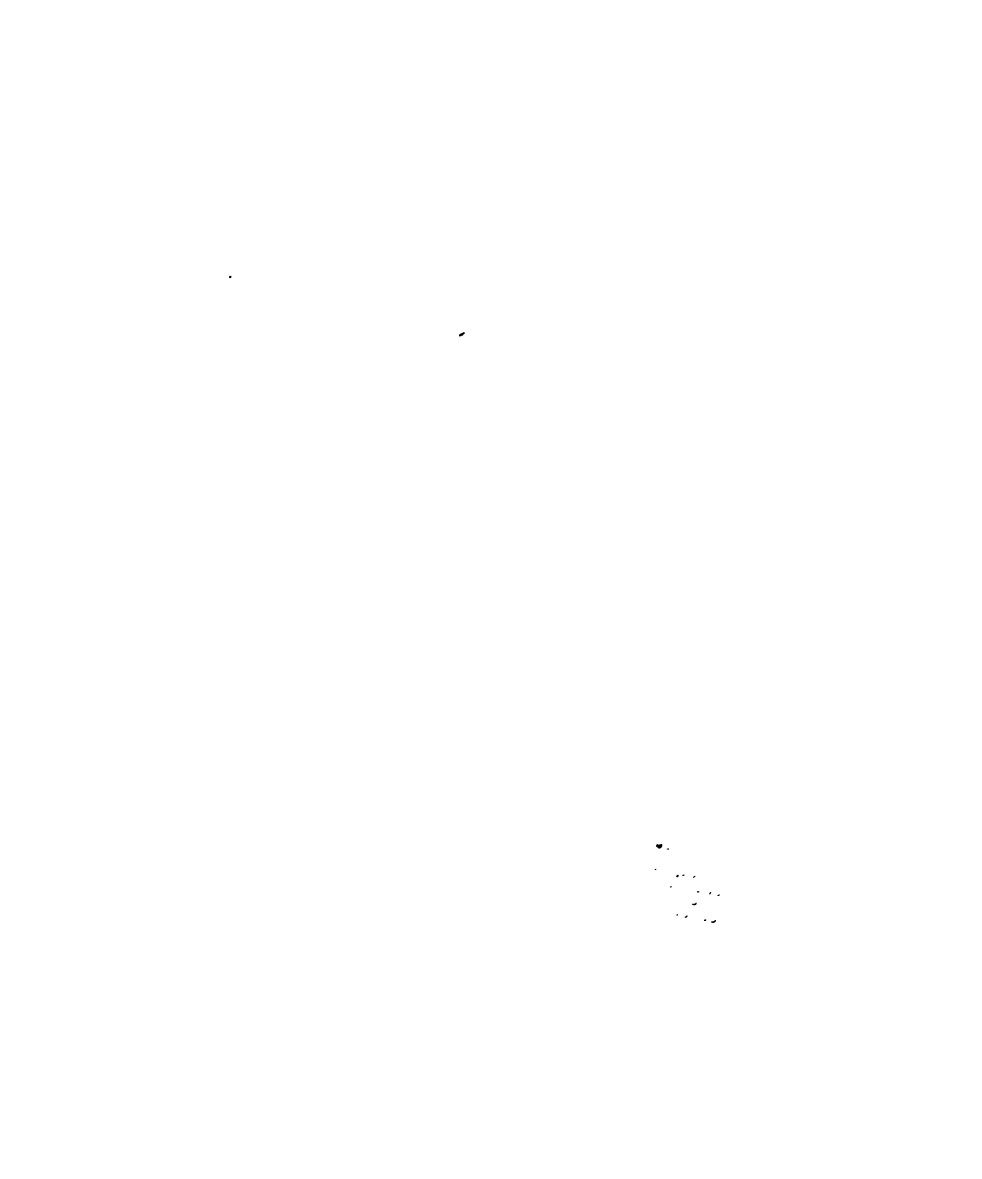
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‘After being in the woods from Saturday morning until Thursday evening, the child was found by a party of two or three who had gged from the rest. They saw her standing on a log.’

—VOL. III., page 177.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.



PHILADELPHIA:
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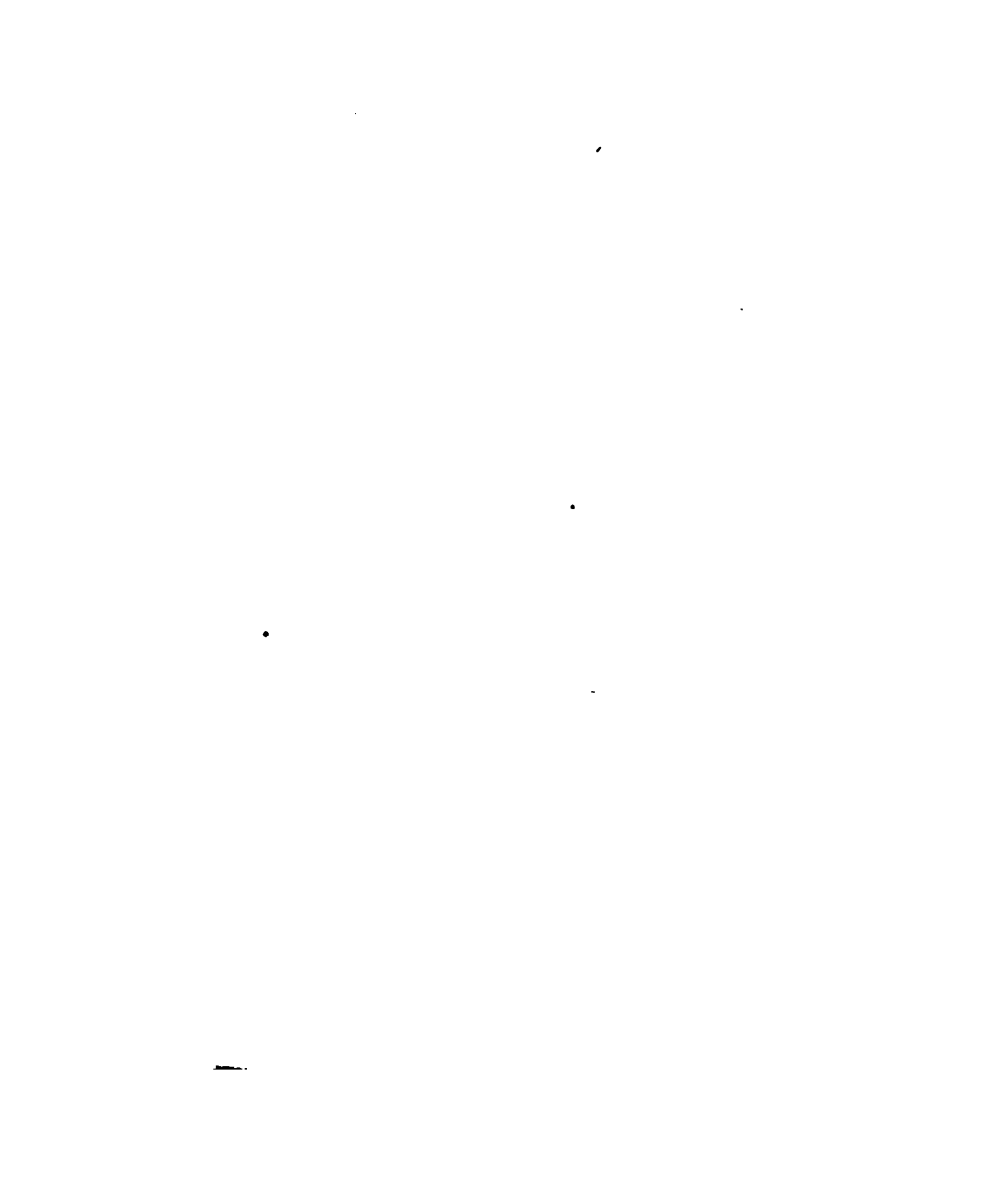
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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

PASS OF KHOORD-CABOOL.

A REALITY OF WAR.

THE retreat of the British army through the Pass of Khoord-Cabool, in Afghanistan, will be fresh in general recollection ; for it occurred so late as January 6th 1842, and was signalised by the most terrible disasters. The following particulars of the retreat, furnished by a survivor, will give an impressive idea of the realities of war.

It will be remembered that the army, which was under the command of Major-General Elphinstone, was compelled to evacuate the cantonments at Cabool, where it had sustained a thoroughly disheartening siege of two months, and to commence a retreat towards Jelalabad—the attempt to settle affairs in Afghanistan, where the British had in reality no right to be, having signally failed. To aggravate the difficulties of the retreat, the period was the depth of winter, the cold was intense, and the troops were inadequately supplied with provisions, fuel, or tent-equipage. Besides, the road lay through a country full of rugged mountains and barren heaths, without any

means of shelter or succour. To complete the picture, a powerful and treacherous enemy hung on the skirts of the retreating regiments, and threatened their entire slaughter. The whole affair, indeed, had what is usually called 'a very ugly look !' And ugly it was, sure enough. Orders were issued to cut a passage through the eastern rampart, to allow the exit of the gun-carriages, baggage, &c. and for planks to be conveyed to the river to construct a bridge. These orders were carried into effect, and 2000 camels and *yaboos* or mules were laden with military and other stores, together with a miserably small supply of materials to shelter the troops when encamped. The 44th regiment is said to have mustered about 600 strong ; add to these 970 cavalry, a troop of horse artillery of about 80 or 90 in number, and 2800 native troops, chiefly Hindoos, and the total is 4460 fighting men, with three mountain train-guns and six horse-artillery guns. The camp-followers, which are the annoyance of Indian armies, amounted to about 12,000 men, women, and children—a host of useless lumber in the flight that was to take place.

There was a sergeant in the 44th, named Frederick Maitland. He was a handsome young man, whom misfortune had compelled to enlist as a private soldier, just before the regiment left England, and he was accompanied by his young wife. During the occupation of Cabool by the regiment, a strong friendship had sprung up between Maitland and a renowned chieftain of the Kuzzilbashes,* named Chinga Zung. It arose from the sergeant having saved the life of Chinga in action, and the grateful Kuzzilbash offered eternal friendship to his preserver. The time had now come for him to evince his gratitude, and he prepared to do so most nobly. On the morning of the evacuation, he sought the sergeant, to tell him that

* The Kuzzilbashes are descended from the Persians, and usually may be distinguished by their red caps. They remained neutral during all the disastrous skirmishes which led to the subversion of power at Cabool, until the British lost the Commissariat Fort, when at once shamefully induced the majority of them to join the *ghans*.

he would, with the aid of his personal followers, do all that was possible to protect the sergeant's wife, and that he had already mounted her on a sure-footed and swift camel. Chinga Zung was a man of gigantic stature, and of very impressive appearance. He wore the usual dress of his people—wide trousers, tightly gathered round the ankles, and his red cap was surmounted with a small plume of eagles' feathers. A pair of long-barrelled pistols were stuck in his embroidered crimson belt; and a curved yataghan in a Persian sheath, enriched with golden devices and sparkling gems, was suspended by his side. The head of the chieftain, although well shaped, was comparatively very small. His features were swarthy, but finely shaped, and indicative of great resolution. He was of very superior intelligence, and spoke the English language with facility, and in a voice of singular melody and sweetness. As he now conversed with his friend the sergeant, he held a heavy rifle in his hand, loosely slung from a belt over his shoulder, with a bright keen bayonet turned down on the under side of the barrel, but which, by pressing a powerful spring, could be projected and fixed for use in a moment.

Their dialogue was interrupted by a fearful shriek—a woman's cry of agony and despair—that rose piercingly above all other sounds. A few paces off, a little group had already collected, and when Maitland and his Kuzzilbash friend strode to the spot, they at once comprehended the cause. Stretched on the cold ground was the lifeless body of a fine young soldier who had been badly wounded in one of the previous bloody skirmishes, and had become in consequence so debilitated that when he essayed, with the aid of his wife and a comrade, to stagger towards one of the baggage-wagons destined to convey the sick, the slight exertion so far hastened the dissolution which under any circumstances must soon have taken place, that he dropped down, gasped a few broken words of farewell, and died. Thus dead, his head was supported on the lap of his wife, the unhappy woman whose shriek, at the moment when he expired, had thrilled the hearts of

hundreds. But that shriek once uttered, not another, not a word, not a murmur, escaped her bloodless lips, as with dishevelled hair, and hands clasped together over her breast, she bent with her face almost touching her husband's. His eyes were open, and set in what seemed an affectionate parting look on his beloved wife; and with lineaments to the full as stony as his own, did that devoted creature immovably sit. She shed not a tear; not an eyelash quivered, not a muscle stirred, not once did her bosom heave. Had her spirit fled already to rejoin his! At first the bystanders thought so, but they were wrong.

On his knees by her side was a pretty boy some three or four years old, sobbing as if his little heart would break. He threw himself on his father's breast—he twined his fingers in his father's hair—he clasped his hands about his father's neck, as had been his wont—he kissed his father's rigid, parted lips. Alas! for the first time there was no answering caress.

'O mammie!' cried he, suddenly precipitating himself on the lap of his mother, 'father won't kiss me—won't speak!'

Even this roused not the mother. She did not stir, but gently laid the head of her husband on the earth, and raised her own face, which seemed not of this world. She unclasped her hands, and putting aside the fair flowing locks of her child, suffered her gaze for a moment to rivet on his features. Then, without a sigh, without a groan, without a struggle, without once opening her lips, she refolded her thin, clammy hands, and fell suddenly backward—quite dead. If hearts can be broken, hers was.

Even in that fearful, busy, life-and-death moment, not one who looked on the group hurried away, but in the contemplation of it, all for awhile forgot their own cares, and the probability that very soon it might be their fate also. Many a manly heart melted, and many a rough hand hastily brushed away a tear.

'Ochone! and what's to become o' the poor bairn in

a time like this ?' demanded a grim-looking Scotch veteran. 'Who will, or can care for him ?'

'God Almighty will himself do that !' solemnly replied a soldier who was leaning on his musket by the side of the dead bodies ; 'and I will myself see to the child.'

With this observation, Frederick Maitland gently took the poor child in his arms, and said kindly to him : 'I will be your father henceforward, my dear little fellow.' A murmur of admiration buzzed around, and many spoke their gratification of the young sergeant's conduct.

'There,' said he, kissing his trembling little *protégé*, 'you see I will kiss you and love you ; so don't cry any more, for I shall be your father now.'

Children rarely mistrust words which bear the impulse of truth and heartfulness, and wonderfully soothed by the endearing tone, the child resigned himself to his new protector.

'Comrades !' exclaimed the sergeant, 'make a grave, however shallow, so that the Afghans may not mangle their remains. Lay them side by side.'

No further appeal was needed. Tools were procured, and in a few minutes a dozen sturdy arms had thrown up a trench, and the yet warm bodies of the unfortunate pair were decently interred, not without a few hasty but sincere tears being shed by those who performed the office.

Chinga Zung relieved Frederick of the child, and conveyed him to the spot outside the fort where the sergeant's wife was mounted on a camel. She had no child of her own, and received the little orphan with open arms. The Kuzzilbash repeated positive orders to his people not to stir from the spot till his return, and then he left them to seek Frederick. He found the latter with his company zealously striving to get it into good order, as it was understood they were immediately to march out. There was no time for further conversation, since in a few minutes the word of command was given, the foremost files fell into step, and the whole 44th were quickly in motion. Dismal and chilling indeed was the scene spread

before them. Crisp and dazzling snow covered every object to a considerable depth : overhead, masses of white curling clouds were packed, pile above pile, like so many fantastic Alpine mountains, and, worse than all, the air was piercingly cold ; so cold, indeed, that the threadbare uniforms of the soldiers felt like no clothing at all, and when the march commenced, those who happened to have been standing long in one position experienced great difficulty in moving their limbs. This sensation, however, was much relieved whilst they continued in motion, as the consequent friction and circulation of the blood of course warmed their bodies ; but from the very first setting out, their hands and feet were painfully numbed, and their faces cut by the biting air.

When the advance was fairly out, every one naturally looked around for some sign of the escort promised by Akber Khan, but scarcely an Afghan was in sight. Shortly afterwards, a cool message was received from Nuwalk Akber Khan, to the effect that no escort was ready that day, so that the army must please to halt until the next morning for it. The utter faithlessness of the Afghans was now too evident to induce any reliance on a vague promise like this, and therefore the troops continued to march onward until stopped by a stream, over which a hastily-thrown bridge was not yet completed. This unfortunately caused a delay of half an hour or more ; and cause enough was there to grudge every minute wasted, for the Afghans had now broken into the recently-evacuated northern cantonment in a tumultuous swarm, and were destroying all before them. It was nearly twelve o'clock before the advance-guard had quite cleared the bridge ; and owing to the masses of ungovernable camp-followers, the main body had hardly begun to follow ere it fell into the utmost confusion.

The scene at this period was singularly strange and picturesque—the terrible and the ludicrous blended into one exciting *coup-d'œil*. Soldiers, camp-followers, yaboos, camels, baggage-wagons, artillery-guns, all mixed into an inextricable jumble ; add to which the sharp orders of

the officers, the loud responses of the men, the clanging of steel, the thundering tramp of countless feet, the snorting of the numerous beasts of burden, the occasional accidental explosions of muskets, and the unceasing struggles and cries of many hundreds of women and children, suffering alike from bodily pressure in the wedged mass and from terror, cold, and hunger—forming altogether a scene bewildering to the last degree.

Four o'clock had arrived, and the dusky mantle of approaching night was beginning to dim the face of the earth, before the whole of the main column had struggled over the bridge. By this time, the Afghans poured in one continuous stream into the doomed cantonments, thirsting for havoc and slaughter. The rear-guard was compelled to give place to them, and hurriedly withdrew to the plain, where it assumed the best position it could beside the piled baggage. Between the rear-guard and the cantonments, sheltered by a small abrupt hill, stood the camel bearing Mary Maitland and her adopted child, and by its side a guard of eight of Chinga Zung's picked Kuzzilbashes, who faithfully obeyed their chieftain's order not to stir from the spot till his return, nor to permit the slightest molestation of their charge.

On the ramparts, the Ghazees, a numerous and very powerful class of half-insane religious zealots, were lashing themselves into fury by gulping down strong waters, carried in bottles at their girdles, and running round in frenzied circles, vociferating their wild, savage hymns or chants, with the most horrible and demoniac contortions of their features. A few poor straggling soldiers and camp-followers, who had still chosen to loiter about the outworks, were seized by these wretches, who actually tore them in pieces with their hands; and in not a few instances reeking portions of the flesh were swallowed piecemeal.

After awhile, growing tired of hacking and tearing down the various buildings, the Afghans deliberately manned the ramparts, and levelling their deadly juzzails

(long rifles) at the rear-guard, began a systematic butchery. Soldier after soldier, even at that distance, did they kill, and this without the possibility of the rear-guard making more than a mere defensive demonstration—compelled, as they were, to wait until the passage of the main body was completed, before they could move and properly cover its retreat.

When the firing began, Mary instinctively bent her head in terror, for the bullets whistled at times closely over them; and at length, the party having attracted notice, a ball sped through the skull of the Kuzzilbash especially appointed by Chinga Zung to guide the camel. The situation of the party was now eminently critical. Where was Chinga Zung? He had never been near, since bringing the little boy, who, overcome by cold and grief, was sleeping heavily in Mary's lap.

A few words will explain the chieftain's seeming neglect. From hour to hour his services and his advice had been called into requisition by numerous officers, and now at the very moment when his faithful follower was slain, he was fighting hand to hand against deadly odds near to that very rampart whence the fatal shot was fired. He had gone among the Afghans in the futile hope of inducing them to allow the evacuation to be effected in peace, and soon had to literally cut his way out by a desperate running-fight. Aided by his immense physical power and extraordinary skill and perseverance, he finally succeeded in escaping unhurt. Not a moment did he lose in bounding towards his people, and with bloody yataghan brandished in his hand, he seized the tether of the camel, and led it along at a rapid pace.

It was now becoming quite dark, when suddenly a bright glare, projected on the snow in front, caused them to turn round, and then they beheld sheets of flame springing up from the Residency, and every other inflammable building which the Ghazees could fire. A shout, caught up by the hideous voices of the whole fanatical body, hailed the progress of the flames, which spread with great rapidity, being fed with every combustible

the incendiaries could lay their hands on. When the cavalcade arrived at the bridge, they were unable to pass for some time, on account of the swelling throng of fugitives preceding them; and before they reached the plain beyond, the fire had nearly attained its height, presenting a scattered base of lurid glow, but uniting in one close column of wreathed flame at a vast height in the air.

What were the feelings of Frederick as he beheld this sight from the halting-place ahead, blended with the uncertainty of the fate of her who was all the world to him! For aught he knew, she might be perishing in those very flames! But safely did Chinga Zung convey his trust across the stream, and then pushed forward with all possible speed to join the advance-guard, which was encamped at Bygram—a distance of barely six miles thus forming their first day's march!

Night being now fairly set in, the elements increased in severity to a dreadful degree. As mentioned, the supply of fuel, food, and means of shelter were miserably insufficient. Indeed, there was not a mouthful of food that night for two-thirds of those assembled; fuel could not be found; and the tents in the aggregate were not capable of sheltering more than a few hundreds of people. And what things these tents were! Composed of a single thickness of canvas, such dilapidated, threadbare, ragged, weather-beaten objects never were assembled elsewhere. These miserable tents were pitched here and there, without the slightest regard to order or situation—in fact, just where the vehicles from which they were unpacked happened to have halted; and no distinction was made between the European and native regiments, the men mixing almost promiscuously together, and leaving their several companies to seek for any little shelter they could obtain, either among the baggage or under the wagons. Horses, camels, and yaboos were scattered on all sides, and in the very heart of the *mêlée*; and although their presence helped to increase the 'confusion worse confounded' by separating the soldiers

from their comrades, it was certainly an advantage to lie near and among these animals, as their bodies naturally retained much more heat than those of human beings, and consequently they imparted some degree of warmth to those in contact with them. Many men were aware of this, and in availing themselves of it by lying huddled close to the animals, several fierce fights occurred between parties contending for the best places.

It had been early found impossible to keep, even at the point of the bayonet, the crowds of camp-followers from thrusting themselves into the midst of the troops, and therefore a more partycoloured encampment cannot be conceived. Of course, the vast majority of all classes slept without any other canopy than the gloomy snow-charged masses of clouds louring over their heads. In many places, the snow was only partially cleared away from the spot where the people threw themselves helplessly down; and some, when they stretched their length on the cold bare ground, at the same moment might be said to measure out their graves; for it is supposed that about fifty slept their last sleep this night, and, frozen down to the spot, were left untouched both by friend and foe to rot where they lay.

Piercing were the cries of the children, and heart-rending were the moans and groans of both women and men. But by midnight, a comparative stillness pervaded, to a degree that, considering the elements of which the assemblage was composed, might be deemed astonishing, were it not accounted for in a great measure by a recollection that fatigue, privation, and cold, especially the latter, speedily evoke an antidote which for awhile overpowers them all—sleep, or rather stupor. The whole situation was suggestive of Campbell's lines on Hohenlinden—

‘ Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.’

Frederick Maitland's anxiety at the prolonged absence

of Chinga Zung, and the non-arrival of any message from him, increased to such a degree, that as soon as he had done whatever his duty required, he set off to retrace the route, but had not proceeded far ere he met the cavalcade. The spot fixed on for the whole party to pass the night was a small hollow from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and gradually shelving on all sides to the bottom, which was perhaps half-a-dozen feet below the level surface. This place was in the most advanced part of the camp, and close to where the majority of Frederick's company lay; but no one had attempted to take possession of it, desirable as it would have proved, on account of the snow having drifted into it so that it was half filled. But the Kuzzilbash, encouraged by the example of their leader, cleared it thoroughly in a very short time. This done, the camel was led in and made to kneel as usual, for its burthen to be relieved. Poor Mary Maitland uttered neither complaint nor murmur, but it was obvious she had suffered extremely from the cold—aggravated, too, by being constrained to sit so many hours in one cramped position. Not a moment was lost in setting to work to make as comfortable a place of repose as circumstances and materials would permit. In the first place, the packages and boxes containing provisions, &c. which the chieftain had had both the power and the foresight to supply, were unstrapped from the camel, and arranged so as to form a little wall round a small space in the centre of the hollow. Above these were lashed three light poles, and over them two blankets were spread so as to form a tent, into which Mary Maitland and the orphan were introduced, and the indefatigable Kuzzilbash brought in a small portable iron stove. How to procure fuel for it was the question; but the chieftain never seemed at a loss in any dilemma. He broke up a deal-box, containing wearing-apparel, observing that its contents would be required on the morrow. By this means a capital fire was raised; and whilst the grateful Englishwoman recovered the use of her benumbed limbs by its agency, he opened a car

provisions, and uncorked a bottle of excellent wine, and calling in the young sergeant, they all partook of what seemed to confer a new life.

The sergeant and his friend, after speaking a few words of affectionate encouragement to the beings now so helplessly dependent on them, withdrew for the night. On rejoining the Kuzzilbashes, their chieftain gave each of them a glass of wine and some food, and commended them for the faithfulness and devotion they had manifested throughout the trying day. The poor fellows eagerly swallowed their morsels, and then coiled themselves up all in a group beside the tent, and by thus lying close together, circulated sufficient warmth through the mass to put them soundly to sleep.

During this awful night, the situation of Lady Sale, Lady Macnaghten, Mrs Sturt, and other officers' wives, was not a whit better than that of our humble heroine. One of the ladies had a baby to take care of; and another was near her confinement!

Chinga Zung thought not of slumber until he had fed his camel with one or two of the flat cakes given to that invaluable creature on journeys like this, and then he spread a rug over it as it knelt at the back of the tent, and having convinced himself that he might depend upon it being in vigour in the morning, he drew the sergeant aside, and discoursed with him on the awful position in which the troops were placed.

The harassed rear-guard did not join the advance and main body in the position we had described, until between one and two o'clock A.M., and they left behind them many dead comrades, and one promising officer—Lieutenant Hardyman, 5th light cavalry.

Day at last dawned, the troops were roused, and marshalled into as good order as the exertions of the officers could effect. The scene may be left to the imagination.

Mary Maitland arose early, strengthened, and in good spirits: Chinga Zung superintended the reloading of the camel; and after they had all taken a slight repast,

Frederick fondly embraced his wife, invoking God's protection of her through the thick-strewn perils of the day on which they were entering.

'As for me,' said he, 'I must join my regiment and do my duty, but I do not think you will be far away, or out of my sight all day, and I leave you with one who will defend you with his life: God reward him for it!' Turning round, he gave Chinga Zung's ready hand a grasp that spoke volumes, and without trusting himself to cast another look towards his wife, the gallant young soldier sprang forward to join his company, assembling at about a hundred paces distant.

The divisions of the army changed positions for the march, the 44th now becoming the rear-guard. Small bodies of Afghan horse and foot were hovering on all sides, but they did not offer to molest the departure of the troops. When the 44th got under march, Frederick noted with great inward satisfaction that Chinga Zung with his usual judgment had taken up the safest position possible, by the side of the advanced ranks of the regiment: his Kuzzilbashes and himself marching closely around the camel, ready for instant action. Frederick's own post was among the most rearward files, and casting his eyes backward, when they had proceeded a little way, he, in common with others, saw several parties of Afghans unite at a signal into one body of horse and foot, which hastened direct for the rear-guard.

'Tis the escort!' shouted a dozen soldiers in a breath, and the unfounded cry of 'the escort!' was taken up on all sides. Too soon did they find their bitter mistake. The moment their juzzails would tell, the Afghans opened a cruel fire on the troops. A groan burst from the poor 44th, but it was instantly checked by the gallant commanding officer, Brigadier Anquetil, who exclaimed: 'Stand firm, my men. Shew a steady front. Fall in there, light company. Keep in line. Halt! Fix bayonets.' Scores had barely strength to do it. On leaped the Afghans, yelling, hooting, and firing. When they got within a near range, the word was given to the

troops to fire, and obeyed with quite as much steadiness as could be expected; but the effect of that fire was very partial, the men's hands being so benumbed that they could only just hold the musket at their shoulders so as to take aim. Forward sprang the ferocious Giljyes to within half-pistol shot, brandishing their weapons with fearful screams.

'Now, my 44th,' thundered the commander, 'let them see the British bayonet! Charge!'—and the last deep-rolling accents had hardly passed his lips, ere, springing beyond the outermost files, he waved his sword for the troops to follow.

Where are the warriors, civilised or barbarous, who ever did or can withstand a deliberate charge of the British bayonet? Enfeebled as were the troops on this occasion, they did no discredit to their reputation, but at the first hand-to-hand onset put all to flight before them. Yet their success was but for the minute, as bodies of the Afghans closed with them on all sides. Every one now knew that a terrible struggle lay before him. Mounting a little hillock, Frederick looked around for the towering form of Chinga Zung, and could not suppress a cry of delight on perceiving the whole party a considerable distance ahead, and hastening towards the main body. Again did he thank Heaven for having given him such a friend as the chieftain, for it was clearly the best step the latter could adopt to leave the rear-guard and push forward, as the road was tolerably clear of the murderous enemy, who were busy concentrating all their force to hem in and annihilate the unfortunate 44th. As he had no doubt of the temporary safety of his wife, with a mental thanksgiving, he turned to plunge again into the scenes of blood in which it was imperative he should take an active part.

The whole of the rear-guard was composed of the 44th, a small squadron of horse, and some mountain train-guns. A very great quantity of baggage, distributed widely about, had to be defended; and the number of ungovernable camp-followers, wild with terror, encum-

bered every movement of the soldiers, and rendered it almost impossible for them to preserve anything like order. To repel the continual attacks of the Afghans, the mountain-guns were brought into play, and did most essential service in keeping them at bay; yet they boldly persisted in harassing the troops on all sides with an unflagging fire of juzails, which brought down numbers of the best men. One band of Giljyes, in particular, made themselves conspicuous by the desperate ferocity with which they attacked an odd company or two who were drawn up by the side of a large pile of baggage on the right flank. All at once they precipitated themselves on the very bayonets of this party, and it was evident they were determined to 'do, or die.' Not a moment was to be lost. Frederick's company, headed by himself, voluntarily dashed to the rescue, just as the Giljyes had closed. Horrible was the strife that ensued. Had the Europeans been able to handle their arms properly, they would soon have proved victorious; but as it was, the foe cut them down right and left, almost before they could make a single effective thrust.

By a sudden onset, Frederick and a private soldier were hurled down a rather steep declivity, and became separated from the fight. Hardly had they recovered their feet, when there was the heavy plunge of a war-horse close behind them, and its rider, an Afghan of rank, leaning over, with a single back-handed stroke of his sabre cut down the private; and then wheeling round, would have paid Frederick a similar compliment, but he parried the well-aimed blow with his musket, and instantly levelling it, shot the Afghan through the head. With a heavy groan, the latter rolled off his saddle, and his blood gushed forth on his own dying victim; but the next moment the high-mettled steed, missing the restraint of the curb, set off at full speed, dragging the senseless body of his master by the foot, which hung entangled in the stirrups.

Frederick gave one hasty glance round, and seeing no foe immediately near, went up to his fellow-soldier, and

raised his head, saying : ' How is it, comrade ! Not past stanching, I hope ! '

' Yes, I'm expended,' gasped the dying man ; and raising his body half up, he had power only to say a few hurried words, and then expired. This was a painful sight, but in battle there is no time to feel acutely. Relieved from his foes, the sergeant obeyed the call of duty, and hastened to take his place with his companions, who were still fighting. His assistance came in good time : a party of Afghans were put to flight, and the detachment of English followed the current of the march. Still a cloud of the ferocious Afghans hung at no great distance in the rear, again and again threatening the party with utter destruction. Fortunately Chinga came up to be of some use. Seeing the state of affairs, he hurried forward, and made General Elphinstone aware of the critical state of the rear-guard. On learning this intelligence, Elphinstone despatched from Boothauk, where he had halted, all the troops he could spare, together with the two remaining guns.

Crowds of Afghans by this time were out on the heights ; but Brigadier Skelton, by a judicious extension of his line, kept them bravely at bay. The rear-guard, on being reinforced, became assailants in turn ; but despite their best efforts, great quantities of baggage, and horses and camels, fell into the hands of the enemy, who also put to death numbers of defenceless camp-followers. Hostilities for the time, however, unexpectedly ceased, in consequence of a message from Akber Khan, who said that if six hostages were given up to him as a pledge that the army would not retreat beyond Tezeen until he should receive tidings of General Sale's evacuation of Jelalabad, as previously agreed on, he would, on his part, provide the troops with all necessaries. But he insisted that they should not march beyond Boothauk until next morning. There was deep policy in this proposition.

A grand error in the whole affair was not pushing on as fast as possible to Jelalabad. The delays only gave

time for the enemy to collect their forces. Unfortunately, General Elphinstone was too easy and confiding; and he was beset by officers who actually counselled a temporising policy. The common soldiers were keen for pushing on, at all hazards; and finding that they were not allowed to do so, they may be said to have lost heart, and were careless of everything. Induced to stop by Akber's deceitful persuasions, Elphinstone ordered the firing to cease; and by nightfall, the whole of the army and its followers halted in one confused mass at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabool Pass, the aggregate of their two days' marching being just ten miles!

Chinga Zung was enabled, by the superior nature of the ground, to encamp his party in a comparatively comfortable spot, under the dry and shady recess of an overhanging rock. Though cold, hungry, and almost worn out by the labour of the day, Frederick embraced his wife with genuine transport on here rejoining her unhurt. Warmed by the welcome fire which the chieftain again managed to raise, they ate with grateful hearts a scanty repast, none having tasted food since morning. In this respect their situation was superior to that of thousands who surrounded them. The little orphan boy, who called himself Willy Ross, received such attentions as could be administered in the general confusion.

We pass over any account of the night - bivouac, which was sufficiently dismal, and hasten on to the grand catastrophe.

Mary Maitland and Willy Ross were early mounted on the camel, and the Kuzzilbashes got under arms. These people had suffered much less than the vast majority of the camp, being far better supplied with necessaries; but even they shrunk from the intense, marrow-freezing cold. The very breath began to freeze ere it passed the lips, and hung in icy particles on the beards and mustaches of the soldiers.

Chinga Zung had just handed Mary a flask of cordials to use on the way, when the crack of a rifle bore heavily up on the air, and at the same moment one of the

faithful retainers by his side vented a piercing scream, and, bounding forward, fell flat on his face at the feet of the chieftain, pierced through the heart by a ball.

‘Ha! early are ye at your work,’ muttered Chinga, casting his eyes rapidly around. Then, in his usual decided manner, he motioned his people to lead the camel behind the safe shelter of the rock where they had passed the night. This was instantly done; and he and Frederick prepared to defend themselves against the murderous attack which was now becoming general on all parts of the ground. About one hundred paces from the front of the rock by which they stood was a rugged natural trench, and in this a small party of Afghans had ensconced themselves, and were directing their particular fire at Chinga Zung’s party, as no other troops or people were within shot—all who had slept in the vicinity having by this time joined the main body, assembled on the lower ground leading into the Pass. Hardly had the camel been bestowed in safety, as related, ere a full discharge of juzails from the band in question mortally wounded two more Kuzzilbashes, and one ball grazed their chieftain’s cheek.

‘We must act!’ said Chinga emphatically, and he swiftly unslung his long rifle and fixed the bayonet, Frederick and the Kuzzilbashes imitating his example. They could only catch occasional glimpses of their enemies’ heads and shoulders—the wily Afghans keeping closely in cover.

‘Stretch out apart in line,’ said Chinga to his party, now reduced to seven, including Frederick and himself. At this moment an Afghan imprudently exposed his body above the ridge of the trench, in order to take better aim. Chinga Zung was prepared for a chance of this kind. To his shoulder went his rifle, and steady as the rock behind him was his frame while levelling it. A pause of a single second ensued, then a bright and fleeting flame vomited forth from the muzzle; backward fell the Afghan, juzail in hand—the messenger of retribution had found a victim. Enraged at this loss, the

Afghans, ten or twelve in number, rose in a body, and all fired; but in their excitement and haste, not one of their balls took effect.

‘Hold your fire and rush on them!’ shouted the intrepid chieftain, instantly perceiving the advantage this general discharge gave him. ‘On!’ thundered he; and setting the example, he rushed forward at their head. The Afghans had not time to reload ere this brave handful of warriors leaped among them; and full half their number fell by the close fire they then and there received. Very brief was the struggle that ensued. The bayonets of Chinga Zung and the sergeant, aided by those of the Kuzzilbashes, made short work of the survivors. All the Afghans perished.

The victorious little party then escorted their charge to where the great mass of the British were engaged in repelling the attacks made on them from all sides. A body of perhaps 500 or 600 Afghans had gathered together on the south, and from their increasing numbers and threatening front, it was evident they meditated an overwhelming assault. Under these circumstances, it was determined that the whole of the 44th capable of service should anticipate this movement, and if possible, disperse them. Accordingly, they were just forming into line when Chinga Zung’s party came up. Frederick immediately joined his regiment, and off it marched, led on by Major Thain. On this occasion the 44th behaved nobly, and succeeded in putting the enemy to flight with little personal loss.

Shortly afterwards, Captain Skinner went to communicate with Akber Khan, and that personage insisted that Major Pottinger and Captains Mackenzie and Lawrence should be delivered to him as additional hostages. This insolent demand was complied with; present hostilities thereupon being suspended, and then he graciously promised that he would clear the route of the Giljyes that infested it.

The devoted British force were now entering the fearful Pass of Khoord-Cabool. Imagine two gradually nar-

rowing parallel ranges of precipitous cloud-capped hills, each nearly six miles in length, and forming between them a gloomy, confined gorge, as rugged as can be, and down which a rapid, partially-frozen torrent leaped, boiling and doubling from side to side in such a manner that it had to be forded a score of times at least, and that every foot of ground and ledge of rock was happed with a layer of snow, in many parts three feet deep—and you will form some idea of the Khoord-Cabool Pass.

And through this frightful work of nature lay the road which it was absolutely imperative for the troops to follow. Every frowning height, and every commanding ledge on both sides the Pass, was manned with Giljyes—by Afghan tribes as raging and ravenous as the tiger of the jungle—lying in wait with guns which would kill with certainty at five hundred paces, pointed to the bottom of the defile, which would shortly be crowded with the defenceless army. The policy of Akber Khan in demanding that the troops should halt all night at Boothauk, was to gain time for the Giljyes to gather from far and near to the prey. It is true that Akber sent some of his suite to endeavour to persuade the Giljyes to stay their fire after it had opened; but whether he really desired his orders in this respect to be obeyed, or whether the Giljyes knew his profound hatred of the English too well to dread provoking his anger by disregarding them, it is impossible to decide. The fact on record is, that not one trigger less was pulled through the intervention of Akber Khan and his officers.

Just before they entered this terrible gulf, an order was given to thoroughly separate the camp-followers from the troops. This was impracticable on the whole, but was done to a partial extent. Of the troops themselves, few indeed were now able-bodied men. See! that remarkably fine and powerful-looking soldier has such frost-bitten feet that he can scarcely hobble on at all: the hands of the comrade at his side, owing to the same cause, are useless: a third is almost bent double with the agony of an undressed wound: a fourth is weak as a

child for lack of nourishment and shelter : and so on throughout the lines. In a word, not more than one tithe were capable of bearing arms and doing effective duty. The native troops were suffering to an even greater extent, for they were Hindoos, born under, and all their lives accustomed to a broiling sun ; yet from first to last they behaved most nobly, faithful to the nation whose pay they had received.

The dread moment arrived when the march was to recommence. The rear-guard was composed of the 44th and the 57th native infantry, but many European soldiers were mixed up with them. Frederick, and Chinga Zung, with his five surviving Kuzzilbashes, were close to the camel bearing Mary and the orphan, somewhat ahead of the front column of the rear-guard, so as to be more clear of the press of soldiers, and thus have a better command of their own movements, should an alteration in their position become essential. Frederick conversed anxiously with his wife ; but as to Chinga Zung, he spoke not a word, but stood leaning on his rifle, with such an expression of sadness and settled care as his noble features had never evinced before. From time to time he raised his head and looked towards the Pass, with a glance that understood and embraced all that was there presented, and then his eyes fell on a group by his side—an intense shade of anguish being perceptible as they fastened on Mary Maitland. It was not difficult to conjecture the thoughts rushing through his soul. Too well did he perceive the almost certain fate that awaited them all.

With a confused, quivering hum, stamp of feet, and feeble rattling of arms, onward, marched, or rather stumbled, the advanced body, consisting principally of native soldiers, camp-followers, &c. This ended Chinga Zung's reverie. He pointed to the movement, threw his rifle heavily into the hollow of his arm, and with solemn and mournful intonation exclaimed : ' God save us all ! '

' Amen ! ' fervently ejaculated Frederick, and he embraced his wife for what each felt might be the last time.

The advance had hardly entered the defile, when, crack! whiz! from right and left, the jizails or guns of the Giljyes opened upon them. Loudly screamed the camp-followers in front, and loudly arose a prolonged howl of despair from the thousands who in that premature discharge read their doom.

With the advance were several of the officers' ladies—Lady Sale, the wife of the gallant governor of Jelalabad being one of the number. They were all well mounted; and perceiving their only chance of escape was to ride at the utmost speed, with admirable nerve and presence of mind they did so, and amid a perfect shower of balls from end to end of the Pass, they galloped through almost entirely unscathed—Lady Sale herself being the only one who was hurt, and her wound was merely a slight one on the wrist.

The mass moved on. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately pierced by balls, and fell; the next moment being trampled over by those immediately behind them, who pushed forward to meet the same fate in their turn a little further on. From the first opening of the fire the slaughter was dreadful; but it was when the main body, with the baggage, and greatest crowds of camp-followers, reached the narrowest part of the Pass, that it attained its height. Here the dead and dying almost choked the passage, the stream being completely dammed with them, and its blood-stained waters consequently overflowing the banks. One lady, an officer's wife, was so unfortunate as not to get forward on horse-back with the others. She was on foot with a baby in her arms. Thus burdened, she scrambled over dead bodies and fallen rocks, and across the half-frozen brook, her dress deranged and torn, and hanging over with icicles; the bullets of the Afghans whistling over her, and every moment threatening the destruction of herself and her child. Strange to say, she contrived, amidst these complicated horrors, to gain the further extremity of the Pass, and she at length overtook her companions. Such are, or at least may be, the scer

into which an officer's wife may be plunged in Indian warfare!

To proceed with the general account. The rear-guard were now fairly in the defile, so as to increase the numbers under the fire.

'If you love life, rouse yourselves, 44th!' shouted a major, himself shortly numbered with the slain. 'Will you be butchered like sheep penned up for slaughter, without once trying to save yourselves?' hoarsely demanded he, but in a voice distinctly heard above the din.

'What can we do?' murmured the poor 44th. 'We're hemmed in, and can hardly pull our triggers!'

'Never say so!' passionately responded the gallant officer. 'Rouse yourselves! Prove you are Britons!'

'What can we do?' was again the despairing reply.

'Do! Fire at the miscreants who are cooping us up to butcher us all. Look!' and he pointed with his sword to a knot of Giljyes who had taken post on a flat ledge of rock opposite, at an elevation of perhaps fifty yards, and double that distance from the spot where the major was standing, and who were directing an unremitting and most fatal fire upon those in the vicinity. 'Dislodge the villains yonder!'

'Our pieces won't do it!'

'But they can and shall! Don't tell me your bullets will not pick them off!'

'Oh, oh!' was the simultaneous interruption from two soldiers by his side, both falling mortally wounded by balls from the party he was urging his men to fire at.

'There!' cried the exasperated major — 'cowards, idiots! will ye let them murder us this way? Fire!'

His appeal was not ineffectual. About a score of the 44th, including some of the best marksmen, raised their pieces as well as their numbed arms and hands would permit, and fired. Bitterly humiliating and soul-daunting was the result. Not one ball took effect. A peal of derision at the futility of the volley was sent forth by the untouched Giljyes; and they now exposed themselves without dread, and deliberately reloaded their juzzalls to

fire down where they were sure of finding victims. Stung to madness, the major furiously exclaimed: 'Shame, 44th!'

As he spoke, he snatched an undischarged musket from the hand of a soldier near him, and raising it to his own shoulder, drew the trigger. However accurate his aim might have been mattered not: the powder was damp, and hung fire. In despair, the major dashed the useless instrument on the ground, exclaiming: 'O that I have lived to endure ignominy like this! A British regiment cut up without striking a blow in return! My name coupled with that!'

'No, major, neither you nor the 44th shall be so belied,' firmly exclaimed Frederick, who was by this time close at hand, and moving from the camel to the side of the major, he levelled a musket with a deliberate aim, and fired. The piece was heavily charged, but the ball did not swerve; and ere the smoke had ceased issuing from the muzzle, a Giljye was seen to spring in the air, and topple down the steep side of the rock. His companions set up a wild shriek of rage at finding they were not beyond the range of European muskets, and fired back, but from their haste, they merely wounded one man.

'Well done, my brave fellow! would I had a hundred like thee!' cried the major with grim pleasure; and he shook the sergeant's hand with a firm grasp.

'Here comes my superior,' responded Frederick with generous ardour as Chinga Zung strode up.

'Ha!' said the major, 'I know him. Oh, for Heaven's sake, Kuzzilbash, do your best. They say you never miss your aim at any distance.'

'Major, I love my life,' was the laconic reply; and the next moment his rifle was levelled at the Giljyes—the long barrel, owing to the stature of the chieftain, being elevated above the heads of the soldiers around. A sheet of flame glanced from one barrel, and before the smoke had cleared away, the report of the other followed, and three Giljyes were seen to tumble on a heap.

'Forty-fourth, take your part!' exclaimed the major, but his voice was unheard in the commingled cries of hundreds of voices from the rearward, shouting: 'On! move on! We shall all be killed! Push on!'

Chinga Zung and Frederick sprang back to the side of the camel, and were just in time to save it from being overthrown and crushed beneath the crowds that, goaded to desperation, pushed on, reckless of disabling others so long as they could get ahead themselves. Repeatedly would the whole of the party have been thrown under foot but for the immense physical strength of Chinga Zung, who at length, however, was obliged to repel the fugitives with the butt-end of his rifle, to check the dreadful pressure. At last they were all brought to a stand-still by the wedged masses in front. Useless was it to call out: 'Move on!' when that was impossible. And here the heights were most thickly manned by the Giljyes, who poured a withering fire without a moment's respite. These raging savages seemed only to have one object—to slaughter all in the Pass.

After a pause, the accumulated crowds slowly resumed their progress, nearly every footstep they now took being pressed on the bodies of the slain. On they moved, and Chinga Zung's party were still all unwounded, though scores were perishing on every side. The pervading sentiment of the doomed multitude was now, every man for himself, each striving, by fair means or by foul, to get ahead of his fellows, so as to be soonest out of the Pass.

Suddenly, the invaluable animal bearing Mary Maitland gave a loud snort—a strong shiver of agony shook its frame as it staggered a few paces, and then it sank on its haunches, never more to rise. A ball had gone through the back part of its head. There was not a moment to lose. Frederick assisted his wife from her seat, and Chinga Zung snatched up Willy Ross, and gave him in charge of the Kuzzilbash. He also slung a package of provisions across his shoulder, and onward were the party borne by those behind—who swelled along, line over line, like the waves of the advancing tide.

The fire of the Giljyes held on with undiminished fierceness. Where three or four men happened to fall together, a little pile of dead and dying was soon raised, and this occurred at near intervals from one end of the Pass to the other. On reaching a spot where the stream before mentioned ran completely across the ravine, and where it happened to be much wider than ordinary, the chieftain was in the act of springing from the sheet of ice that incrustated the bank, when it broke under him, and he was precipitated full length into the bed of water, which here formed a deep pool, and was half congealed by the frost. The chieftain made an energetic attempt to raise himself, and would probably have succeeded, had not a throng of headlong fugitives fallen pell-mell upon him. A shriek from Mary apprised Frederick of the critical situation of his devoted friend, and he instantly sprang back, and with frantic strength tore aside the superincumbent people. In doing this he sank to his breast in water, snow and ice, but obtained a grasp of the chieftain's hand, and succeeded in extricating him. It was with difficulty either of them could move, on regaining their feet; and in a few minutes their clothes were frozen stiff as boards, and their limbs were fairly incrustated with a fragile coating of ice. Yet they must hasten on or perish.

Gladly did the survivors of the fiery ordeal of the Khoord-Cabool Pass hail the lowering rocks that gave earnest that they would soon emerge into the open country beyond. Lower and lower became the rugged walls that hitherto had enclosed them in a stifling atmosphere of sulphureous smoke; and clearer and clearer the blessed light of heaven spread around. Slight as was their chance of ultimate escape, even if far beyond this dismal place, yet the thought that they should shortly get clear of it, freshly invigorated every bosom. Still scores continued to receive their death-wounds, and many dropped so completely exhausted, that had their own dear native homes, with beckoning kindred at the door, risen to the view a few paces on,

they could not have stirred a foot further to have reached them.

At least two-thirds of the whole number of survivors had got clear through the Pass, ere Chinga Zung and his friends came to what might be considered its termination. The bulk of those yet struggling in it were considerably behind, and just as the chieftain's party were congratulating themselves on the goal being nearly won, a close volley was fired upon them from some Giljyes crouched behind a projecting rock. Four of the five Kuzzilbashes fell at the discharge, and the ferocious foe, thinking the rest would be an easy prey, rushed, to the number of seven, upon them with terrific war-whoops.

Like lions at bay, Chinga Zung and Frederick flung themselves in front of their helpless charges. With yells the Giljyes rushed onward, but the foremost was stabbed by a thrust from Chinga's bayonet; and Frederick, getting two others in line, fired, and brought both to the ground. This severe and unlooked-for check so discomfited the remainder, that, infuriate as they were, they fairly turned and fled. In their retreat, they had to pass the Kuzzilbashes they had shot, and one of the latter, being the man who had received the little orphan in charge, had him in his arms at the moment he himself fell pierced through the brain. Singularly enough, though quite dead, and flat on his back, his hands pertinaciously retained their hold of the poor child, who vainly struggled to get away. So, as the Giljyes leaped past, one of them tore the boy by main force from the dead man's stiffened hold, and turning round, shook Willy Ross aloft with malignant satisfaction; then, still retaining the helpless, screaming little fellow, continued his retreat along with his companions.

'Fiend, I'll baulk you of your prey!' shouted Frederick, setting off in pursuit, reckless of the risk of sacrificing his life by being drawn among deadly odds, which would probably have been the case, had not the Giljye carrying Willie Ross caught his foot against a stone and pitched violently to the ground. But the limbs of his

gunners were so stiffened with cold, that they could not come up to seize him before he was again on his feet, and leaving the child, he rushed at them, and grasping his gun by the barrel, swung it half round, and would have slain the young sergeant, had not Chinga Zung with one stroke of his keen yataghan cut off both his hands at the wrist.

The mangled Glibbe threw himself down, and rolled over in agony, whilst the chieftain seized the rescued orphan, and with his friend retraced their course. In a quarter of an hour they were in comparative safety, and by midnight the whole surviving Cabool force were congregated at Khoord-Cabool—the place which gives the name to the fearful Pass.

The aspect of this night's encampment was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the two preceding ones. Not half-a-dozen tents had been saved, a heavy fall of snow descended throughout the night, and the majority of the survivors were more or less severely wounded. Half the tents were reserved for the officers' wives and children, and by the influence of Chinga Zung, Mary Maitland and her orphan *protégé* were allowed to join the number.

Frederick Maitland was by nature and habit capable of enduring great hardships, but the excessive bodily fatigue and unrelenting hostility of the elements, which he had experienced to so terrible an extent, had made a far greater inroad on his physical powers than he was willing to admit; and although he would have died sooner than have added one pang to his wife's bosom by revealing his sufferings and weakness, he yet turned away from the tent in which she was sheltered, with tottering limbs, a sick heart, and a dizzy brain. The very excitement and danger of the day had hitherto supported and stimulated him in no slight degree, and now that was over, he felt ready to sink down and render his last moan like many around. Chinga Zung, however, was by no means so exhausted, and when he saw his friend so overcome, he affectionately insisted on his swallowing some of their

scanty store of spirits, which stimulated Frederick sufficiently to enable him to accompany the chieftain in search either of shelter or of fire. The snow fell thickly, and it was more bitterly cold than ever, for the land was a much higher range than any they had hitherto traversed. Long did they vainly search for a fire. Shivering, groaning groups were here and there huddled together over what was nothing more than a handful of smouldering fragments of wet wood, that sent forth eddying volumes of smoke. Even this, the starving wretches seemed eager to share; and where there happened to be a faint glow, a dozen envious hands were pushing one another aside to secure the least ray of warmth.

Chinga and Frederick at length came upon a small isolated group of five or six native soldiers, who had got by far the best fire of any other set; and when the intruders produced some broken gun-stocks, and a large splinter from an ammunition-box, which they had stumbled over and gathered in their wanderings, the poor fellows gladly admitted them to a share of its warmth, which was doubled by these welcome supplies. When their fire burnt low and their fuel was exhausted, they raked the embers together, and the whole party lay in a close-packed mass, thus diffusing and keeping the vital warmth in their bodies sufficiently to induce sleep.

Throughout the night, the snow fell in great quantities, but this, on the whole, was rather a blessing than otherwise, for a thick coating of snow serves to keep out the cold.

Contrary to orders, part of the force began their march next morning soon after daybreak; but ere they had got far, the general called them back to expound to them a message from Akber Khan, just received, to the effect, that if they would halt, he, the said faithful Akber, would try and get them the supplies he had previously promised. Under these circumstances, poor Elphinstone did what almost every private soldier's common sense told him was a most egregious proof of infatuation—he halted the whole body, instead of pushing forward as fast and as far

as he possibly could. Indeed, so convinced were the native troops of the hourly-increasing danger to which this halting and dallying exposed them, that not a few set off—deserted, strictly speaking—to strike ahead for themselves.


At noon, the whole number of remaining troops were paraded, and then was the startling fact known, that the 44th did not muster more than ninety rank-and-file, and the native regiments barely half as many each! Desertions still continuing, a strict order was issued, and made known, that any one detected in the act of desertion would be shot on the spot. This was actually done, as a warning, a short time afterwards—the sufferer being what is called a *chuprassie*, or native porter.

A little while before this, Akber Khan also proposed for the officers who were married, and accompanied by their wives and children, and also the widows of officers killed, to be one and all given up to him, and he would pledge himself to protect them. This proposition being acceded to, one of the superior officers very kindly intimated to Frederick Maitland, that if he chose, his wife and the child with her might also be included in the arrangement; but that Frederick himself, not being a commissioned officer, of course could not accompany her.

With a torn and distracted mind, the young sergeant asked Chinga Zung what he advised him to do. The chieftain replied that there was very much uncertainty attending either course, but, if anything, he thought it might be the best to accept the offer; for as to the future fate of the party if they continued an independent march, he feared the worst. He counselled, however, that the matter should be explained to and decided by Mary herself. This was forthwith done. Carried away by anxiety, Frederick warmly entreated his wife to go with the officers' ladies, but was met with a decided refusal.

'No,' said the devoted wife, 'I will never part from you! We will live or die together!'

'God bless you, my own true wife!' cried the young soldier.



Chinga Zung was evidently deeply moved, and if the transient expression which flitted athwart his dark lineaments might be rightly interpreted, also pleased at Mary's decision.

It must here be said, that Akber Khan was a cunning and calculating villain. Throughout the whole affair, he played a double game. Ostensibly, he tried to save the British, in order that, in event of their being successful in retaining Afghanistan, which they might do by fresh reinforcements, he might be installed as king. Secretly, he ordered their destruction, and with his own hand he assassinated officers whom he thought it advisable to put out of the way. Lady Sale and the other prisoners confided to him, got away, only after months of confinement, by means of a rival Khan. Had they trusted to the safe-keeping of Akber, they would undoubtedly have been destroyed. Thus were several ladies and some officers ultimately saved. General Elphinstone, who confided himself to Akber, died in confinement.

To conclude this terrible narrative. On the fourth morning after the retreat from Cabool, all who were able, set off in the vain hope of reaching Jelalabad, which was courageously kept by General Sale—'fighting Bob,' as he was called by the troops. No minute relation of the day's progress will here be given, for it would be but a repetition of deeds of sickening slaughter and woe. At nightfall, all the survivors reached a ravine that proved a Khoord-Cabool Pass in miniature; and on the 13th—the seventh day of the retreat—the main body were in sight of Gundamuck. This 'main body' did not number more than thirty or forty, including officers, and nearly all of them were shortly afterwards slain by an overwhelming attack of Afghans.

Various straggling parties had previously set off, without guides, and mostly without leaders, and were, with few exceptions, cut off by Afghan horsemen, who scoured the whole country around. To one of the straggling parties, Chinga Zung and his friends attached themselves, and, by singular good-fortune, they all eventually escaped the

doom which befell nearly the whole of the once vast multitude. This escape was greatly owing to the consummate skill and influence of the noble-hearted Kuzzilbash chieftain. It is stated as a remarkable fact, that of all who left Cabool, only one man reached Jelalabad.

So ends my narrative of an affair, the most dreadful perhaps in the annals of war. Innumerable comments have been made on the policy or impolicy of the measures adopted by the commanding officers of the Cabool force. They have been roundly accused of causing, by vacillating conduct, the loss of native regiments, and the destruction of several thousands of British subjects. No doubt, some fatal errors of judgment were committed—some consisting of over-confidence in the promises of treacherous barbarians. It is best, however, to speak charitably of the dead, and, where there was no absolute misconduct, to spare the feelings of the living. Our object is gained, in presenting a picture of the realities of War!

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT:

A TALE.

A LANARKSHIRE minister, who died within the present century, was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, 'can never see green cheese but their een reels.' He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion. Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and

that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely.

‘Dear sake! minister,’ said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man’s commendations of her pot, ‘if ye like the pot sae weel as a’ that, I beg ye’ll let me send it to the manse. It’s a kind o’ orra [*superfluous*] pot wi’ us; for we’ve a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that’s mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye’ll just tak a present o’t. I’ll send it o’er the morn wi’ Jamie, when he gangs to the schule.’

‘Oh!’ said the minister, ‘I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I’ll just carry it home with me in my hand. I’m so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself.’

After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then, he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat, so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him that, if instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened: the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino’s helmet upon the crazed capital of Don

Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a bypath to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there, enclosing his whole head completely, as if it had been shrouded in a night-cap.

This iron cap rested inflexibly on the shoulders. It was a fixture. The nose which had readily permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patena*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypotenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever a thing so ridiculous and unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches further in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Everything considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to

be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot*.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know, rather by signs than by words, the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song :

' Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it,
And there was he, I trow.'

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at

his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. 'Will I come sair on, minister!' exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot.

'As sair as ye like,' was the minister's answer: 'better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath.'

Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cookmaid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C—.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

'THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN,' otherwise called 'Thomas the Rhymer,' lived during the thirteenth century at a village now called Earlstoun, in the district of Lauderdale, in Berwickshire. The house which he is said to have occupied still exists in a ruinous state, on a *haugh*, or piece of alluvial ground, between the village and the neighbouring river Leader. From the appearance of the building—a small Border tower, or house of defence—and from his still receiving, at Earlstoun, the popular designation of Laird Learmont, he would appear to have been, in the sense of those days, a gentleman, though probably only a small proprietor. A long metrical poem in the romance style, called *Sir Tristrem*, has been published by Sir Walter Scott, as a work of his composition, though it is denied to be such by Mr Park, in his edition of Warton. Whatever Thomas was in his own time, it is certain that he has ever since enjoyed the highest reputation as a

prophet. That he died before 1299, is evident from a charter in which his son grants his paternal tenement in Earlstoun to the hospital of Soutra. Yet Barbour, in the poem of *The Bruce*, speaks of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer as referring to an event that took place in 1306. From that time almost to the present, his fame has never been allowed to fall asleep. Predictions attributed to him have come into vogue at almost every remarkable period of our history since the days of Bruce. His authority was employed in this manner to countenance the views of Edward III. against Scottish independency, to favour the ambitious aims of the Duke of Albany in the minority of James V., and to sustain the spirits of the nation under the harassing invasions of Henry VIII. A small volume of rhymes ascribed to him was published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, in 1615; and even at the present day hardly any remarkable event ever occurs, especially of the nature of a royal death, without some rhyme of 'True Thomas' being either revived or created anew in reference to it, though, it must be allowed, only among the most ignorant of the people. His name and soothsaying character are known not only in the south of Scotland, where he formerly lived, but in the Highlands and remote Hebrides.

The common tradition respecting Thomas the Rhymer is, that he was carried off in early life to Fairyland, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. There is an old ballad which describes him as meeting the queen of faery on Huntly Bank, a spot now included in the estate of Abbotsford, and as accompanying her fantastic majesty to that country, the journey to which is described with some sublimity :—

' O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.
It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude aboon the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.'

At the end of seven years, Thomas is said to have returned to Earlstoun, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers. His favourite place of vaticination is said to have been at the Eildon Tree, an elevated spot on the opposite bank of the Tweed. At length, as he was one day making merry with his friends at a house in Earlstoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The Rhymer instantly rose, with the declaration that he had been long enough there, and, following the animals to the wild, was never more seen. It is alleged that he was now reclaimed by the fairy queen, in virtue of a contract entered into during his former visit to her dominions. It is highly probable that both the first and the second disappearances of Thomas were natural incidents, to which popular tradition has given an obscure and supernatural character.*

* It happens that this conjecture derives force from a particular circumstance connected with the history of the Rhymer. Sir Walter Scott concludes an account of Thomas in the *Border Minstrelsy*, by mentioning that 'the veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of the Rhymer's tower. The name of this person was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge of simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.' This account, which the author seems to have taken up from popular hearsay, refers to Mr Patrick Murray, an enlightened and respectable medical practitioner, of good family connections, talents, and education, as he sufficiently proves to us by the fact of his having been on intimate terms with the elegant Earl of Marchmont. With other property, this gentleman possessed the tower of Thomas of Erildoun, which was then a comfortable mansion, and where he pursued various studies of a philosophical kind, not very common in Scotland during the eighteenth century. He had made a considerable collection of natural objects, among which was an alligator, and, being fond of mechanical contrivances, in which he was himself an adept, he had not only a musical clock and an electrical machine, but a piece of mechanism connected with a weathercock, by which he could tell the direction of the wind without leaving his chamber. This, with the aid of his barometer, enabled him to guess at the weather as he sat in company, and no doubt served to impress

While it is unquestionable that a person named Thomas of Ercildoun, or Thomas the Rhymer, lived at Earlstoun near the close of the thirteenth century, and was respected as a person possessing the gift of vaticination, it is equally certain that a considerable number of rhymes and other expressions, of an antique and primitive character, have been handed down as supposed to be uttered by him : of some of these we deem it by no means improbable that they sprang from the source to which they are ascribed, being in some instances only such exertions of foresight as might be expected from a man of cultivated intellect, and, in others, dreamy forebodings of evil, which never have been, and probably never will be, realised. For instance, Thomas is said to have foretold that

‘ The waters shall wax, and the woods shall wene,
Hill and moss will be torn in,
But the banno’ will ne’er be braider :’

That is, simply, agriculture shall be extended, without increasing the food of the labourer : a proposition in which, so far as individuals are concerned, we fear there is only too much truth. He also said,

‘ At Eildon Tree, if you shall be,
A brig over Tweed ye there may sec.’

Although, in the time of the Rhymer, there was no bridge over the Tweed, excepting that at Berwick, it might have been easy for any individual of more than usual sagacity to anticipate the erection of one near the Eildon Tree as a certain event. In fact, from that elevated spot, three or four bridges can now be seen. Upon an equally

the ignorant with an idea of his possessing supernatural powers. Such, we have been assured by a relative of Mr Murray, was the real person whom the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*—meaning of course no harm, but relying upon popular tradition—has described in such opposite terms. When we find a single age, and that the latest and most enlightened, so strangely distort and mystify the character of a philosophical country surgeon, can we doubt that five hundred years have played still stranger tricks with the history and character of Thomas the Rhymer !

natural calculation of the changes produced by time, he uttered the plaintive prediction :

' The hare shall kittle on my hearth-stane,
And there never will be a Laird Learmont again.'

This emphatic image of desolation is said by the people of Earlstoun to have been realised within the memory of man, and at a period long subsequent to the termination of the race of Learmont.

Of rhymes foreboding evil, one of the most remarkable is a malediction against the old persecuting family of Home of Cowdenknowes—a place in the immediate neighbourhood of Thomas's castle :

' Vengeance, vengeance !
When and where ?
Upon the House of Cowdenknowes,
Now and evermair !'

This anathema, awful as the cry of blood, has been accomplished in the extinction of the family, and the transference of the property to another race. The Rhymer is also stated to have foretold the battle of Bannockburn in the following enigmatical stanza :—

' The burn o' breid
Shall run fou reid.'

The bread of Scotland being invariably of bannocks, the first of these lines seems designed to shadow forth the rivulet called Bannockburn. Another of his ill-boding verses was—

' The horse shall gang on Carrolside Brae,
Till the girth gaw his sides in twae.'

Carrolside is a small estate near Earlstoun, and the seer seems to imply that the cutting of the horse by his girth shall be the result of a general famine. A rhyme to the effect that,

' Between Seton and the sea,
Mony a man shall die that day,'

is incorporated in the long, irregular, and mystical poems which were published as the prophecies of Thomas in

1615, and it has happened, by a strange chance, to be verified by the battle of Preston, in September 1745. To compensate, however, for this lucky shot, it is certain that many rhymes professedly by our hero were promulgated in *consequence* of particular events. The long uninterrupted line of male heirs who have possessed the estate of Bemerside, near Dryburgh, has evidently caused the following stanza to be placed to the credit of the Rhymers:—

‘Tide, tide, whate’er betide
There’ll be a Haig in Bemerside;’

which, it seems, was in some danger of failing about a century ago, in consequence of the lady of Bemerside bringing her husband twelve daughters before any son, who, however, luckily came at last, to the saving of Thomas’s character. Of the same sort is—

‘There shall a stone wi’ Lender come,
That’ll make a rich father, but a poor son;’

an allusion to the supposed limited advantage of the process of liming. The Highlanders have also found, since the recent changes of tenantry in their country, that Thomas predicted

‘That the teeth of the sheep shall lay the plough on the shelf.’

One of Thomas’s supposed prophecies is of a safer kind—

‘When Dee and Don shall run in one,
And Tweed shall run in Tay,
The bonnie water o’ Urie
Shall bear the Bass away.’

The Bass is a conical mound rising from the bank of the Urie, in Aberdeenshire; and we may confidently conclude that it will remain intact by the river, so long as the Tweed and Tay shall continue separate.

The mention of an Aberdeenshire rhyme reminds us of a very interesting tradition of that country respecting the subject of our memoir. It is said that the walls of Eyvie Castle had stood for seven years and a day, *wall-wide*, waiting for the arrival of True Tammis, as he is called in Aberdeenshire. At length he suddenly appeared

before the fair building, accompanied by a violent storm of wind and rain, which stripped the surrounding trees of their leaves, and shut the castle gates with a loud clash. But while this tempest was raging on all sides, it was observed, that, close by the spot where Thomas stood, there was not wind enough to shake a pile of grass, or move a hair of his beard. He denounced his wrath in the following lines :—

' Fyvie, Fyvie, thou'se never thrive,
As lang's there's in thee stanes three :
There's ane intill the highest tower,
There's ane intill the ladye's bower,
There's ane aneath the water yett,
And thir three stanes ye'se never get.'

The usual prose comment states that two of these stones have been found, but that the third, beneath the gate leading to the Ythan, or water-gate, has hitherto baffled all search.

By far the most notable of all the prophecies of Thomas, is one which he is said to have uttered in anticipation of the accidental death of Alexander III., and which is related in more than one of our early historians. Alexander, it is well known, perished by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, and, by the failure of his heirs, opened the way for a long and most disastrous war. On the day before the accident, Thomas, in conversation with the Earl of March, remarked that, fine as the weather seemed at present, there should be such a blast next day as Scotland had never before known. At noon, accordingly, on the ensuing day, while the earl was mocking him for the failure of his prediction, intelligence arrived of the death of the king, which the seer then explained to be the blast he had meant.

We shall now conclude with two or three additional anecdotes, which the late Mr Galt, the well-known author of the *Annals of the Parish*, had the kindness to furnish us with. It will be observed that they are related in a manner of one of those homely and old-fashioned onages whom this gentleman has rendered so famous s pen.

‘One day as King Alexander III. was hunting in the woods which anciently covered the country near Kinghorn, and of which, in the names of different places, some memorial is still preserved, Thomas the Rhymer met him. The king’s highness was riding on a skeigh horse, ill to bridle and perilous to guide, and Thomas said to him: “I redde you, sir, beware of that horse, for he’ll be your death.” “That he ne’er shall,” cried the king, and louping off the saddle-tree, he commanded the gavalling horse to be slain on the spot, and laughed, when the deed was done, at the seer’s prophecy.

‘It came to pass, however, that exactly at the end of a twelvemonth and a day, the king was again hunting near the same spot, and the horse he was upon, seeing the white bones of the one that had been so unrighteously put to death, standing up ragged in his way, like the grinning and gumless teeth of death, boggled at them, and fled beyond the power of curb or rein, snorting and terrified, to the cliff, over which he sprang with the king, whose neck was broken by the fall, as is recorded in the vernacular chronicles of the time.

‘Few, indeed, are the prognostications of Thomas the Rhymer that have not been fulfilled, and happy it is for Scotland that the number of his outstanding prophecies are now drawing to an end. The last fulfilled happened in our own time. In the days of antiquity, Thomas said that


“When the Forth and Clyde shall meet,
Scotland shall begin to greet.”

Now, no man in those days could have said that this was not rank nonsense; for how could two rivers, one running east and another running west, and high hills between their heads, ever forgather? But we have seen it come to pass. The Forth and Clyde Canal has married them, and no sooner was that done than came on the war against the French revolution, by which poor auld Scotland, “my respected mither,” has had mair than sufficient cause to utter her complaints.’

A FAMILY OF CRUSOES.

It may not be generally known to the people of Scotland, that within the verge of this northern kingdom there exists, or very lately existed, a family of human beings in an almost desert island, removed out of sight of land, and holding communication with the rest of their species but twice in the twelve months. The name of this desolate isle is Rona, or more correctly North Rona, and is situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of sixteen leagues west from the Butt of Lewis, one of the largest of the Hebridean Isles. This island, which measures about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, where widest, has been rarely visited either by ships or travellers, and has been the subject of a variety of fanciful descriptions. It might have remained much longer in this almost 'undiscovered' condition, had it not been visited a few years ago by Dr John Macculloch, who made it the object of one of his mineralogical excursions, and who has presented us with a description of the island and its inhabitants. The doctor, it seems, found great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the most accessible point being the face of a precipitous cliff, fifty or sixty feet in height. The disembarkation of himself and boat's crew did not pass unobserved by the chief inhabitant, who, like his prototype Robinson Crusoe, in spying the landing of the savages, took care to keep aloof from the strangers; and who, on their surmounting the cliff, fairly took to his heels. Being, however, brought to by means of a well-directed blast of Gaelic, sent after him by one of the boatmen, and his friendship purchased by a roll of tobacco, the doctor found himself at liberty to inspect the territory in all its parts, and to extract an account of the mode of living of the single family by which it was tenanted. 'The southern cliffs,' says he, 'range from thirty to sixty feet in height, running

out into flat ledges at the western extremity ; but on the north side they reach to 500 feet, and present a formidable aspect, whitened by the tremendous breach of the sea as it rolls on from the northward. Here, among other openings, there is an immense cave, with a wide aperture, into which the waves break with the noise of thunder. Over a large space, the whole ground, at an elevation of 200 feet, is washed away to the bare foundation ; large masses of rock being frequently thrown up, and carried high along the level land, as if they were mere pebbles on a sea-beach. Rona can be no peaceful solitude, when the half of it is thus under water, and the solid dash then made against it must cover the whole, in gales of wind, with a continual shower of spray. From the lower western angle, the land rises with a gentle and even swell towards the north and east ; but having no inequality of ground to afford the least shelter, it is necessarily swept by every blast. The surface is, nevertheless, green, and everywhere covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where broken up for cultivation, for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. The highest point is near the north-eastern end ; and hence, in clear weather, the lofty hills of Sutherland are visible in the horizon. It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world, which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight, and seldom is land seen from it. A feeling of hope never leaves the vessel while she can float, and while there is a possibility of return to society ; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immovable in the dreary and waste ocean. There was at one period, according to doubtful tradition, a chapel in the island dedicated to St Ronan, the patron saint of seals, which was fenced by a stone-wall, but of this there are now no remains. Whatever was the number of families once resident—and it is said there were always five—there is now but one. The tenant is a cotter, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seem to have been six or



seven acres cultivated in barley, oats, and potatoes, but the grain was now housed. The soil is good, and the produce appeared to have been abundant. The family is permitted to consume as much as they please; and it was stated that the average surplus paid to the tacksman amounted to eight bolls of barley. In addition to that, he is bound to find an annual supply of eight stones of feathers, the produce of the gannets. Besides all this, the island maintains fifty small sheep. The wool of these is of course reserved for the tacksman; but as far as we could discover, the tenant was as unrestricted in the use of mutton as in that of grain and potatoes. Twice in the year, that part of the produce which is reserved is thus taken away, and in this manner is maintained all the communication which North Rona has with the external world. The return for all these services, in addition to his food and that of his family, is the large sum of L.2 a year. But this is paid in clothes, not in money; and as there were six individuals to clothe, it is easy to apprehend they did not abound in covering. I must add to this, however, the use of a cow, which was brought from Lewis when in milk, and changed when unserviceable. From the milk of his ewes, the tenant contrives to make cheeses resembling those for which St Kilda is so celebrated. There is no peat in the island, but its place is well enough supplied by turf. During the long discussions whence all this knowledge was procured, I had not observed that our conference was held on the top of the house, roof it could not be called. It being impossible for walls to resist the winds of this boisterous region, the house is excavated in the earth, as if it were the work of the Greenlanders. What there is of wall rises for a foot or two above the surrounding irregular surface, and the adjacent stacks of turf help to ward off the violence of the gales. The flat roof is a solid mass of turf and straw, the smoke issuing out of an aperture near the side of the habitation. The very entrance seemed to have been contrived for concealment or defence, and it could not be perceived till pointed out. This is an irre-

gular hole, about four feet high, surrounded by turf ; and on entering it, with some precaution, we found a long tortuous passage, somewhat resembling the gallery of a mine, but without a door, which conducted us into the penetralia of the cavern. The interior resembled the prints which we have seen of a Kamtschatkan hut. Over the embers of a turf-fire sat the ancient grandmother nursing an infant, which was nearly naked. From the rafters hung festoons of dried fish ; but scarcely an article of furniture was to be seen, and there was no light but that which came through the smoke-hole. There was a sort of platform, or dais, on which the fire was raised, where the old woman and her charge sat ; and one or two niches, excavated laterally in the ground, and laid with ashes, seemed to be the only bed-places. Why these were not furnished with straw I know not ; and of blankets, the provision was as scanty as that of the clothes ; possibly, ashes may make a better and softer bed than straw ; but it is far more likely that this insular family could not be forced to make themselves more comfortable. This was certainly a variety in human life worth studying. Everything appeared wretched enough : a smoky subterranean cavern ; rain and storm ; a deaf octogenarian grandmother ; the wife and children half naked ; and to add to all this, solitude, and a prison from which there was no escape. Yet the family were well fed, seemed contented, and expressed little concern as to what the rest of the world was doing. To tend the sheep, and house the winter firing ; to dig the ground, and reap the harvests in their seasons ; to hunt wild-fowl and catch fish ; to fetch water from the pools, keep up the fire, and rock the child to sleep on their knees, seemed occupation enough, and the society of the family itself, society enough. The women and children, indeed, had probably never extended their notions of a world much beyond the precincts of North Rona ; the chief himself seemed to have few cares or wishes that did not centre in it ; his only desire being to go to Lewis to christen his infant—a wish in another year he could have

gratified.' Such is an abridgment of the interesting account given by Macculloch of this distant and solitary isle, and the human beings who inhabit it. My readers have here presented to their view the picture of a family which many may consider as at the lowest and most hapless condition of any in Great Britain or its adjacent islands ; yet the moralist will be delighted to discover, that with all the disadvantages of solitude and desertion, there is even a large amount of actual happiness, comfort, and virtue, in this remote and limited territory.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC, as is generally known, is the highest peak of the Alps, and the loftiest ground in Europe, being 15,666 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated in the duchy of Savoy, now a part of the kingdom of Sardinia, in a range of mountains between Geneva and Turin, and rises immediately above the narrow valley of Chamonix, from which place alone is the ascent to its summit ever made. Though Chimborazo is between 6000 and 7000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, it only rises 11,600 feet above the neighbouring valley of Quito : in this respect, Mont Blanc may be considered as a more remarkable mountain, as it rises 12,300 feet above the valley of Chamonix, the whole of which vast height can be scanned at once from the opposite eminences. For 7000 feet below the top, Mont Blanc is perpetually covered with ice and snow. The distance from the bottom to the top, by the shortest route which can be pursued, is considered by the guides as eighteen leagues, or fifty-four miles.

Speaking with precision, Mont Blanc is only the most eminent of a range of peaks springing from a vast extent of eminent ground on the south side of the valley of Chamonix. When the traveller enters the valley on the

opposite side at an eminence called the Col de Balme, this range, coming at once into view, oppresses his imagination with a vastness unexpected even in that land of Alpine grandeur. While the vale below smiles with the most luxuriant vegetation, the sides of the hills are clothed, for a considerable way up, with dark and dense forests, and higher still, with the accumulated hoariness of centuries.

To attain the summit of a mountain so lofty as Mont Blanc, was long an object of ambition, both to the native peasantry and to men of science, before any one was so fortunate as to effect it. It was first tried in 1762, again in 1775, and on four other occasions down to 1786, without success. At length, in the year last mentioned—8th August—this difficult enterprise was accomplished by Dr Paccard, a native of Chamounix, in company with a guide named Balma. The mountain was ascended in the succeeding year by M. de Saussure, who gave to the learned world a very minute account of all the phenomena which he observed in the course of the expedition. Another attempt in the same year, one in 1791, a third in 1802, were the only successful attempts down to 1812, when a Hamburg gentleman named Rodatz gained the summit. From that time till 1827, seven successful attempts were made, besides one of the contrary description in 1820, which was cut short by the descent of an avalanche, and the loss of three of the guides. In August 1827, the ascent was performed by Mr John Auldjo, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who published an account of it, illustrated by maps and drawings. In 1830, Captain Wilbraham made a successful ascent; and in 1834 another was performed by Dr Martin Barry, who likewise gave an account of his adventures and observations to the world. This last ascent was performed on the 17th of September, a week later in the year than any preceding ascent, and considered on that account as more than usually dangerous. A few weeks still later, a French gentleman, having been informed that no countryman of his had ever made the ascent, while it

had been made by eleven Englishmen, besides several natives of other countries, determined instantly to wipe away this imaginary reproach upon the fair fame of his country, and the consequence was—success, at the expense of his feet, which were destroyed by the cold.

Those who wish to ascend Mont Blanc, have to provide themselves at Chamounix with a party of guides, six or eight in number, the necessary clothing and accoutrements, and provisions for three days. The guides at Chamounix are a remarkably intelligent, sagacious, and enterprising class of men. One named Coutet, who ascended with Dr Barry for the ninth time, has been spoken of by various travellers as a most spirited and in every respect estimable person. Immediately after a narrow escape, which he made in 1820, from an avalanche which had destroyed three of his companions, he exclaimed to the gentleman who had engaged him: ‘Now, sir, for the summit!’ The proposal, as may be imagined, was declined; but there could be no doubt, from the earnestness of his manner, that he would have proceeded at whatever risk. He had on this occasion expressed some fears as to the propriety of making the attempt at so unfavourable a period of the day, and thus excited a suspicion that he wished to secure his hire without performing the full service. Having perceived this suspicion in his employer, he wished to prove that, even after his fears had been in some degree fatally realised, he was still willing to fulfil his contract. Most of the Chamounix guides are ambitious of the distinction to be attained by climbing Mont Blanc; but, from a sense of the extreme danger of the enterprise, their female relatives exercise all possible influence to prevent them from undertaking the task. We have been informed by one of the gentlemen who most recently performed the enterprise, that the expenses, in all, amounted to between L.40 and L.50.

When Mr Auldjo ascended in August 1827, he spent the whole morning in crossing the lower and vegetating

portion of the mountain. On approaching the glacier at the commencement of the upper and snowy stage, he thought that it would be impossible to enter upon it, 'or at all events to proceed any great distance along it, from the masses of ice which are piled on one another, and the deep and wide fissures which every moment intersect the path pointed out as that which is about to be proceeded in. Here,' says Mr Auldjo, 'the skill and knowledge of the guide is shewn: the quickness and ease with which he discovers a practicable part is quite extraordinary; he leads the way over places where one would believe it impossible for human foot to tread. We passed along the remains of innumerable avalanches, which had long been accumulating, and formed a most uneven and tiresome footway. An extended plain of snow now presented itself, here and there covered with masses of broken ice; sometimes a beautiful tower of that substance raised its blue form, and seemed to mock the lofty-pointed rocks above it; sometimes an immense block, its perpendicular form broken into pinnacles, now bearing a mass of snow, now supporting long and clear icicles, looked like some castle, on whose dilapidated walls the ivy, hanging in clustering beauty, or lying in rich and dark luxuriance, was, by the wand of some fairy, changed into the bright matter which now composed it.'

In these lower parts of the mountain, the chief danger is from avalanches, which, however, are most apt to fall in the afternoon, when the sun has operated in loosening the huge masses of superincumbent ice. On advancing a little farther, Mr Auldjo found equal danger in threading his way along and across the numerous fissures and crevices which are constantly to be found in the vast icy mantle of Mont Blanc, in consequence of the slipping of portions of it to lower places along the declivity. Tied together in threes by a piece of rope, so as to diminish the chance of being precipitated into these openings, and after having sworn to be faithful to each other in all dangers, Mr Auldjo and his guides entered upon this perilous part of their march. 'We were

surrounded,' says he, 'by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half-sunk in some deep gulf; the remainder, raised above us, seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding: yet some part was found where steps could be cut out by the hatchet; and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss, into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag of ice to another, sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on the one side, and scaling the slippery precipice on the other. No men could be in higher spirits than my guides, laughing, singing, and joking; but when we came to such passes, the grave, serious look which took the place of the smiling countenance, was a sure indication of great danger: the moment we were safely by it, the smile returned, and every one vied in giving amusement to the other. . . . A large mass of ice now opposed our progress: we passed it by climbing up its glassy sides. It formed a bridge over a fissure of great width, which would have otherwise put an end to our expedition. After winding some time among chasms and enormous towers, we arrived at the edge of another crevice, over which we could see but one bridge, that not of ice, but of snow only, and so thin, that it was deemed impossible to trust to it. A plan was resorted to, which enabled us to pass over in safety: our batons were placed on it, and in doing so, the centre gave way, and fell into the gulf; however, enough remained on each side to form supports for the ends of these poles, and nine of them made a narrow bridge, requiring great precaution and steadiness to traverse. Other crevices were passed over, on bridges of snow, too weak to allow of walking on, or too extended to admit this application of the poles. A strong guide managed to creep over, and a rope being tied round the waist of a second, who lay on his back, he was in that position

pulled across by the first. In this manner the whole party were drawn singly over the crevice.'

Rather more than half-way up the mountain, two sharp pinnacles of rock, called the Grand and Petit Mulets, rise above the snow and ice. The Grand Mulet usually affords shelter to the adventurers during the first night of their journey, if not also during the second—for the ascent and descent together more frequently require three than two days. When Auldjo and his party approached the Grand Mulet, they found it nearly inaccessible, in consequence of a tremendous fissure immediately below it. In front, was a solid wall of ice, of prodigious height, to which there was only one perilous approach, by means of a promontory projecting from the side on which the party stood. Coutet cut steps in the wall with his hatchet, and thus enabled the party to climb over it. When Dr Barry came to the same place, Coutet had to cut and climb his way for a considerable distance along the front of an equally terrific wall, and then to climb up to the top, to which, by means of ropes, he pulled up the rest. After ascending the wall, Mr Auldjo's route lay for some distance along the top, which was very narrow, and inclined in each direction towards unfathomable gulfs. 'Taking my steps,' says he, 'with the greatest caution, I could not prevent myself from slipping; as the space became wider, I became less cautious, and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me: I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one: I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid: a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments, but then, desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them and in safety. The reason for

this proceeding is obvious. Had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger.'

The place appropriated for the repose of the travellers during the night, is a ledge near the top of the Grand Mulet, where it is just possible, by laying the batons against the rock, to form a kind of tent sufficient to cover the party during their sleep. Dr Barry here found the air at forty of Fahrenheit, so that there was no suffering from cold. This gentleman, awaking at midnight, drew himself forth from the tent, and beheld a scene of unexampled magnificence and impressiveness. 'It was,' says he, 'a brilliant night. The full moon had risen over the summit of the mountain, and shone resplendent on the glazed surface of its snowy covering. The guides were sleeping. Thus, in the midnight hour, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, I stood—alone: my resting-place a pinnacle of rock, that towered darkly over the frozen wilderness above which it, isolated, rose. Below me lay piled in the wildest confusion, the colossal masses of ice we had been climbing, and whose dangers we had narrowly escaped: around and above, was a sea of fair but treacherous snow, whose hidden perils we had yet to encounter. The Jura mountains, and many an unknown peak of Switzerland, seen dimly in the distance, gave me an earnest of the prospect from still more elevated regions. The vale of Chamonix was sleeping at the foot of the mountain; and, broken by the occasional thunder of an avalanche, the profoundest silence reigned. It seemed the vastest, sternest, sublimest of nature's imagery reposing—now starting as in a fitful dream—then sinking again into the stillest calm. It held me, until at the end of an hour and a half, a recollection of the com-

ing day's fatigues rendered it prudent again to take repose.

Between the Grand Mulet and the base of the summit expressly termed Mont Blanc, the way zig-zags along a vast ascending hollow, broken by three plains of ice, the last and largest of which is called the Grand Plateau. This part of the journey is also obstructed by fissures and the debris of avalanches—vast masses, as formerly, being sometimes found serving as bridges across the openings. At one place, Mr Auldjo and his party crossed a vast chasm by a large and lofty block of ice, which had stuck in it, and the side of which had to be cut by the hatchet, to allow of places for the feet and hands; so that the party passed along as boys are sometimes observed to do on the outside of the parapet of a bridge, with nothing, in the event of their falling, to save them from destruction. At another place, they came to a chasm crossed by a hollow or pendulous bridge of snow; and on this insecure place were induced to breakfast, on account of the shelter it afforded from the piercing wind which swept over the ice. 'In one moment,' says the traveller, 'without a chance of escape, the fall of the bridge might have precipitated them into the gulf beneath. Yet no such idea ever entered the imagination of my thoughtless but brave guides, who sat at their meal singing and laughing, either unconscious or regardless of the danger of their present situation.'

A little above the Grand Plateau, the traveller usually begins to feel intense thirst and great dryness of the skin, while the reflection of the sun's rays from the glittering snow can only be endured by the use of green spectacles or a green veil. The ascent along the upper ridges to the top is extremely difficult, partly on account of the greater steepness, and partly owing to phenomena arising from natural circumstances. 'We had now reached an elevation where I had to verify the testimony of preceding travellers, by experiencing the exhaustion consequent on any slight exertion, in an atmosphere whose density is exceedingly reduced. Only a few steps could now be

taken at a time, and these became both fewer and slower. Two or three deep inspirations appeared sufficient at each pause to enable me to proceed; but on making the attempt, I found the exhaustion returned as before. Slight faintness came on, so that I had at last to sit down for a few minutes; when, a little wine having been taken, one more effort was made, and at a quarter past two o'clock we stood on the highest summit." Such were the sensations of Dr Barry. Mr Auldjo seems to have been in a still more distressed condition. 'I was exhausted; the weakness of my legs had become excessive; I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing, and my head was almost bursting with pain. My eyes were smarting with inflammation; the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face.' This gentleman desired to proceed no farther; but his guides generously resolved to drag him up, rather than permit him to be disappointed.

'After a few minutes of rest on the summit, all the exhaustion, faintness, and indifference had ceased: the mountain-top was gained—the dangers of the descent were not for a moment considered—and it was with a thrill of exultation, never felt before, that I addressed myself to the contemplation of the prospect around and beneath. The range of sight, though limited by mountain-chains in various directions, comprehends nearly the whole of Sardinia [Savoy and Piedmont], the western half of Switzerland, one-third of Lombardy, and an eighth of France. This immense space is of an oval shape; its longitudinal form extending from Mont Morran, in France, on the north-west, to the neighbourhood of Genoa on the south-east; having Berne and Milan on the one hand, Lyon and Grenoble on the other. In a north-west direction lie the plains of France, in the south-east, those of Lombardy and Piedmont: a mountainous tract containing all the Pennine and part of the Rhetian Alps, with the whole chain of Jura, forming the space between. But there are directions in which the

prospect is still more extended—for example, the mountains of Tuscany may be distinctly seen. . . . 'All this was beheld under a sky literally without a cloud.' De Saussure and Dr Barry kindled fires on the summit of Mont Blanc. The extreme rarity of the air, which rendered breathing so difficult, also made it no easy matter to kindle and keep alive the fire, oxygen being in both cases defective. Without the unceasing application of bellows, De Saussure found the charcoal expire every minute. The boiling-point of water in this elevated situation was found by De Saussure to be 187 degrees Fahrenheit, being, as we need scarcely remark, 25 degrees below the point at which it boils on ordinary levels. The rarity of the air also diminishes the effects of sounds. A pistol fired makes no greater noise than a cracker usually does. This is partly owing to the effect of the rarity diminishing the tone and force of the vibration, and partly from the absence of all echo and repercussion from solid objects on that elevated summit.

In consequence of the greater distance from the centre of attraction, bodies feel sensibly lighter on the top of Mont Blanc. To quote the words of Auldjo: 'The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. Nothing I ever beheld could exceed the singular and splendid appearance which the sun and sky presented. The blue colour of the one had increased to such a depth as to be almost black, while the sun's disc had become excessively small, and of a perfect and brilliant white. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words: "It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood." It is proper to mention, that Dr Barry accounts for the blackness of the sky by the simultaneous reception by the eye of rays from the snow: having lain down upon his back.

and excluded all view of the snow, the natural hue was in a great measure restored.

This last gentleman left the summit at half-past three o'clock, and spent the night on the Grand Mulet. Mr Auldjo began the descent at noon, with the view of getting back to Chamounix that night. When this gentleman and his party had regained a particular part of the Plateau, they discovered that, by a slight variation in their ascending route, they had escaped a slip of snow, which had been precipitated down the usual track at the moment when they must have been upon it, so that the whole might consider their lives as saved by a mere accident. 'I cannot,' says he, 'describe my feelings when I saw the poor guides turn pale and tremble at the sight of the danger from which they had escaped. Claspings their hands together, they returned the most heartfelt thanks for this deliverance. A deep impressive silence prevailed for some moments: the contemplation of this danger and escape was too much for even these uncultivated beings, under whose rough character are found feelings which would do honour to the most refined of their fellow-creatures. . . . One married man vowed most solemnly that he never would be tempted to make the ascent again, whatever might be the inducement offered.'

In crossing the plateaux, Mr Auldjo and his party suffered greatly from burning heat, and also from the toilsomeness of the march, the snow being at this period of the day melted to such a degree as to take them up to the knees at every step. The precipitous intervals between the various plateaux were descended by sliding—a method not without its perils, as an individual in attempting it is liable to overshoot his point, and glide into chasms from which he might never again ascend. As they proceeded, the materials of a thunder-storm gathered in the sky, and a thick sleet began to fall. Some time after passing the Grand Mulet, perplexed by the storm, they lost their way, and soon found themselves wandering amidst numberless crevices, where progress

was not less difficult than dangerous. 'The storm recommenced with greater violence than before; the hailstones, large and sharp, driven with force by the wind, inflicted great pain on the face; we were exposed to it, standing on a narrow ledge overhanging an abyss. Here we awaited for a short time the return of two guides, sent to explore the crevices and banks around us, in an endeavour to discover the route of our ascent, but with very little hope of success; indeed, it was greatly feared that we should have to remain where we were for that night. The storm, increasing every instant, compelled us to seek some place in the glacier in which we could obtain shelter: following the foot-marks of the guides who had gone forward, we succeeded in finding a recess, formed by the projection of a part of the glacier over a narrow ledge in the side of a crevice. We could form no idea of the depth of the chasm, but its width appeared to be about twenty feet, and its opposite side rose considerably above us. Along this ledge we moved with great care, and had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. Wet through, and suffering excruciating torture from the cold, our position was both painful and dangerous. The tempest raged with the most awful fury; the gusts of wind sweeping through the chasm with tremendous violence, the pelting showers of hail, accompanied by most vivid lightning, and peals of thunder, alternating with a perfect calm, were enough to appal the bravest of the party.

'We waited for some time in this situation, when, in one of those moments of calm, we heard the loud halloo of one of the exploring guides, who was returning to us, and called to us to advance, for they had found the angle which we had so much difficulty in climbing up the day before. We soon joined him and his companion, who conducted us to it. Nearly deprived of the use of my limbs, from the excessive cold and wet state of my apparel, I could scarcely walk; my fingers were nearly frozen, and my hands so stiffened and senseless, that I could not hold my baton or keep myself from falling:

It was in this state that Mr Auldjo was brought to a wall of ice, which he had to descend for a certain way, in order to get upon a point on the opposite side of the chasm. 'Being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge, beneath the wall. At the very moment I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and shewed all the horrors of my situation; while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and set down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, though conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed. All suffered dreadfully from the cold, but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever feel deeply grateful, they still attended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and, forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes, the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved: they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes I was in a state to proceed.

At no late hour in the evening, Mr Auldjo returned to Chamounix, from which he had been only thirty-seven hours absent. He was met and congratulated by a great number of strangers and natives, who had felt an interest in his undertaking, and to all of whom he declared, that the magnificence of what he had seen much more than compensated for the pain of what he had felt.

In 1851, some English were successful in ascending to the top of Mont Blanc, but with risks as great as those above related, and apparently for no other purpose than the satisfying of that spirit of adventure and curiosity which is so remarkable in our countrymen.

F L O W E R S.

WILDINGS of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere !
Gemming the woodland, the glen, and the glade,
Drinking the sunbeams or courting the shade ;
Gilding the moorland and mountain afar,
Shining in glory in garden parterre.
Ye bloom in the palace, ye bloom in the hall,
Ye bloom on the top of the mouldering wall ;
Ye bloom in the cottage, the cottager's pride—
The window looks cold with no flowers by its side ;
Ye twine up the trellis, ye bloom in our bowers,
Ye carpet creation, ye beautiful flowers !

Did angels descend from their home in the skies,
To pencil those petals with exquisite dyes ?
To store in your cells the rich odours of heaven,
Was employment so meet unto seraphim given ?
Ye answer me : No ; 'twas an Almighty hand
That clothed you in beauty, and bade ye expand.
Rich gems of creation, that ravish the sight,
And pour on the senses supernal delight ;
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere !

When morn's early beams gild the glorious east,
Your incense ascends unto Nature's High-Priest ;
When sunset foreshadows the day's dewy close,
Ye fold up your petals for welcome repose.
Your odours impregnate with health every breeze,
Ye furnish a feast for the banqueting bees ;
Ye promise in eloquent language, though mute,
Boughs bending with offerings of delicate fruit ;

Ye tell, when your glory and fragrance is o'er,
That Autumn shall come with his rich gushing store.

Sweet'ners of life, ye are infancy's play;
To boyhood's bright dream, O what charms ye display!
In years more mature we but love you the more,
As tracing veiled beauties undreamt of before.
To childhood, to manhood, to age ye are dear;
Ye are strewn at the bridal and strewn on the bier;
Fair flowers even there soothe the lone mourner's woes,
And hallow the turf where loved ashes repose.
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!

JOHN PALMER.

ANNAN, *July 11, 1851.*

SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

It will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that 'Whatever might be said about luck, 'tis skill that leads to fortune!' There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skilful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances; as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is, that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, 'fortune,' though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances.

Readers of Plutarch and other old historians will recollect that *Æsop*, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honours. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr Wolcot:—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of ‘Pleasures of Imagination,’ was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D’Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to aff

oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light ; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly. George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a 'General View of the East India Company's Affairs,' who died in 1796, was originally a day-labourer. Masaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the tyranny of the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archæologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood Forest. Augereau, marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Bonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters.

Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of 'Memoirs of British Ladies,' was originally a stay and habit maker ; but being patronised for his acquirements, he was educated at Oxford, and made head of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature-painter, and settled at Edinburgh ; and it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realised him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the 'Minstrel,' and professor of moral philosophy in Aberdeen university, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travellers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common

sailor in a merchant-vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life, that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a little town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiné. The Abbé Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief-justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy to the young lawyers at the Temple-chambers in London. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisher-boy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer, but while he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramus, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd-boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lackey to the college of Navarre. Longomontanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Parens, professor of theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folcz, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucas Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his

as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student, that he sung ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door, in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty; and as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street-lamps, or in the church-porches where lights are kept burning: his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character led him successively through different preferments in the church till he was elected pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastrycook. Marmontel was born of poor parents, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. Lagrange, the French translator of Lucretius, was brought up in extreme poverty. Spagnuololettu began his career in great indigence. Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities in the early part of last century, hawked his productions from door to door. James Tytler, a person of great genius in Edinburgh in last century, lived in the greatest indigence, composing some of his works in types without the intervention of manuscripts. Parkes, the author of some celebrated works on chemistry, was originally an apprentice to a grocer, and underwent many difficulties before he was ultimately successful as a practical chemist. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Dr Isaac Maddox, bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defence of the church, was the son of a pastrycook. The late Dr Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John

Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinetmaker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape-painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working-engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board of one of the pope's galleys. William Hutton, the eminent historian of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor woolcomber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a coffee-house. Erasmus endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education.

Boydell, one of the most eminent printsellers in Europe, and at one time lord mayor of London, was originally a working engraver. Breguet, a celebrated maker of chronometers at Paris, and who has never been surpassed in this line of trade, was originally a Swiss boy, who went through some extraordinary culties at his outset, but surmounted the whole by severance and talent. Britton, a singular profici-

chemistry and music, and a collector of books and curiosities, cried small coal for sale about the streets. Michael Bruce, a Scottish poet of great merit, was a village schoolmaster at Kinneswood, in Kinross-shire, and contended long with poverty and sickness. Bunyan, the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by togging laces, and in his leisure-hours in his dungeon he composed the work which has immortalised his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a ploughman; yet what fame did he not acquire! Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent type-founder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards or Protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterwards distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740.

Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical instrument-maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary; some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cook, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as a cabin-boy in the merchant-service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice

and consequent penury, before he became known, and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age; and it was with incredible perseverance and labour that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on botany, and one of the founders of the Linnæan Society in London, was originally a working-gardener, and rose by his own exertions.

Dodsley, the publisher of the 'Annual Register,' and the author of the 'Economy of Human Life,' and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having while in this situation published a poem entitled the 'Muse in Livery,' he came into notice, was patronised by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of 'The Shipwreck,' was the son of a barber at Edinburgh—by others he is said to have been a native of Fife—and entered the merchant-service when young: he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer and experimental philosopher, was the son of a poor labourer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazier, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer; and it was

only by unremitting industry and the exercise of his genius that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career.

Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age. Madame de Genlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de St Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabin-boy; was afterwards bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age by the kindness of Mr Cooksley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. His ingenuity procured him friends, and by these he was assisted to advance himself in life: for let it be observed, *the well-behaved are never utterly friendless*. Gray the poet, like Gifford, was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of £20,000 from parliament for his famous time-keeper to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

Hawkesworth, the author of the 'Adventurer,' was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterwards became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor, but entering as a private soldier, he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music-composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of

the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who by her heroism delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield, and attempted to support himself by keeping a school: before he became known, and was patronised by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bred a bricklayer.

La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan in such destitute circumstances that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and a marshal under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly for his bravery, was born of poor parents, and was at his outset in life a common dyer. David Levi, a Jew of considerable literary talent, and author of a variety of works, was first a shoemaker and next a hatter, but contrived to acquire a respectable portion of learning. Leyden, the author of some beautiful Scottish poems, and a person of refined sentiment, was the son of a shepherd in Roxburghshire. Maitland, the historian of London and Edinburgh, began the world as a travelling-dealer in hair. Benjamin Martin, who flourished as a writer on science at the beginning of the last century, was originally a farmer's labourer, but by dint of perseverance he acquired sufficient learning to become a schoolmaster, and afterwards a lecturer on experimental philosophy. Matsys, an eminent Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, and his love for the daughter of an artist is said to have been his inducement to study painting. Molière, the eminent dramatist, was the son of a valet-de-chambre of

French king. Murat, one of the most intrepid of the French marshals, was the son of an innkeeper at Bastide. Ney, the 'bravest of the brave,' was the son of an artisan.

Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and other works of fiction, was the son of a joiner, and had a very scanty education: he was bound an apprentice to a printer, and by his genius and perseverance rose in his profession, and became an eminent literary character. Rousseau, one of the most eminent French writers, was the son of a watchmaker; and being apprenticed to an engraver, he was so ill-treated by his master, that he ran away before he was sixteen: his education was totally neglected, and for years he wandered as a vagabond, seeking a precarious subsistence, yet by his natural abilities he brought himself into notice and fame. Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral, began the world at eleven years of age as a poor sailor-boy. The illustrious Shakspeare was the son of a dealer in wool, and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy; other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who, in his ninth year, left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was appointed governor and president of the free black republic of St Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page to the margrave of Burgau, a situation almost equivalent to that of a footboy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated of his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor

destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music, but by dint of incessant study he became an excellent composer.

West, the American painter, had many difficulties to contend with at his outset, but, like many eminent artists, he overcame them all by his perseverance. With him skill truly led to fortune. Jarvis Spencer, a miniature-painter of last century, was originally a valet, or menial servant. Hanam the painter was at first the apprentice of a cabinetmaker. Richard Wright and Lawrey Gilpin were originally ship-painters. Barry, an Irish painter, was originally a working-mason. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, and such was the poverty of his parents and his own natural genius, that, when a mere boy, he supported the family by painting. Giotto, the reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant, and he himself kept sheep while a boy. Ghret, the famous drawer of botanical objects, was the son of a working-gardener. Canova was the son of a stonemason, was left an orphan, and raised himself entirely by his genius. Taylor, the water-poet, was a waterman. Antonia Bianchi, an Italian poet, was a gondolier. Allan Ramsay was the son of a workman at Leadhills, and began life as a barber. Stow, the author of the 'Survey of London,' and Speed, the author of the 'History of Great Britain,' were originally tailors. And Anthony Purver, a self-instructed man of learning, and a preacher; Joseph Pendrell; Bekman, the German; Holcroft, the novelist; Bloomfield the poet; Lackington, who rose to such eminence as a bookseller in London; and Drew the metaphysician, were all originally members of the 'gentle craft' of shoemaking.

After perusing this long catalogue, who would despair? With trust in God, and with diligence in his calling, let the young aspirant shun mean indulgences, and aim at success. Then, if he reach not fortune, he will at least have the blessed consciousness of having deserved it.

THE MASKED BALL.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, which, probably from its massive proportions, has been styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of gaiety and amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city—balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the more gay periods of the carnival, in particular, masked balls are given in this extensive building. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below. Although females of the higher orders never venture into the motley throng, a portion of the gallery is railed off and fitted up for the reception of the ladies of the royal household, whence they may at leisure survey the pleasing and lively scene around.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. Upon entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contre-danse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste in the adornments and selection. There was not that brilliancy and variety in the costumes which might dazzle and gratify the eye,

but the mind might well feel charmed at the contemplation of that very simplicity, which at once bespoke the grade and the modesty of the unpretending wearers. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who, instantly ceasing the overture which had been reverberating through the hall, turned to the buoyant air of *Lot ist tod!*, and at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music helped on to a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

Conceive this spirit-stirring dance to be ended, and the floor of the saloon again crowded and confused. The deafening hum of voices now ascended to our ears in place of the exciting music, whilst all seemed on the move, as if to inspect more narrowly the different figures of a picture so vast and animating. But we had scarcely time to survey the features the scene had now assumed, before the work was again commenced of clearing the centre for dancers; and the director of the ball, who seemed in every respect disposed to exert his power for the benefit of those who might be called more peculiarly his own subjects, had again sounded the directions, and given the watchword 'Polonaise,' which shot like an electric spark through the frames of all, and produced an instant bustle for partners and places. We determined to remain in our seats, since it was almost useless to attempt a participation in the more active feats on the 'light fantastic toe,' as the crowd was so exceedingly dense. The Polonaise, as given on the confines of Poland, is a much more stirring and varying dance than what is tripped in England under that name. In one of the manœuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the

partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle ; and as a tall young man dressed in black caught her handkerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betoken some agonising horror, and instantly excite the most lively emotions. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room ; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased, and all other objects were laid aside, save the gratifying the curiosity which had been so suddenly and awfully excited. A general rush took place towards the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as Prince Charles ; and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended ; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and having received the sanction of the prince, the preparations were in a moment completed. It was

with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times: 'I saw her! I saw her!' He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a couch the moment he was able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

Upon our return to the saloon, we found the mask, which appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. Under such circumstances, the intensity of the feeling that had been raised seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned more ardently to the pursuits of the evening, from the little episode which had stayed them for an instant. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged their speculative fancies in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit

reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms :—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction. A powerful attraction induced him to spend his evenings in the bosom of this family, which was that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and he had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, and the graces of her person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm ; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of their hearts ; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. The history of their love had in it nothing which removed it from the usual course in which attachment is developed. It will suffice to know, that they lived in the ineffable consciousness of a mutual affection, and that their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the youth of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as a linking of their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the financial father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law ; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker re-

quired more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal-dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colours. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labour he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme. The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage-day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become

his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed for ever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emotion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal-dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She therefore adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.*

DUELLING:

A THING OF THE PAST.

Now that duelling may be said to be extinct, or nearly so, in every country aspiring to civilised usages, it becomes curious and interesting, as a matter of history, to look back on times when the practice was all but universal, and to observe the reasons for its decline.

Private encounters in mortal combat for the settlement of disputes, was not known in ancient Greece or Rome. Several examples are certainly found, both in sacred and profane history, of champions being delegated from opposing armies to fight with each other, preliminarily to the general *mêlée*. But these cases had no analogy with the more modern duels. They were always between public enemies, and not between private friends or fellow-citizens. The inhabitants of Rome or Athens did not slay each other upon points of honour. Cæsar relates that two of his officers having a dispute, mutually defied each other—not to single combat, but to shew which of them should perform the most glorious action in the succeeding battle;

* Every circumstance related in the above article is strictly true, no addition whatever being made to the facts as they really occurred, and the tale, however romantic it may appear, being quite well known in Berlin.

and that one of them, after beating back the enemy, was on the point of falling a victim, when he was rescued by his adversary. A similar instance of heroic emulation is mentioned of two of the officers in Alexander the Great's army. This is certainly a much more estimable way of arranging a personal difference, than by retiring into a corner, and committing an inglorious murder. It would be vain to pretend that the Romans and Greeks were not as brave as the modern Europeans, and that on such an account the duel was not in use amongst them ; nor can it be predicated of the Turks and Tatars, who, though proverbially reckless of human life, have never adopted the custom.

Duelling sprang into existence among the ancient Gauls and Germans during the barbarity of the middle ages. Law being for a time obscured, the sword became the engine of arbitration. The military education of the feudal chiefs and their retainers, tended to perpetuate and confirm the practice of settling private quarrels by fighting ; and at length duelling was actually sanctioned to a certain degree by legal and ecclesiastical institutes. It would seem that the law, being unable to put down private fighting altogether, adopted the next best, and placed the practice under regulation. Hence judicial combats were held in every state for the settlement of civil questions. Even the rights of the church, its domains and revenues, were subjected to this singular ordeal, and sometimes the zeal of an ecclesiastic carried him into the lists as a champion. By a statute of William the Conqueror, the inferior clergy were forbidden to fight without the consent of their diocesan. But in the generality of cases, the cause of the church and of females was committed to the care of some sturdy warrior, who was ready to risk his life for the benefit of others.

Judicial combats or duels are to be distinguished from the tournaments which were so much in vogue in the days of chivalry. The latter were somewhat after the manner of the gladiatorial games in ancient Rome, except that, instead of fighting by the hands of slaves, the

knights fought by their own. We have an exposition of the purposes and ceremonies of tournaments in the code of laws for their regulation, drawn up by René of Anjou, king of Sicily and Jerusalem, who, being despoiled of his dominions, found ample leisure for this important purpose. In these singular *pandects* he lays it down as a fundamental rule, that jousts and tournaments are to be held only in honour of the ladies. *They* alone were to inspect the arms and distribute the prizes; and if any knight or esquire should speak evil of any lady, the other combatants were to maul the libeller with their swords, until the assembled fair ones judged the drubbing sufficient. Tournaments were therefore strictly of the nature of spectacles or games, and could be held only by a prince or great baron. Knights and esquires flocked from all parts of Christendom, whenever one was announced, to tilt with and slay each other for the honour and gratification of their respective loves, until the death of Henry II., king of France, killed at a tournament held at Paris in 1559, brought the usage into great odium, and tended finally to suppress it.

Single combats or duels were upon a very different principle. They were for the redress of wrongs or restitution of rights, being mainly founded on the belief, that God would support the party who had justice on his side. They took place under the immediate sanction of the king, or the superior lord, and of his court of justice. When one was determined upon, the two adverse parties, or their authorised champions, appeared on the assigned day within a ring of eighty feet long and forty broad, guarded by sergeants-at-arms. They were on horseback, and furnished with all the offensive and defensive armour of the time. They were strictly enjoined to carry a crucifix or the image of a saint upon their banners. The heralds arranged the spectators around the ring, all of whom were on foot, no one being permitted to come on horseback under the penalty of losing his steed; and if not noble, of having one ear cut off.

The presiding officer, accompanied by a priest, caused

each of the combatants to be sworn upon a crucifix that the right was on his side, and that he bore upon him no enchantments or magic arms. The illustrious St George was invoked for the truth of the oath, though even his redoubted name was not always satisfactory; and the persons of the duellists were often scrupulously searched for charms and bewitched weapons—a firm belief in the existence and efficacy of which was a grand ingredient in the character of the true chevalier. When the preliminary ceremonies were gone through, they were ordered to charge, and the mortal struggle commenced. The conquered party was accounted infamous, and if he were not killed in the fight, was generally hanged or ignominiously mutilated. His arms were seized for the benefit of the president, the prevailing maxim being, ‘the dead must be wrong, the conquered ought to suffer.’

When burghers or other inferior persons adventured on a duel, their weapons were limited to clubs, wherewith they beat each other’s heads until victory declared for one of the parties. If the skull of the *craven* or defeated person were not so battered and smashed as to have caused death, he was, without any delay, hanged by the neck, whilst the conqueror was carried home in triumph, and enjoyed the spoils of the defunct.

These judicial duels were equally for grave and petty causes. A dispute about a trifling sum of money, an accusation of murder, robbery, or perjury, a contested title to honours and estates, equally afforded legitimate ground for these sanguinary conflicts. By an ordinance in the time of Louis le Jeune of France, A.D. 1168, the duel was restricted to cases embracing at least the sum of five *sous*, or pence of that period. The existence of such a regulation is sufficient proof how universal such combats must have been. But about the middle of the sixteenth century, they became less frequent, in consequence of various restrictions being enacted respecting them. They were no longer permitted except in cases of grave import, where proof of a sufficient nature was unattainable.

But, in addition to these legalised and solemn appeals to arms, a mischievous and restless race of mortals ran up and down the world in search of duels, without any cause whatever save an insatiable thirst for blood. Such was the famous Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, who was ready at all times to fly over half of Europe to lay prostrate an adversary with whose name even he was unacquainted. Such, also, was one Jean de Bourbon, who published a *carte*, setting forth, that 'he would go into England, and fight to the death to relieve himself from listlessness.' Another, holding the high office of seneschal in Hainault, challenged the whole world to fight at Conchy, in Flanders; but being sadly disappointed that no adversary appeared, he publicly vowed to go forth, armed *cap-à-pie*, and wreak his pugnacity on the natives of Spain. What became of him is not accurately known, but it is probable that Cervantes had him in his eye when he portrayed the most valiant Don Quixote.

The rage for duelling, in fact, was so great, and so much mixed up with the passions of the middle ages, that we actually find one proposed between a father and a son. Adolphus, son of Arnold Duke of Guelderland, wished to dethrone his father, asserting that he had enjoyed the sweets of sovereignty long enough. The parent, on the contrary, challenged his son to mortal combat, in presence of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, as liege lord. The unnatural youth immediately accepted the challenge; but the Duke of Burgundy judged it better to incorporate the disputed territory into his own dukedom, and thus avoid so horrible an exhibition. This singular transaction took place in 1470. In 1495, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, fought a duel with Claude de Batre, a simple French knight, in presence of all the electors and princes of the Germanic Diet; and though he was fortunate enough to cleave his adversary's skull, he risked, in so absurd a contest, the very existence of the House of Austria.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, duels under the sanction and with the ceremonies of the law, may be

said to have ceased. The introduction of an improved system of jurisprudence, founded in most of the countries of Europe upon the laws of the Roman Empire, gradually rendered so barbarous a mode of settling disputes unpopular and hateful. But the suppression of this extravagant custom, in its legal form, only rendered the usage itself more universal and inveterate. All historians agree that duels between private individuals increased to a frightful extent after they ceased to be objects of judicial arrangement. The practice of having seconds to accompany and support the principals, sprang up with the cessation of the legal ceremonies. The seconds fought with each other in the same deadly manner as the original parties, though of course not even a pretence of disagreement existed between them. In the centre of the city of Paris, on the site of the present Palais Royal, then the palace of the Tournelles, duels of this description were of daily occurrence. Two seconds usually fought on each side in addition to the principal parties, and the survivors of the different combats continued to fight until one remained the victor of the field. The mania rose to such a pitch, that a man who had not fought a duel, was considered ineligible for the army, and, even in private life, was little respected until he had dipped his hands in the blood of some adversary. Such was the general feeling over all the countries of Europe, though France was the most considerable scene of its development.


More lately, in Paris, the great arena for duels was the Bois de Boulogne, a woody park with fine open glades, to the west of the town. Here many an unfortunate wretch has fallen a victim to erroneous principles of honour. The following relation of one of these brutal encounters, in which an Englishman of rank was engaged, is given in a work published some years ago, under the title of *The Unfortunate Man*.

Villeneuve, a notable villain, was one day surprised by Talbot whilst attempting to corrupt the morals of a girl; and in a moment of indignation he inflicted

on him a blow. A duel must be the consequence. As Villeneuve was an accomplished marksman, Talbot declared to the umpires on the occasion that he would fight only on one condition: there should be two pistols—one loaded, the other not; they were to be put into a handkerchief, and drawn out by chance by the parties, who were afterwards to take their stand at the distance of only one pace from each other. ‘Villeneuve did not make any objection to the proposition, although several of his own countrymen, who had come on the pleasant excursion to witness the fight, strongly and vainly endeavoured to persuade their friend to leave his life to a better chance. The preparation did not take long. The pistols, both being of course exactly alike, were loaded by the seconds, and enveloped in a large silk handkerchief. The first choice fell to the lot of Villeneuve, who, placing his hand on the weapons, endeavoured to choose the heaviest; but he who is to stand such a dreadful hazard as the one proposed, must be more than a man in courage, if in such a moment he is cool enough to discriminate between weights to which a single small bullet gives the preponderance. He fixed upon the one he thought the heaviest, and the other was given to Talbot. They took their respective grounds, and so close, that the muzzle of each man’s pistol touched his adversary. Men face some dreadful sights, but few have seen the parallel to this; neither is it to be thought by my readers as the mere effusion of an imaginary brain. The duel in question actually took place, and if the names were changed, every particular would be true. Dreadful must it have been for the friends of each: the certain knowledge that one must fall—the excitement, the agitation, the hope, the expectation, almost placed the bystanders in as great an apprehension as the principals. When both were placed on the ground, the seconds of each advanced and took a last farewell. Talbot shook his friend’s hand with an earnest trepidation: he merely whispered a few words, and with a faint smile and fainter accent, said “Good-by.” Villeneuve appeared as unconcerned as if he were a casual

spectator: he spoke quick and rapidly; nodded to one or two of the company, more as a recognition than as a parting; and had taken leave of his second before Talbot had ended his low whisper. The words given were merely "Are you ready?" then, "Fire!" Both pistols went off on the second, and both men fell. Villeneuve only turned upon his side, and almost instantaneously died. Talbot was lifted immediately: the closeness of the pistol at the discharge had knocked him down, and his face was a little injured by the powder; but his worst feeling was that of disgust, when he saw his fallen enemy dead at his feet. The whirl of the brain left him reasonless for some moments, and he fixed his excited eyes upon the corpse: he was hurried from the spot in a dreadful state, and many months elapsed before he was perfectly restored to health, or even reason. There lay Villeneuve, the sworn foe to all Englishmen, having met the fate of almost all professed duellists. He died with a smile of contempt upon his countenance. One of his companions threw his cloak over the corpse; many looked on in silence. There was not a word spoken; the stillness of death had extended itself to the spectators, who one by one retired with cautious footsteps, as if fearing to awaken the slumbers of him who had gone to his long account, and who had left behind him a memory so tarnished that friendship would gladly forget it.

Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and more particularly towards its conclusion, duelling was a common method of settling differences in England. There prevailed a rude quarrelsomeness of disposition, reckless of giving an insult, which was expiated among the humbler classes by boxing, and among the higher by the small sword or pistol. Ireland, however, greatly excelled the sister-countries in the practice of duelling; because in that country individual feeling was under fewer restraints, and law was more feebly executed. In point of fact, the parties whose duty it was to administer the law, were the most noted duellists; and as the greater number of persons who sat on juries had been



concerned in encounters of this kind, it was not possible to procure a verdict of murder against any duellist for slaughtering a fellow-creature. On this subject we extract some particulars from an amusing little work, *Ireland Sixty Years Ago*, published by Mr McGlashan of Dublin:—

‘No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had “smelt powder,” as it was called; no barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar, practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit and the number of duels they had fought. Some years since, a young friend, going to the bar, consulted the late Dr Hodgkinson, vice-provost of Trinity College, then a very old man, as to the best course of study to pursue, and whether he should begin with Fearné or Chitty. The doctor, who had long been secluded from the world, and whose observation was beginning to fail, immediately reverted to the time when he had been himself a young barrister; and his advice was: “My young friend, practise four hours a day at Rigby’s Pistol-Gallery, and it will advance you to the woolsack faster than all the Fearnés and Chittys in the library.”

‘Scott, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the King’s Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawly on some affair about his wife; and afterwards with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister; and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects, and with various weapons, swords, and pistols. Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords.

‘The Right Honourable Henry Grattan, leader of the House of Commons, was over ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. His cool ferocity on such occasions was a fearful display. He began by fighting Lord Earlsfort, and ended by shooting the Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He called

him, in the debate on the Union, "a dancing-master," and while the debate was going on, went from the House to fight him, and shot him through the arm.

' So general was the practice, and so all-pervading was the duel-mania, that the peaceful shades of our university could not escape it. Not only students adopted the practice, but the principal and fellows set the example. The Honourable J. Hely Hutchinson, the provost, introduced, among other innovations on the quiet retreats of study, dancing and the fashionable arts. Among them was the noble science of defence, for which he wished to endow a professorship. He set the example of duelling to his pupils, by challenging and fighting Doyle, a master in Chancery ; while his son, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, collector of the customs in Dublin, not to degenerate from his father, fought a duel with Lord Mountnorris.

' As if this was not a sufficient incentive to the students, the Honourable Patrick Duigenan, a fellow and tutor in Trinity College, challenged a barrister, and fought him ; and not satisfied with setting one fighting example to his young class of pupils, he called out a second opponent to the field.

' The public mind was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780 to the time of the Union, that it was supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in Ireland during that interval. So universal and irrepressible was the propensity, that *duelling clubs* were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was balloted for, he must sign a solemn declaration that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with some antagonist.

' The following occurrence, which took place in February 1781, is characteristic of the mode in which points of honour were then settled :—A gentleman in the uniform of the Roscommon Volunteers came into the room at a fashionable hazard-table. He was abused by one of the company present, with whom he happened to be engaged litigation, and to whom, for that reason, he did not

choose to reply. The bystanders, imputing his silence to cowardice, added their sneers to the reproaches of his first assailant. One of the party, a subaltern in the army, was particularly severe in his taunts, and at length, in a paroxysm of indignation at what he conceived to be a disgrace to the military costume—being worn by a man who appeared not to have a spark of courage—he came up to the stranger, and rudely taking off his hat, tore the cockade out of it, and threw it on the ground. The strange gentleman drew his sword, and called upon any person who dared to come forward till he would chastise him. The young officer declared that he was under a promise never to fight in that house. The parties therefore retired, but a hostile message was of course immediately sent. The zealous subaltern, however, having discovered that his antagonist, far from being a coward, was a man of established courage and a skilful duellist, offered to make any apology. None would be accepted which was not as public as the insult, and the terms to which he was obliged to submit were the following:—He provided a cockade similar to that he had taken from the gentleman's hat, brought it to the coffee-room at the most public hour of the day, there in presence of the company acknowledged his offence and asked forgiveness, and taking his adversary's hat, placed the cockade in it, declaring he thought him most worthy to wear it.

' Weapons of offence were generally kept at the inns, for the accommodation of those who might come on an emergency unprovided. In such cases " pistols were ordered for two, and breakfast for one ;" as it might, and did sometimes, happen that the other did not return to partake of it, being left dead on the field. No place was free from these encounters : feuds were cherished and offences often kept in memory till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the combat commenced in the public street ; a ring was formed round the parties, and they fought within it like two pugilists at Moulsey Hurst.'

As an instance of the coarseness of manners which

provoked duels at this period, the authority above quoted goes on to describe a rough military personage called Bryan Maguire. This man 'availed himself of his military character, and appeared occasionally in the streets in a gaudy glittering uniform, armed with a sword, saying it was the uniform of his corps. When thus accoutred, he strolled through the streets, looking round on all that passed with a haughty contempt. His ancestors were among the *reguli* of Ireland, and one of them was a distinguished Irish leader in 1641 : he therefore assumed the port and bearing which he thought became the son of an Irish king. The streets were formerly more encumbered with dirt than they are now, and the only mode of passing from one side to the other was by a narrow crossing made through mud heaped up at each side. It was Bryan's glory to take sole possession of one of those, and to be seen with his arms folded across his ample chest, stalking along in solitary magnificence. Any unfortunate wayfarer who met him on the path was sure to be hurled into the heap of mud at one side of it. The sight was generally attractive, and a crowd usually collected at one end of the path to gaze on him, or prudently wait till he had passed. His domestic habits were in keeping with his manner abroad. When he required the attendance of a servant, he had a peculiar manner of ringing the bell. His pistols always lay on the table beside him, and instead of applying his hand to the bell-pull in the usual way, he took up a pistol and fired it at the handle of the bell, and continued firing till he hit it, and so caused the bell below to sound. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance. Another of his royal habits was the mode of passing his time. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt, to attract his notice, and when the man looked

up, he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols. After a time, Bryan disappeared from Dublin.

We are informed by Sir Jonah Barrington, in *Personal Sketches of his own Times*, that duelling was quite a passion among the Irish gentry sixty to eighty years ago. The fighting, he says, was done in a civil, good-humoured way, and when over, no grudge on either side was entertained. At that period, children seem to have been brought up with a love of firearms, and were amused with stories of people shooting each other. 'One of the most humane men existing,' says Sir Jonah, 'an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, was heard endeavouring to keep a little son of his quiet who was crying for something: "Come, now, do be a good boy. Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll shoot them all in the morning!" "Yes, yes, we'll shoot them all in the morning," responded the child, drying his little eyes, and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humorist and gourmand, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep his son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying: "Come, now, be a good boy. Don't cry, and you shall kill a lamb to-morrow! Now, won't you be good?" "O yes, yes," said the child, sobbing; "father, is the lamb ready?"'

According to the authority of Sir Jonah, Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science; but Mayo, Roscommon, and Sligo owned a number of proficientes. All great families had a case of hereditary pistols and a sword, which were handed down from father to son as duelling weapons. In the encounters which took place, occasionally one party was

killed, but this was not often the case: generally a hit, however trifling, settled the affair. Sometimes the seconds fought as well as the principals, and for this, as well as many points in the etiquette of duelling, there were regular rules. The Irish duelling code was instituted by a society called the 'Knights of Tara,' who foresaw that unless the science were subject to regulation, quarrels of an undignified kind would be redressed in this manner, and so duelling would be brought into disrepute. Sir Jonah gives a copy of this remarkable code, which he tells us was called 'the thirty-six commandments' of Galway, and received general adoption throughout Ireland. It bears the date 1777, when, it may be presumed, the practice of duelling was at its height.

Among numerous anecdotes of these duelling times, the facetious Sir Jonah narrates one which must be reckoned beyond all ordinary precedent. It refers to the late Lord Mount Garret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny. This nobleman, as was not unusual with men of his order in Ireland, had a great number of lawsuits at once on his hands, and finding he had little success in the courts, the decisions being generally against him, he fell upon the expedient of challenging every one of the counsel and attorneys employed by his opponents. 'The first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his lordship to the attorney, Mr Ball: it was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his lordship got the worst of it. He was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first having taken place in his lordship's right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received the second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous. My lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of, the Honourable Somerset Butler, his lordship's son, now took the field, and proceeded, according to due form, by a challenge to Mr Peter Burrowes, the first of the adversaries' counsel, now judge commissioner of insolvents. The invitation not

being refused, the combat took place, one cold frosty morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well; but Peter had had no practice whatever in that line of litigation. Few persons feel too warm on such occasions, and Peter formed no exception to the general rule. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread-nuts in the street he passed through accosted him, extolling her highly-spiced nuts. Peter bought a pennyworth on the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, an attorney, and duly receiving the change of a sixpenny-piece, put the coppers into his *waistcoat pocket*, and marched off to the scene of action. Preliminaries being soon arranged—the pistols given, ten steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set—Somerset, a fine dashing young fellow, full of spirit and animation, gave Peter but little time to take his fighting position—in fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a proper level, before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body! The halfpence rattled in his pocket; Peter dropped flat; Somerset fled; Dick Waddy roared "murder," and called out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up; and Pack examined the wound: a black hole seemed to designate the spot where the lead had penetrated Peter's abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word—"mortal!" it was, however, more expressive than a long speech.' This disconcerted all the parties implicated; but in a short time it appeared that the blue mark was caused by the impress of a halfpenny which the bullet had smartly hit. In short, the pocketful of halfpence had saved the young man's life. So ended the first duel on the list. His lordship afterwards challenged and fought with two others; and his son, a third. Fresh challenges were made, and the thing becoming too serious to be overlooked, his lordship was obliged to stop in his mad career, satisfied with 'three duels, and as many wounds.'

One of the most noted duellists during the great duelling age of last century—1770 to 1800—was George Robert Fitzgerald, commonly known as the *Fighting*

Fitzgerald. The father of this desperado was George Fitzgerald, a gentleman of property in the county of Mayo, who had married Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of one and sister of two Earls of Bristol. George Robert was the eldest son of this pair ; both of whom were of an eccentric character, which was inherited by their offspring. After being educated at Eton, George Robert entered the army, in which he rose to the rank of captain, but not without quarrelling with his brother officers and fighting sundry duels, into which he was precipitated by his ungovernable temper and arrogant bearing. Introduced to good society in Dublin, he became acquainted with Miss Connolly, a young lady of fortune, whom he had the address to carry off and marry in spite of the opposition of her relatives. Shortly afterwards, he went with his young wife to Paris, and here 'the name and character of this fine, fighting, frolicsome Irishman,' says his biographer, 'got him into the society of the Count d'Artois, who was attracted by the bold bearing of the young man, but still more by seeing that he could easily fleece such a person at play ; and he succeeded.' Of course the Irishman, by this respectable means, acquired a standing at the French court, which he endeavoured to improve by shewing off his exploits in hunting.

While fluttering in the fashionable society of Paris, 'George Robert engaged in a course of jockeying transactions not very creditable, that ended in a duel with a brother blackleg, which they were obliged to fight beyond the border of the French territory. Fitzgerald was severely wounded in the heel—a wound which made him halt in walking for the rest of his life, and kept him for a long time confined in Brussels. From thence he went to London, where he pursued the propensities he had unhappily acquired in Paris, became a gambler and jockey, and contrived to heap double insult on a man of the name of Bate, upon whom he palmed his footman as a gentleman, and sent them out to fight. He then entered into a paper-war on some jockey point, wrote an appeal to the public, and went over to Lisle and fought another duel.'

Returning to London, he made himself the terror of society ; for it seemed to be his aim to pick quarrels everywhere, with a view to indulgence in his fighting propensities. Numerous anecdotes are related of this period of his career ; but we confine ourselves to one, detailing the manner in which he forced his way into Brookes's, the most famous club of its day.

To procure admission, Fitzgerald applied to Admiral Keith Stewart to propose him as a candidate ; and the worthy admiral well knowing that he must fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, the duellist accompanied the admiral to St James's Street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taken, in order to know the issue. The ballot was soon over ; for without hesitation each member threw a *black ball* : and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed to find not even one white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried unanimously, the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge ; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had in almost every case been fatal to his opponent. After much debate, it was resolved to ballot again, and this time to put one black ball in the box ; such being believed to be the plan least likely to provoke an outrage. Intelligence of this result was communicated by a waiter to Fitzgerald, who affecting to suppose that there must be some mistake, ordered him to go up stairs and bring correct information. Off went the much-puzzled waiter, not knowing very well what to do. After some fresh altercation, Mr Brookes interfered, and attempted to make Fitzgerald aware that he was rejected ; but the bully treated his explanations with scorn, and, to the consternation of all parties, marched straight up stairs to the club-room. On entering, he asked each member individually if it was he who had black-balled him, and all, one after

the other, fearing the consequences, denied that they had done so!

According to the account of the transaction given in the work, the *Clubs of London*, the members saw there was nothing for it but to send the intruder to Coventry; and he was therefore left to occupy himself drinking at one of the side-tables. On the departure of the wretch, which was a great relief to all the members, it was resolved to have him taken into custody by a body of constables, should he again present himself. Of some such measure, Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never shewed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The narrator of the circumstance has thought it necessary to vindicate the character of the members of the club, lest it should be supposed that they were deficient in personal courage. He observes that 'in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many men have to duelling, family considerations and a natural love of life were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the Fighting Fitzgerald either with sword or pistol; for, being really a good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising, then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?'

We would not dispute the correctness of this view of the affair; but take leave to say, that the members were in no small degree blameable for not at once calling in the aid of constables to prevent the anticipated outrage. Such undoubtedly would have been the solution of the difficulty in the present day; and that the club did not in this manner shelter itself under the protection of the law, gives one a strange idea of the state of public feeling, as well as of social arrangements, seventy years ago.

Subsequent to this ridiculous event, 'Fitzgerald returned to Ireland, and resided either at his house, Merrion Street, Dublin, or at Rockfield, near Turlough. In Dublin, his conduct was marked by deeds wild and unwarrantable, which would be now intolerable, but which then did not much outrage the spirit of the times. Besides fighting a duel with John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, he is said to have fired a pistol on one occasion at Denis Brown, the brother of Lord Altamont, in the open day, in Sackville Street; on another occasion he insulted, and, it is said, struck John Fitzgibbon, afterwards so well known as the stern, overbearing Lord-Chancellor Clare; and it has been said that he well remembered the blow, when he acted as crown prosecutor, on Fitzgerald's trial.'

Of the trial here alluded to, we shall presently speak. It is proper, however, to mention before going farther, that an event occurred which irretrievably damaged Fitzgerald's reputation as a duellist. In one of his encounters, it was discovered that he wore an under-waistcoat of chain-metal, which was ball and sword proof. On this discovery, he was chased from the field with scorn, and cannot be said to have afterwards held up his head among persons of proper feeling. He continued to live a blustering life, and to mix himself up with political intrigues and petty local disturbances. Associated with despicable companions, he at length, in a dispute respecting some family property, quarrelled with a relation named M'Donnell, upon whom he determined to wreak his vengeance. At this point in Fitzgerald's career, the most charitable thing that can be said of him is, that he was in a state of mental derangement, and was, properly speaking, a fit object for an asylum: his conduct towards M'Donnell leads to no other conclusion. He endeavoured to have this person assassinated, but the shot of Murphy, a miscreant whom he employed, only wounded Mr M'Donnell in the leg. Murphy was arrested on suspicion of this foul act, kept a short time in prison, and discharged without trial. Fitzgerald, taking up the cause of Murphy, entered a complaint against M'Donnell.

nell for false imprisonment, and procured a warrant for his arrest. Accompanied by a band of retainers, and a person named Brecknock as his law-adviser, Fitzgerald proceeded to capture the object of his malice, and carry him in the first place to his own residence at Turlough. The design was, if possible, to provoke a rescue, and to shoot M'Donnell in the scuffle—such, according to Brecknock, being allowable in law! This diabolical plot went exactly as was intended. A hubbub took place, and poor M'Donnell was remorselessly shot through the head. This was the crowning act of Fitzgerald's mad career. Wretchedly as the law was administered in Ireland, it could not overlook the horrible outrage that had been committed. Fitzgerald, an accomplice named Fulton, and his adviser Brecknock, were pursued by a crowd of partisans, captured, and consigned to prison for trial. Fitzgerald was found concealed among a bundle of bed-clothes, and dragged with indignity from his home, which was forthwith pillaged so effectually by the mob, that not a single article of any value was left in it from garret to collar.

The trial of the murderer and his accomplices shortly afterwards took place, and all were found guilty and condemned. Strange to say, Fitzgerald was on the occasion calm, reasonable, and resigned. The only favour he asked of the judge was 'to give him a long day' to settle his affairs; but 'the sun was not allowed to set on the criminals after the passing of sentence. It would appear as if the high-sheriff, the prosecutors, and indeed all the gentry of Mayo, were afraid that if there were any delay, a reprieve might have been procured by means of Fitzgerald's high connections.' The execution was disgracefully managed. The rope by which Fitzgerald was hung up broke, and he fell to the ground. Rising to his feet, he requested a better rope to be brought, and that there might be no more botching. The second time, the rope slipped from the cross-beam, and the feet of the wretched man again reached the ground. A bystander, shocked with the spectacle, interposed, and drawing up

the rope, fixed it so effectually that an end was soon put to Fitzgerald's sufferings. The two others appear to have been executed at the same time without any accident. The description given of what followed is too characteristic to bear omission. 'The body being taken down, it was, by the sheriff's permission, conveyed, un mutilated, to Turlough House; and it is a striking fact, that he who had been reared in the lap of luxury, and the associate of the highest in the land, was waked with lights placed in bottles—so utter had been the wreck, so entire the plunder of a house which had contained such an abundance of various valuables, that not a single candlestick was left for the performance of the last rite he should require on earth.' Such was the inglorious end of Fighting Fitzgerald!

Enough, we think, has now been said respecting the prevalence of duelling up till a comparatively late period. The strange thing is, that a practice so repugnant to religion, reason, law, and decency, should so long have received the sanction of public opinion. Although divines preached, and moralists railed against it, still the custom of fighting by challenge continued. It in fact remained in force so long as the law gave it a shelter. At length, by a marked improvement in public feeling, a few years ago, the practice began to be scouted and ridiculed; and on the occurrence of a very shocking duel within the military circle, the highest authorities found it necessary to interpose. A knowledge that in future, the person who killed another in a duel would be tried as a murderer, had its proper influence. Society at large sanctioned this view of affairs, and it became somewhat perilous to be concerned in homicidal encounters. An argument in favour of duelling cannot be omitted. It was alleged, that but for this guard on personal honour, no man would be safe from insult; and that in the army especially, life would not be endurable without this protection. The experience of only a few years has demonstrated the fallacy of these suppositions. A respect for mutual rights and feelings has indeed advanced with the

decay of duelling; and as society no longer considers a man to be a coward who shrinks from the acceptance of a challenge, but rather approves of his reluctance, so do individuals, under a higher sense of delicacy, refrain from saying or doing what is calculated to wound the feelings of each other. Thus has duelling disappeared from amongst us, and now only exists where rude natures have not received the polish of an advanced civilisation.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

MARIA LETIZIA RAMOLINI, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was descended from a noble Italian family, and was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 24th of August 1750. Being possessed of great personal attractions, she was married at an early age to Carlo Bonaparte or Buonaparte, an advocate, the descendant of an Italian family as noble as her own, which had settled in Corsica in the sixteenth century. In January 1768, she gave birth to her eldest son Guiseppe (Joseph), who became king of Naples, and subsequently of Spain and the Indies.

At the time of the marriage of Carlo Bonaparte to Maria Letizia Ramolini, the island of Corsica was the scene of war and tumult. The people, under their celebrated leader Pascal Paoli, had struggled for several years to assert their independence of the Genoese republic; and, having baffled that enemy, they had now to contend with the king of France, to whom Genoa had made over her claims, as if a nation had been a piece of merchandise liable to be bartered from one hand to another. Carlo Bonaparte was the friend and zealous co-patriot of Paoli, and had distinguished himself in the war against the Genoese. In 1768, when an army of 5000 French landed for the purpose of reducing the island, the most of the considerable families in Ajaccio,

including that of Bonaparte, found it necessary to fly to the mountainous country in the interior, where for some time they maintained a bold resistance, though ultimately obliged to submit. Madame Bonaparte accompanied her husband during the whole progress of this irregular warfare; and the existence of her second and most remarkable child appears to have commenced amidst the hardships and wild adventures of a mountain campaign. When the island was finally settled under French rule, in June 1769, she returned with her husband to their house in Ajaccio, which is described as one of handsome appearance, 'forming one side of a court which leads out of the Rue Charles.' On the 15th August, being the festival of the Assumption, she attended high-mass, but, finding herself unable to sit out the ceremony, hastened home, and, no preparations being made for her reception, she gave birth to her son upon an old piece of tapestry representing a scene from the *Iliad*. It has been reported that Paoli was the godfather of the child thus brought into the world; but that hero had ere now quitted the island and taken refuge in England. His godfathers were Laurent Giubeya and Celtruda Bonaparte, and he received the name of Napolione, which had been introduced into the paternal house some generations before. It was considered a fortunate circumstance by his friends, in after-life, that he was born subsequently to June 1769, when the island was annexed to France, as though by nation and language an Italian, he thus became a born citizen of the country which he was afterwards to rule.

The subsequent children of Madame Bonaparte were Mariana (Marie Anne Elisa),* who became Grand-Duchess of Tuscany; Luciano (Lucien), Prince of Canino; Paoletta (Marie Paulette), afterwards Madame Leclerc, and finally Princess Borghese and Duchess of Guastalla; Luigi (Louis), who became king of Holland, but renounced a crown rather than become the oppressor

* The names of the Bonaparte family are here given in their original Italian forms, while the French modifications afterwards adopted by them follow within parentheses.

of his subjects ; Annunziata (Annonciade Caroline), afterwards Madame Murat and Queen of the two Sicilies ; Girolano (Jerome), afterwards king of Westphalia. The family became in time reconciled to the French government, and obtained the friendship of the governor of the island, the Count de Marbœuf, by whose interest Carlo Bonaparte was included in a deputation of the Corsican nobles,* sent to Louis XVI. in 1776. His conduct on this occasion obtained for him the office of assessor of the tribunal of Ajaccio, the income of which aided him to maintain his increasing family, which the smallness of his patrimony, and some habits of expense, would otherwise have rendered difficult. During a subsequent journey to France as one of a deputation of Corsican nobles, he was attacked by schirrus in the stomach, and breathed his last at Montpellier, February 1785, in the house of the father of Madame Junot, leaving his family, the youngest of whom was only two months old, entirely unprovided for.

The duty of rearing a number of young children upon the resources of a poor widow, fell to the subject of this memoir, and was performed by her in a creditable manner. The Count de Marbœuf had provided for Napoleon by placing him at the Military School of Brienne, from which he had already been removed to Paris, to complete his education in the general school there. Her daughter Mariana was also brought up by the government at St Cyr. The life of Madame Bonaparte was one of poverty until the elevation of her son ; but before that period she was destined to encounter adventures not less singular than those which she had experienced during the struggle for Corsican independence. In 1792, Paoli was sent by the French government to take the military command of Corsica ; but being unfavourable to the progress of Jacobin principles, he soon became exposed to the resentment of his constituents, and projected the sur-

* The nobles of Corsica were individuals who had never been in trade ; but the family of Carlo Bonaparte was of the higher order of nobility.

render of the island to a British fleet. Napoleon, now a captain of artillery in the French service, chanced to be in his native island upon leave of absence, and, being strongly opposed upon principle to the design of Paoli, made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to thwart it. Being baffled in an attempt to take Ajaccio out of the hands of Paoli, he and his family were proscribed, and compelled to fly. He took refuge in the mountains, in the disguise of a sailor, and was seized by the country people, but ultimately escaped to Calvi. To escape the fury of the people, Madame Bonaparte made a hurried and midnight flight to the country, carrying her youngest children in her arms, when fatigue had unfitted them for walking. In her wanderings, she crossed torrents and mountains, penetrated intricate forests, and had to trust herself to frail boats, before she reached Calvi, where she and her children found protection from the same Giubeya who had been godfather to Napoleon. From Calvi she obtained a passage to Marseilles, where she remained in great poverty for several years, chiefly indebted for the means of subsistence to a few individuals who had known her in better days. After Napoleon had become commander-in-chief in Italy, she returned to Corsica, which had then been restored to French dominion.

Soon after the famous 18th Brumaire (November 9, 1799), when her son dissolved the directorial government in France, and became First Consul, Madame Bonaparte removed to Paris, in order to share in the prosperity which had befallen her family. For some time, however, she seems to have chiefly depended upon the protection of her eldest son Joseph. She accompanied that individual on an embassy to the Roman republic, and, after his return, resided in his house in the Rue du Rocher at Paris. Though profoundly sensible of the greatness of her second son, she cherished no exclusive partiality for him. When Lucien and Jerome had offended him, the one by his intractable ambition, and the other by his youthful follies, the mother took their part, and endeavoured to protect them, by which conduct she caused Napoleon for some

time to regard her with coldness. When the former, by marrying Madame Jouberton, of evil reputation, had thoroughly incensed the aspiring First Consul, and was obliged to retire to Rome, Madame Bonaparte forsook the capital, then resounding with the rejoicings for Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity, and followed her younger and less fortunate child, in order to minister to his consolation. The emperor was so much incensed by her conduct, that, in his first distribution of titles to the members of his family, he omitted all notice of his mother.

Better feelings soon after resuming their place, he recalled her to Paris, and conferred upon her the dignity of a princess of the imperial family, under the title of Madame Mère, with a pension of 80,000 livres, making her at the same time protectress-general of charitable establishments. The subject of our memoir now took possession of an elegant hotel in the Rue St Dominique, which had been furnished in the most sumptuous manner by Lucien. She assumed the style of a princess, in a spirit of modesty which elicited general approbation. She never allowed herself to be in the least puffed up by the grandeur and historical eminence to which her name had attained, but, when four of her sons were kings, and her income was advanced to 1,000,000 of francs, she saved the greater portion of it, for the purpose of assisting such members of her family as were less fortunate, or as a provision against the evil days which she feared, amidst all their magnificence, would ultimately befall her children.

A very pleasing portrait of her, in reference to this period of her life, has been presented by Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, who was a maid of honour in her household, and had known her many years before, when their respective families were upon a level in point of rank. 'At the time Madame was made Madame Mère,' says the duchess, 'she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters except Madame Bacciocchi [Mariana] resembled her, and gave a good idea of what

her beauty had been.* Her stature was that most agreeable in woman, about five feet one inch ; but as she grew older, her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet and hands were still perfectly symmetrical ; her feet, especially, were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty—the fore-finger did not bend : in consequence of an ill-performed operation, the nerve had been cut ; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period, her teeth were still perfect, and, like all the Bonapartes, her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small, and very black ; but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children. Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and situation. She wore the handsomest stuffs of the season, and criticism itself could find no fault in the style in which they were made up. She made, in short, a very respectable appearance ; much more so than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her, and I acknowledge it was very considerable, arose from her timidity and want of fluency in the French language : in using the term timidity, I mean to express that Madame felt really timid in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment ; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her, and she knew, before they left the room, what she had to expect. . . . Madame led a very retired life ; perhaps it was wrong,

* In another work by the duchess, *Lives and Portraits of the Celebrated Women of all Countries*, there is a likeness of Madame Bonaparte, which forcibly recalls the features of Napoleon.

but the fault was not hers. The emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but, too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude, to putting herself in contact either with the empress, or with any of the persons who surrounded the emperor. How frequently have I been shocked by the conduct of many of these persons! The ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New-Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duke de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence; and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle.' It appears that any coldness which could be said to exist between Napoleon and his mother arose from her partiality for Lucien, whose abilities and intractable spirit afforded the emperor constant uneasiness.

When we cast our thoughts over the history of this extraordinary woman, we are impressed in much the same manner as by one of those plays which, in different acts, represent the fortunes of an individual at different periods of his life. In 1793, we see her a houseless and proscribed exile, wandering with her children in her arms through a wild country, and indebted to friends for the means of subsistence. Six years after, we find her conspicuous as the mother of the head of a mighty state. In fifteen years from the period of her greatest depression, the civilised world has become an appanage to her children; one of her sons is emperor of France and king of Italy, another is king of Spain and the Indies, a third king of Holland, and a fourth king of Westphalia; one of her daughters is queen of the Two Sicilies, another grand-duchess of Tuscany, a third the wife of a Roman noble. Her brother is at the same time a cardinal. *In five years more*, all has passed away, like a painted scene in some fictitious spectacle; herself and her children are proscribed in the country where they reared all

their greatness, and become once more fugitives—almost outcasts.

On the dispersion of the Bonapartes in 1814, Madame Mère retired with her brother Fesch to Rome, where her fortune enabled her to live in a style not unworthy of the more brilliant past, and to afford succour to such of her family as were in distressed circumstances. She occupied a handsome palace on the Corso, where she saw few besides her brother and her daughter, the Princess Borghese, the exceptions being chiefly distinguished strangers who desired the honour of being introduced to her. One of her most intimate friends, not of her own family, was the Duke of Hamilton, for whom she entertained a considerable partiality. The miseries which befell her most distinguished son in his latter years, and his death, gave her the most poignant affliction ; and she is said to have expressed the deepest concern respecting the restoration of his remains to France. Soon after the revolution of 1830, she became so dangerously ill, that extreme unction was administered to her. ‘She was in that state,’ says the Duchess of Abrantes, ‘which immediately precedes dissolution. Her family stood around her bed. Her brother, her children, and her daughters-in-law, looked upon her, and wept as they perceived her praying ; for they were but too well acquainted with the particular feeling, which, in her dying bosom, absorbed every other. The Prince of Montford [Jerome], having been detained by the arrival of a courier from France, had not yet joined this solemn family meeting. Scarcely had he read in the Paris papers an account of the decree which would have done honour to the French nation had it been executed, when he ran to his mother’s palace, entered her bedchamber, and gently approaching the bed : “Mother,” said he, in a whisper, “do you hear me?” She made a sign in the affirmative.

“Well, the Chamber has just issued a decree for the replacing of the emperor’s statue on the top of the column.”

‘Madame Mère made no reply, but something extraordi-

nary seemed passing within her. She clasped her hands—her eyes continued closed—she was evidently praying—and big tears rolled down her cheeks ! They were tears of joy ! An hour after she received this intelligence, she asked for some broth, and in two days quitted her bed. The effect produced upon her by this circumstance, concludes the duchess, writing in 1833, ‘ may give some idea of her feelings at finding no end to the anathema cast upon the cold and senseless clay of her son. Ought not the tears of this venerable mother, now eighty-three years of age, to soften the hearts of those who have no longer any cause to tremble before the hero’s bones, and might display their generosity at so very little cost !’

In her latter days, Madame Bonaparte became extremely infirm, chiefly in consequence of a fall at the villa of her daughter Paulette, and the most of her time, both by night and day, was spent upon a couch. She also lost the use of her eyes. To quote the not unworthy account of her last moments, which was given in a newspaper obituary : ‘ A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia, her secretary, once an officer in the Old Guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, speak to her of France, and make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace : her frame had become so attenuated that life seemed extinct ; and yet, at the name of France, of the emperor, of her children, the octogenarian lady revived ; there seemed to be thrones still around her, there was still a powerful voice on her lips, and the lightning of Napoleon’s look in her eyes. Ever since the fall of the emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her was the death of the Princess de Montford, to whom she was particularly attached. Few women have had so many favours of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January, she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed

her devoted friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother, was summoned ; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days ; the sacraments were, however, administered ; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the 1st of February [1836], and on the 2d she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably. She, the woman who had produced Napoleon, died in solitude and in exile, but at the foot of the Capitol.'

THE SEA ! THE SEA !

THE habits of the West Indian land-crab are well known. It is content for the greater part of the year to dwell amongst the mountains of the interior, but at a particular season finds an instinctive and irresistible impulse to visit the sea. Off, therefore, go large hordes in dense column along the country, surmounting all obstacles in their way, and never stopping till they have got into their native element. A similar instinct seems to be implanted by nature in the wives of the human race—that is to say, such of them as ordinarily dwell in the interior—who, though content in autumn, winter, and spring, with their usual habitats, no sooner feel the summer air fanning their cheeks, than straight they become animated with a most determined propension towards the coast, from which it were as vain to attempt to withhold them, as it were to endeavour to turn back the march of the land-crabs, or to essay any other impossibility. If wives were in every respect like land-crabs, could pack as easily, and travel as lightly, and dispense as well with money, we should witness a splendid phenomenon indeed. The whole body would be seen about the beginning of June moving down the country in troops, with their children, taking as little note of milestones, staying as little for rivers or mountains, climbing over houses and villages rather than be put out of their way, and at last plunging into the sea, and there

disporting and enjoying themselves like so many Nereids. But the plague is, that human beings, however disposed to travel, cannot go off without a number of curious preliminary ceremonies, neither move along—at least through considerable distances—without some external aid. Here the analogy of our ladies of the interior to the animals in question ceases.

The most important of all the preliminary ceremonies, is the obtaining of the requisite funds. The expense not only of travelling to the coast, but of the necessary accommodations there, must be cared for. This naturally raises a considerable difficulty, and tends to make the migration appear less like the result of a great and wide-spread impulse of instinct, than it would otherwise do. Proper means must be taken with husbands in order to realise the said funds, and sometimes this is a business not to be very easily or very quickly effected. Husbands, strange to say, are never prepared by the expense of one year for the expense of another. Though their wives have gone to marine quarters every year for six or ten in succession, they are never in the least less surprised at the next proposal to do the same thing. Thus the difficulty of getting them to produce the money, is every year as great as ever it was. It is the only thing upon which custom or habit has no effect. Ladies look upon this as a very unfortunate point in the gentleman character, and with good cause; but, as it seems constitutional, or at least quite inveterate, they must just make the best of it. A prudent wife knows that much may be done by judicious preparation. If she begin about the month of March to talk of sea-bathing quarters, the husband will be much less astonished when she makes the serious demand in June or July. His mind must be trained and indurated to the occasion. She must also be very sensible that it will not do to begin all of a sudden to speak of infirmities in her own health or in the health of the children, as reasons for going into marine quarters. That would raise objective suspicions at once. But if from time to time during the two months before the proper season, she should

occasionally complain on her own account, or deplore on account of the children, the affair will in the long-run appear unimpeachably natural and right ; so that, whether she fail in her object or not, she will at least have been doing all that woman could do to make it succeed. If the winter has brought influenza or any other severe malady into the house, she will of course take care to make the proper use of it. The afflicted may have got well again, but she should always be of opinion that the *consequences* of it have never altogether been surmounted. A lingering cough in any of the youngsters will be of great use—or a bleared eye, or a general peepiness—or anything whatever that looks a little out-of-sortishly. It is, upon the whole, a fortunate provision of nature, that no family can ever be altogether so quite well, that some reason for sea-bathing or sea-air may not be found, always supposing that there be ingenuity in looking for it, and a little perseverance in making use of it. It is also a fortunate thing for wives bent on going to the coast, that no man is absolutely proof against being convinced that he is not quite well himself, however well he may be in reality. It is so agreeable to self-love to be told that one is a little ill, and to listen to the anxiety of a fond wife for one's recovery, that a Hercules in the pride of youthful health and vigour, who never knew so much as a headache in his days, could scarcely disallow the imputation. About March, therefore, it will be proper to begin to remark in the gentleman himself, a paleness, or a want of appetite, or some other error in the system, the result, evidently, of a close town-life and too great application to business. As the season approaches, it must be insinuated that a little relaxation, with change of scene and the sea-air, is absolutely indispensable to him—that, indeed, the proposed removal of the family to the coast is more desirable on his account than on either Jane's or Bobby's. Then the distance is so convenient, and the place so accessible by means of those steamers and omnibuses. He can always at least spend the Saturday afternoon and Sunday with the family, if not (this as it may happen) every

evening ; and still he will be devoting full attention to business. It will be so pleasant to have walks in the cool evenings along the beach, and occasionally little boating excursions on the water. And the children will be so happy to amuse themselves on the sands with little wooden spades and wheel-barrow, and so delighted to see papa after a whole week's absence. And the whole affair will be of such advantage to him in refreshing both body and mind. He must have the health of a rhinoceros and the heart of a stone, who can resist such coddlings. But nobody can resist them. They are successful with the gentle and the rude alike. Many a bold patriot who spends his out-of-doors life in denouncing public errors, and seems as if all charming would be lost upon him, whose mind, in fact, appears capable of no feeling for anything but what is directly and rigidly useful, would be found, if traced to his home, yielding to such blandishments as these, and led along like a lamb in a string whithersoever his fair one may desire.

The passion or instinct which makes married women rush to the coast, is apt to be manifested in its most intense forms in cities and large towns, especially towns of business. There are quiet inland places where, though ailments are not wanting, the ladies do not seem to have been inspired with the disposition to take the same advantage of them. Yet in these quiet places there are sometimes found remarkable exceptions from the prevailing character. In a small inland town, some years ago, there lived a brewer's wife, a Mrs Brash, but commonly called Nell Brash, who was quite distinguished among her fellows for the practice she made of every summer proceeding to a certain seaport, and there enjoying the pleasures of a marine residence for several weeks, invariably without her husband. This honest man was a thin, timid person, who thought of nothing but his ale and his barrels, and was glad, for the sake of domestic peace, to allow his wife to do as she pleased. Mrs Nell, on the other hand, was a big, broad, middle-aged woman, in a prodigious printed gown and a vast imitation shawl, whose whole air bespoke

a vigorous character, and a resolution, as she went through the world, to live by the way. She was not by any means the only lady in the town who went to the coast, for several others indulged in that recreation occasionally, but she was decidedly the most regular in doing so, and the individual of all others who seemed to make it most a matter of principle. In Nell's case, there was no need for taking preliminary measures with the goodman. It was her own awful will to go to sea-lodgings, and that was enough. Off, accordingly, she went every June, taking with her such a quantity of baggage, that it almost seemed like a removal. When, as sometimes happened, the children of neighbours were intrusted to her charge, as a cheap means of giving them the benefit of sea-bathing, her march from home looked something like a convoy of merchantmen, or a caravan setting out across the desert. Nell's departure for the sea was quite an event in the summer annals of the town; a thing to be looked forward to and talked of for months; to be gazed at, at the time, as some great phenomenon; and to be the subject of discourse for all the rest of the year. Her set-out was in many respects plain enough, in conformity with the moderate circumstances of her husband; but even in a covered cart, her majestic bright-printed gown and grand old face had an impressive effect; while it was evident, from her numberless packages, and the cage of a favourite parrot which always travelled with her, that she was no ordinary person. On one occasion, Nell was, or thought herself, really ill, so that ordinary conveyances would not do. She was therefore constrained to travel by postchaises, of which no fewer than three were found necessary in twenty-five miles, on account of the crossness of the roads. On this occasion, she had not been two days in the place of her heart, when all the illness and depression of three months was dissipated, and Nell shone out as bright as ever. It was thought, however, by the people of the place, to whom she was as well known as to the people of her own town, that she might not have got well quite so soon, if it had

not been to shew off at a review of dragoons upon the sands. Nell's system of life, at her marine retreat, displayed nothing of that provisional character which so much marks country lodgings in general. No broken sets of tea-things, no living in double-bedded bedrooms, no self-service. Her lodging was as fully appointed in every respect as her own house ; and she carried on with her neighbours the same interchange of civilities as at home. She paid and received visits, went to and gave parties, and even, it is said, on one occasion got up a kind of *rout*, to which the officers of a foot-regiment quartered in the town were invited. Nell's ordinary habits were entirely of the holiday kind which might be expected. Early in the forenoon, she went to the beach to bathe, and to souse the little girls who had been intrusted to her—a duty which she executed without any compunctious visitings respecting the feelings of the said little girls, some of whom would occasionally be seen flying half undressed along the sands, as hoping to escape the ruthless immersion, but pursued by her tall figure in a dark bathing-gown, like black Care pursuing its victims, and of course invariably caught, and skelped, and ducked without mercy. This business over, with all its squallings, plashings, and slobberings, she would have herself and all her *protégées* dressed in proper style, and would then walk out with them on the most public way she could find, where she bore no inapt resemblance to some great fat honest-like clocking-hen, followed by her birds. But 'twere long to tell all the flauntings and gallivauntings of this magnificent burgess wife. Hot affairs of tea and toast concluded days of gipsying and junketing ; and it was rarely that she did not make up at least one match during her month's stay. Nell, alas ! is now no more, and never can a certain sea-side village in Lothian know a more august or more welcome visitant.

After all, the women are in the right—when are they in the wrong?—about this same periodical migration to the sea-side. The ordinary current of busy life in large towns is too monotonous to be healthy or right ; and it is

well that the ladies contrive, by this instinct of theirs, to break it up a little, and fret it with something of variety. If it depended upon the force of reason alone that city-pent men should take the air and exercise necessary for health, it would be taken by very few, and the worst consequences might be looked for. But, thanks to this instinctive proclivity of the fair sex towards the coast-towns, it is not left to reason. Willing or unwilling, fairly or unfairly, the ordinary system of the counting-house and the domestic board is annually deranged, and the men are compelled to take many long excursions which they never would otherwise take, and which cannot fail to prove highly beneficial to them. This is a point which might be further illustrated, and we would endeavour to do so, if we thought there was the least necessity for it. But the male part of creation need no such persuasives. It is a matter which may be safely left in the hands of their spouses.

R. C.

JOHN MACTAGGART :

A HIGHLAND STORY.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre, in Argyleshire—one of them an arable farm on the coast, and the other, a pasture farm on the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly-respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and, contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in.

The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates, who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day, and passing, without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed likely to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill-farm to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off two hours before night, mounted on his favourite gray mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she had advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of a much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, cowering beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and, raising the head of the unfortunate woman from the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive. 'Leave me, however,' she said in Gaelic, 'to the fate which I have provoked—for to me death is better than life.' John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable for a few moments to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance seemed in vain; for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow. To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all

the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised. John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhu*—an unclasped knife then worn by every Highlander—he cut the throat of his highly-valued mare, took out the entrails, and in the hollow of the warm carcass deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripping off his upper coat, which, as he remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady; and having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance, or himself perish in the attempt, he set off towards his hill-farm with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds, and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour.

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every other comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket, and John himself, carrying that Highland catholicon, a bottle of whisky, boldly faced the storm, and after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle, and protected both from the wind and the snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart—as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance,

hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the *appreciation* of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by his shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter, and wrapped her carefully up in the blankets; after which a refreshment from the bottle was offered as kindly as it was thankfully accepted. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, in which the spirit of humanity and the spirit of barley conspired to sustain John and his men against every difficulty, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately placed in bed, and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

Not long after her arrival she was delivered of a female child, and notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, both mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm-house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; and as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct inquiries about it. They soon learned what, indeed, the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a *wife*; but her superior manners and the mystery she assumed deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and after a twelvemonth's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull. Before this time John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish, in as far as

several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbours. His heart, indeed, was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house, she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned.

The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclusion was as remarkable in one respect as its commencement; and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of —, in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of — learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and when a rumour to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it. The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length, confounded with the unusual distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty

of her parent, she left her home, and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being rescued, in the manner already related, at once from death and from despair, she contrived while living under the roof of her deliverer to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart in the meantime died, leaving his son to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbane. The youth accordingly returned home, and, as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Mactaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society than from natural feeling. Though grateful and affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Judging, therefore, that to inform Mactaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgement of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved—a resolution to be condemned as seemingly ungrateful, or at least partaking of false pride.

In thus going off in an unceremonious manner, the lady believed that her benefactor required no pecuniary remuneration for his kindness, which was true. Unfortunately, John Mactaggart was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had been much diminished by the provisions he was required to make for his children; his own listlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world, to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same

object as what had been once entertained by Flora Maclean — namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money, but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth without assistance from strangers — an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and for some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow-storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was nearly exhausted. ‘I once,’ he thought to himself, ‘saved a fellow-creature from dying in the snow: it now seems likely that such will be my own fate.’ He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and on applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire pondering on fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man’s eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before.

‘Ay,’ said Mactaggart in his native language, ‘I have seen both you and her before: it was on a white day that I saw you first, but, alas! the blackest day to me that I ever knew.’

The lady was Flora Maclean, or, more properly, Mrs Stewart. Overcome by her feelings she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Mactaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, to which he had been led in the very extraordinary manner we have described.

MONOMANIACS.

MONOMANIA is a curious form of mental disease. It is a species of derangement, in which one idea is always uppermost in the mind; and to that all must give way. A familiar and simple form of the delusion is ordinarily known as hypochondria, in which, through some kind of nervous derangement, a person imagines himself to be afflicted with an infirmity for which there is no substantial grounds. He thinks he has a heart-disease, and will be cut off suddenly one of these days; or he knows he has consumption, and cannot last long; or he is alarmed at every little pain, and is sure it means something very bad. But these are simple manifestations. The genuine hypochondriac, who has nursed his delusion till it becomes a settled monomania, believes the drollest things of himself. He thinks he is no longer a human being, and has become a teapot; or he is a hen, and wishes to sit on eggs to hatch chickens. In short, there is no end to such delusions. We once knew a man, sound in other respects, who believed that his legs were made of glass, and would break with the least touch. But this was nothing to what is related of a monomaniac by Pinel, a celebrated French physician; and an account of which appeared in the *Analyst*, a quarterly journal of science and literature, some years ago.

‘This monomaniac was a Parisian watchmaker, who lived at the period of the Revolution of 1789. He was infatuated with the chimera of the Perpetual Motion, and to effect the discovery of this, he set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolu-

tionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentlemen who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain: he sang, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried; "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!"

'The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings, and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites—such as plates of copper, steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was rivetted upon his favourite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labour, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our artist began to think that he had followed

a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labour, entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan, and laboured with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted; his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out like another Archimedes: "At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the "perpetual motion" ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business.

There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humour, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule: "Madman as thou art, how could St Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?" This

equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the exchange of his head.

'This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane. It shews us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the imagination, and the causes which produced it did not lie very deep, neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade had fixed his imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion: mingling with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or by-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. The ideas which produced this man's insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which none of the passions appear to have exercised any marked or predominant sway.'

To these counsels we would add, that hypochondria and monomania are pretty much a result of leading a moping and retired life, in which the mind communes too much with itself. The preventive is out-door exercise, temperance, and a habit of mingling in the everyday world; for without this there can be no robustness of ideas. Nothing brushes away the cobwebs of the mind so effectually as the cheerful intercourse of society.

THE WALLACE OF SWEDEN.

SOME three or four hundred years ago, the two small kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were in a continual state of feud with each other, in much the same manner as England and Scotland used to be about the same period, and from very nearly the same causes. It was always a great object with the Danes to add Sweden to their monarchy—an arrangement which the Swedes by no means liked, but which they more than once had to submit to. Christian II., king of Denmark, usurped the Swedish crown in the year 1520, and was no sooner proclaimed king, than he set about destroying the dearly-cherished institutions of the country, and putting many of the noblest Swedes to death. One of his greatest atrocities was the beheading of ninety-four Swedish noblemen, in the course of a few days, in the market-place of Stockholm, besides consigning many more to dungeons in different parts of Denmark.

This conduct on the part of Christian was not relished by the people on whom he had imposed himself as king. They, very naturally, murmured at the loss of their liberty, and resolved on seizing the first favourable opportunity of restoring their national independence. It is to be remarked, that in almost all such cases of national disaster, whether in ancient or modern times, some daring spirit has arisen to combat with the usurper, and strike a patriotic blow for his unhappy country. Wallace of Scotland was one of these heroic men, and Sweden had such another, in the person of a young nobleman named Gustavus Vasa. This intrepid individual, who was a descendant of the old royal family of Sweden—a family which had enjoyed the sovereign power prior to the national misfortunes—was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind, and his handsome person and noble countenance prepossessed all in his

favour. His artless eloquence was irresistible; and his prudence was equalled by his courage and the boldness of his conceptions. Having made himself conspicuous by his endeavours to avert the thralldom of his country, he was seized by order of Christian, and lodged in a Danish prison. In the solitude of his dungeon, he resolved that he would deliver Sweden from the usurper. He first directed his attention to the gaining of his own personal liberty, which he at length with some difficulty effected, and forthwith fled in the disguise of a peasant, taking a path which led him back to his native country.

The adventures of Gustavus are now full of interest. The narrow escapes which he made from his enemies, who were everywhere searching for him, resemble more those of romance than the events of sober history. It is mentioned that he wrought for some time in the iron mines as a common labourer; but being very nearly discovered while in this situation, he consulted his safety by leaving the spot, and wandering towards the poor, hilly region of Dalecarlia, where he imagined he should find a secure retreat. The place to which he bent his steps was the residence of a disbanded military officer named Peterson, whom he had formerly known and benefited. 'Peterson—we here quote the account given by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his *Travels in Russia and Sweden*—Peterson received him with every mark of friendship, nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus than that prince was himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

'Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavoured, by the most

impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Peterson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and, promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

‘It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this second Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christian’s officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend—shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!—he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. “It will be an easy matter,” said he; “for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.”

‘Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson’s wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man, in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christian’s name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless
a never changed colour; she immediately guessed

the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise: "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

'The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What! sit before your betters! Don't you see the king's officers in the room! Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door: "There, get into the scullery," cried she; "it is the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!"

'The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied—perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back-passage, conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay: she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.'

After making this narrow escape, Gustavus was not long in effecting the independence of Sweden. He took the opportunity of a festival, at which the peasants of the canton assembled, and appeared in the midst of them.

His noble and confident air, his misfortunes, and the general hatred against Christian, all lent an irresistible power to his words. The people rushed to arms; the castle of the governor was stormed; and, emboldened by his success, the Dalecarlians—who may be called the Highlanders of Sweden—flocked together under the banners of the conqueror. From this moment, Gustavus entered upon a career of victory. At the head of a self-raised army, he advanced rapidly, and completed the expulsion of the enemy. The Estates first conferred upon him the title of administrator, and afterwards proclaimed him as king. Gustavus, however, was not ambitious of sovereignty, and would rather have remained an elective president, notwithstanding his claims of birth. It was not without a sufficient reason that he hesitated to accept the office of king. At this period (1523) Europe was torn with religious dissensions, and the reigning monarchs had an extremely delicate and difficult task in preserving a balance betwixt the advocates of the reformed doctrines and their adversaries. The behaviour of Gustavus upon this occasion is acknowledged to have been exceedingly prudent. He effected the establishment of reformed usages to the satisfaction of all parties. After performing this important duty, he perfected the legislation, formed by his taste and judgment the character of the nation, softened manners, encouraged industry and learning, and extended commerce. After a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, he died in 1560, at the mature age of seventy.

What became of Sweden after the death of this extraordinary man, is a question which may be asked. It continued a monarchy under his descendants till 1809, when the reigning monarch, Gustavus IV., was expelled from the kingly office for repeated acts of folly and bad government. A collateral branch of the family ascended the throne; but death carrying off the crown-prince, in 1810, the Estates made choice of Bernadotte, one of Bonaparte's generals, as sovereign, and this eminent individual became king of Sweden—which is now united

to Norway—under the title of Charles XIV. His son is now the reigning monarch. In the meanwhile, the expelled imbecile, Gustavus IV., became an eccentric religious fanatic, and for some years furnished amusement to the courtly circles of the continent. His son, we believe, is a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and takes the name of Gustavson.

YOUNG'S RESIDENCE ON THE MOSQUITO SHORE.*

SOME fifteen years ago, a society under the name of the 'British Central American Land Company,' was formed for the purpose of carrying out a system of emigration to the Mosquito Shore—a tract of land south of the Gulf of Mexico, and nearly at the spot on which the unhappy settlement of Poyais was attempted to be made thirty-five years since. By the originators of this new scheme, the author of the narrative before us was appointed deputy-superintendent, and his duty, as he tells us, was 'to proceed with a few others to the Mosquito Shore, to form a settlement at Black River, about eighty miles from the central American port of Truxillo, in the state of Honduras, there to establish friendly relations with the people around, so that in time trade might be opened with the Spaniards in the interior, for the introduction and disposal of such British goods as they might be willing to take in exchange.'

With this sufficiently comprehensive commission, the deputy-superintendent sailed from Gravesend in July 1839, in the brig *Rose*, and after a stormy and far from agreeable passage across the Atlantic, came in sight of that great South American headland, Cape Gracias á Dios, near which the settlement was to be formed. As the

* *Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841*, by Thomas Young. London: Smith and Elder. 1842.

vessel approached the place of its destination, the weather, as a matter of course, became unpleasantly hot, and the land as it came into sight was so low, and so covered with dark-green vegetation, as to appear a very fit habitation for the insect whose name it appropriately bears. Landed in a boat from the brig, and surrounded by a parcel of natives half clothed, and speaking a jargon of broken English, picked up by their connection with Balize, the deputy-superintendent found things in a rude and unsatisfactory state, but much pleasure was manifested by the assembled Indians; and an Englishman, previously located near the spot, gave the party a hearty welcome. Having tracked his way through the thick brushwood, adorned with rich odorous plants, to a wigwam prepared for his reception, the deputy-superintendent attempts to give us some description of the country and its inhabitants. His story is terribly confused, but we shall try to make something of it.

The Mosquito Shore is that part of the coast of America lying within the tenth and fifteenth degree of north latitude, immediately south of the peninsula of Yucatan, and with a frontage to the Caribbean Sea. Whether it is pretend-ly included in any of the new Spanish-American republics, we are unable to say: practically, it is an independent state, under the rule of a native king, half barbarian, half Anglo-creole, named Robert Charles Frederic, a gentleman who, we are informed, received his education in Jamaica, wears a naval officer's uniform, and is friendly to the English. It is stated that he owns allegiance to the British government, but this is not clearly made out; and it only appears that his majesty considers himself in some way under British protection, the fear of his country falling into the hands of the neighbouring Spaniards most likely leading him to make this concession of supreme authority to a friendly power. The English settlements at Balize, and one or two other parts of the coast of Honduras, a short way to the north, are supported and aided to aid the shippers of mahogany, and lead to this good-will and submission of the chief of

the Mosquitos. A few days after their arrival, the deputy-superintendent and his companions were visited by the king, accompanied by a number of soldiers and quarter-masters. 'On being presented, and delivering our credentials and gifts, he appeared highly delighted, and taking each of us by the hand in turn, said slowly and distinctly: "You are my very good friend;" altogether, he made a most favourable impression.' A day or two afterwards, a native, named Deverin, who had been guilty of killing Lyndia, an aunt of the king, was seized and brought to justice.

'The next morning the trial commenced before three magistrates and the king; all the white people at the Cape, and several natives, attended. The king was dressed in his plain clothes, but had his naval sword and hat with him. He listened attentively, and repeatedly testified his pleasure at having the prisoner tried in the English fashion. A jury having been formed, and a person well acquainted with the language appointed as interpreter, several witnesses fully proved that the prisoner had maliciously shot Lyndia, the king's aunt. He said nothing in his defence. He was, therefore, after a patient investigation in the open air, under some cocoa-nut trees, unanimously found guilty by the jury, and sentenced to be hanged. To this sentence the natives around shewed no symptom of dissent or dissatisfaction. The prisoner betrayed no emotion, but simply requested that the sookeah woman (native doctor), who advised him to the deed, might be sent for. Messengers were immediately despatched, who soon returned bringing the wretched woman, who had by her advice brought the prisoner to an untimely end. After a long conversation, the king started up, saying angrily: "Let the woman go!—take the man away—to-morrow he dies!" Next day, accordingly, the execution took place; the king at the same time causing it to be proclaimed, that any of his people who did wrong, should be hung, and warning them to beware of putting faith in, or following the bad advice of, the sookeahs.' This circumstance gives a favourable

idea of the king's sense of justice, and wish for the civilisation of his people.

The Mosquitos are described as a courageous tribe of Indians, susceptible of cultivation, and desirous of carrying on an intercourse with British traders; but at present degenerating, from the great increase of drunkenness and the want of good example; 'and such is their degraded condition, that, in a few generations, there will be but few left.' The Mosquitos are also gradually disappearing before the Caribs, an exotic race, who have obtained settlements in the country, and are peaceful, ingenious, and industrious; many carrying on considerable plantations of the sugar-cane and tobacco, and others engaging in useful handicrafts. 'The men can hew and plant, hunt and fish, erect a comfortable house, build a good boat, make the sails, &c.; some are capital tailors, and others good carpenters; altogether, there cannot be a more useful body of men. They often go to the various mahogany works about Roman River, Lymas River, Truxillo, or Balize, and hire themselves as mahogany-cutters, for which, by their strength and activity, they are well fitted: they hire for five or six months, sometimes longer, for eight to twelve dollars per month, and rations. I have known some Caribs of superior manual power, and who understood the whole routine of mahogany-cutting, obtain as much as fifteen and sixteen dollars per month. On the expiration of their engagement, they return to their homes, laden with useful articles, and invariably well dressed. I saw a Carib, belonging to Cape Town, that had just returned from Balize, who sported a pair of cloth boots, a white hat, black coat, white trousers, a fancy-coloured shirt, a pair of splendid braces, and an umbrella.'

In exchange for their labour, sarsaparilla, and provision stuffs, the Mosquitos, Caribs, and another peculiar race called the Sumbos, would gladly take strong linens, called osnaburghs, printed calicoes, and handkerchiefs, ribbons, thread, needles, tapes, hooks, looking-glasses, beads, combs, clasp-knives, gunpowder, pipes, and a variety of other articles.

Our author proceeds northward to Black River, along the coast, here dotted with small islands or keys, some of which are inhabited, and very fertile. In his voyage he passes Poyais—a tract of land now termed the province of Victoria, part of which has been purchased and granted by Robert Charles Frederic to the British Central American Land Company. Fort Wellington, the company's settlement at Black River, is backed by impenetrable thickets, and much swampy land ; with rivers full of alligators, the woods plenteously supplied with venomous reptiles, sand-flies, and mosquitoes. Hence, the country in this quarter is somewhat uncomfortable to European constitutions : intermittent fevers are troublesome, but, unless with 'free livers,' they seldom terminate fatally. The trees in the country are magnificent, and would afford any quantity of the finest mahogany.

The deputy-superintendent next visits Roatan or Rattan, an island of about forty miles in length, lying off the coast ; the land is good, and the vegetation luxuriant. Here the author falls in with what is pretty common in all parts of the earth—a Scotsman, who, like a second Robinson Crusoe, has squatted in the island, and formed a very agreeable clearing, plantain-walks, and provision-grounds. ' Having a large family, he finds them of the greatest service : his two eldest sons, young men, hunt, fish, and attend to the plantations, while other boys and girls are fast growing up to render him essential aid ; he himself being occupied in building a small schooner for sailing to and from Balize. I was much pleased with this family, so firmly knit and bound together, and apparently so contented. He invited me to breakfast, his sons having just brought in a fine wild hog, part of which was soon cooked, and ready for us. We sat down to a bountiful repast — wild - hog meat, peas, plantains, and coffee sweetened with boiled sugar-cane juice.' There are altogether about 200 inhabitants on the island, which is more salubrious than the mainland, and has many fine harbours.

Soon after his arrival at Black River, it was determined to ascend that and the Polyer River to visit the Polyer Indians in the upper country. The voyage led to a knowledge of various fertile and beautiful tracts of land, here and there covered with many fine trees, useful for building purposes. 'On arriving at the Embarcadero, we met with new scenery; high rocks on the banks, on which grew mahogany and other trees of a large size, while the bed of the stream was studded with rocks just under water, so that caution was required to prevent our frail pitpans from striking against them, as we poled or paddled along. Proceeding some distance, we came to a small creek leading to the pass over the mountains to the Indian town; the water being very shallow, our pitpans, or rude boats, were hauled up the meandering stream, till we came to a high stony bank, where we encamped for the night, perfectly free from annoying insects of every kind, all that appeared of the insect tribe being small ants, and the indefatigable little stingless bee. Our situation was replete with interest, encamped as we were on a high rock, with the gushing stream leaping under us, and the broad face of the moon shining upon us. We sat up late that evening; started for the Indian town at daylight; and after three hours' hard travelling through a narrow pass, over high hills, crossing brooks up to our loins, we arrived there. 'The Indian town, to my astonishment, was comprised in one large house of an oval form, about eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-five feet in breadth, in which all the natives resided truly in the patriarchal style. Crickeries were erected all around close to each other, separated by two or three cabbage boards, each family having one of these compartments. At one side of the house a place was divided off, about sixteen feet by ten feet, and hidden from view by green leaves, which were replenished as fast as they faded.

'On our entrance, the women were busily occupied—some pounding cassada and Indian corn together, boiling it, and making it into a beverage called *oulung*; some preparing cassada for bread in the morning; others

rubbing cacao and squeezing sugar-cane; the whole under the management of the chief's wife—the chief, who is called by the English name of officer, being absent. Having partaken of a couple of fowls, some cassada and plantains, cacao and boiled cane-juice, prepared for us by these kind people, we betook ourselves to repose. Early in the morning, whilst in my hammock, an Indian woman timidly touched me, saying: "Englis," at the same time presenting me with a hot roll of bread, nicely done up in fresh leaves; another soon came to me with a bundle of oulung; and so it continued until I had three or four bundles of oulung, and nine large rolls of bread. In return, I presented them with a little tobacco, some needles, and salt, and gave a clasp-knife to the officer's wife. Soon after, I was agreeably surprised by several of the men arriving from the plantations loaded with sugar-cane, plantains, cacao, &c. which we very willingly received in exchange for a few hooks, needles, &c.

After staying a short time with the Indians, the party returned down the river to Fort Wellington, much entertained with watching the great flights of green and yellow-tailed parrots, the numbers of which are incredible. Other two species of birds were observed with much interest: of these birds, called the *cricum* and *sumpeke*, the following remarkable manœuvres were noticed:—In walking by the side of a lagoon, a small white bird, the *cricum*, is seen skimming along the surface of the water, now ascending, and anon darting downwards with its body half under water, for its fishy prey; at length its unwearied efforts are successful, and it flies rapidly away with some struggling fish in its mouth. In a short time, a speck appears in the clear blue sky; nearer and nearer it approaches; till the *cricum*'s mortal enemy, the *sumpeke*, appears plainly in view in chase. At this period, the scene becomes highly interesting; the *cricum* using all its art to escape, sometimes ascending higher and higher, at other times darting to and fro with great velocity, then flying in rapid circles, but all in vain; the *sumpeke* gains the ascendancy, poises itself for a moment, and "with one

fell swoop" seizes the screaming cricum, which in its terror drops the fish; downward darts the sumpeke, and before the fish regains its native element, it is caught and speedily devoured: thus the plunderer is plundered. Away flies the poor cricum, glad to escape from its tormentor; again it skims the surface of the water; again it seizes its fishy prey, and is again compelled to give it up to superior strength and power. The sumpeke is called by us the man-of-war bird; I know not the English name of the other.'

We need not follow the writer of the narrative further, but come at once to the winding-up of the expedition in which he was concerned. By a concurrence of bad management, and unforeseen misfortunes, the initiatory colony fell into disorder; and when, in 1841, the brig *Rose* arrived with a cargo of emigrants, 'instead of Fort Wellington being a settlement and a hostelry of newcomers, it was completely disorganised, and with barely the necessaries of life.' The long-expected vessel was filled with provisions, goods, sheep, hogs, goats, dogs, turkeys, ducks, fowls, &c.; it had also thirty-seven English and Spanish passengers: but disease and death had fastened on the unfortunate brig, and the very elements joined in the work of destruction. When approaching the land, a storm rose and dashed the vessel on the beach, a mass of useless lumber. Goods and stores were saved, while those passengers who escaped became the prey of typhus and other disorders. Mr Houghton, the new superintendent, 'a fine young man, died within five weeks, his death being occasioned by over-anxiety, exertion, and exposure to the sun: with deep anguish did we witness his premature end, and read the beautiful funeral service over this promising young gentleman. Another followed—another—and another, until eight had gone to their final rest. The others fled, panic-stricken, some *vid Truxillo* to England, some to Roatan,' &c. So ended this scheme of settlement on the Mosquito Shore, which we trust no company of speculators will again attempt to colonise; and the result may well serve to shew how

useless it is for persons without discrimination, judgment, perseverance, and sufficient means, to leave their homes for this ill-fated country.

JUDICIAL TORTURE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN the opinion of Sir Edward Coke, torture for confession was held to be forbidden by that part of the *Magna Charta* which asserts that no freeman can be injured in his person in any way except by the legal judgment of his equals (a jury) or by the law of the land. Whether it was so or not, torture continued to be used in England for many centuries after the celebrated convention of Runnymede. During the reigns of the Tudors, in particular, it was often employed on very slight occasions. Bacon relates of Queen Elizabeth, that, when she could not be persuaded that a book was really written by the person whose name it bore, 'she said with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author. I replied: "Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person; rack his style: let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author."' We are told by King James himself, in his account of the Gunpowder Conspiracy, that the rack was shewn to Guy Fawkes on his examination; and that it was employed at a later period of his reign, is shewn by a warrant of the privy-council, dated in February 1619, and addressed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, commanding that officer to examine Samuel Peacock, suspected of high treason, 'and to put him, as there shall be cause, for the better manifestation of the truth, to the torture, either of the manacles or the rack.'* But in 1628, when a proposal was made

* *Archæologia*, x.

to cause Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, to discover his accomplices, the judges declared that, consistent with law, torture could not be used for that purpose; and it was never afterwards employed in England.

In Scotland, the extortion of confession by this abominable means was a regular portion of the judicial powers. In his work on the *Criminal Law of Scotland*, Sir George Mackenzie has a whole chapter 'Of Torture,' shewing that the privy-council, or the supreme judges, could only use the rack; how those were punished who inflicted torture unjustly; and who were the persons that the law exempted; and he insists that all lawyers were of opinion that, even after sentence, criminals might be tortured for the discovery of their accomplices. The same view is taken by Lord Stair, a lawyer of liberal politics. The most conspicuous instrument of torture used in Scotland was one called the boots, or, as it is usually spelled in old law-books and warrants, the *butts*; which consisted of an oblong square box, firmly hooped with iron, and open at both ends, having loose plates in the inside, and which could be put upon the leg of the criminal or witness proposed to be examined. When the leg was insinuated into this instrument, wedges were put between the loose plates and the solid frame of the box, and while the executioner stood ready with a mallet in his hand, the judge repeated his hitherto unavailing question. At every refusal of the prisoner to confess, the mallet descended with force upon one of the wedges, so as to squeeze the limb; and this was sometimes done so frequently, that not only the blood would flow, but the very marrow be pressed from the bone. We read that, in 1596, the son and daughter of a woman accused of witchcraft were put to the torture to make her confess: the former suffered *fifty-seven* strokes of the hammer in the boots, the mother remaining obdurate all that time. The torture of the daughter, who was only seven years old, was by *pilnewinks*; an instrument of which the exact nature is not now understood, though it may be safely supposed to have referred to the little fingers, as the word *is still used in Scotland* to describe that diminutive mem-

ber. In the record of the same case, mention is made of *caspitaws* or *caspicaws*, and of *tosots*, as instruments of torture. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, witches were tortured in various ways, by judges, clergymen, and private individuals; but our remarks are for the present confined to the instruments used in the higher courts, and on the more solemn judicial occasions.

After the Restoration, when severe measures became necessary to support a government so opposed in every relation to the spirit of the Scottish people, the torture was used with a frequency unknown before, being applied in the examination of every prisoner who was suspected of possessing useful information. The gentle Hugh McKail, while under trial for having accompanied the Pentland insurgents as a clergyman, in 1666, was put into the boot, with the view of eliciting what he might know concerning a suspected plot. Eleven strokes were dealt to him, so as nearly to crush his limb to pieces, though the meek sufferer protested before God, that he could say no more than he had done, though all the joints in his body were in as great torture as his poor leg. After all this suffering he was condemned to death. The boots were used almost exclusively for such purposes till towards the close of the reign of Charles II., when a new and equally efficient instrument, which had the advantage of being less brutal in appearance, was introduced by General Dalryell, who had seen it used in Russia, during the time when he was in the service of Alexis Michaelowitsch.* It was called the *thumbikens*, and consisted of two pieces of iron, the upper of which could be pressed downwards upon the lower by means of a screw, so as to squeeze the thumbs of the prisoner.† The first person upon whom it was tried was one William Spence, a servant of the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, who had previously endured the boot, without making the desired confessions respecting the concern of his master in the Rye-house Plot. This poor

* *Fountainhall's Decisions*.

† A print, accurately representing it, is given in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1817.

man, being found peculiarly obstinate, is said to have been put into a hair shirt, pricked, and kept from sleep for nine nights—and all this under the domestic superintendence of a member of the privy-council! Every other means having failed, the thumbikens were brought into play; his thumbs were crushed beneath the merciless instrument, and still he held out. It was only by the threat of a new application of the boot that he was finally brought to the terms of his inhuman persecutors. An act was at this time passed by the privy-council, stating, that ‘whereas there is now a new invention and engine called the *thumbikens*, which will be very effectual to the purpose and intent foresaid [that is, to force the confession of the particulars useful to the government], the lords do therefore ordain, that, when any person shall by their order be put to the torture, *the boots and thumbikens both be applied to them*, as it shall be found fit and convenient.’

In giving an account of the efforts of the Earl of Perth to recommend himself to the favour of the Duke of York, with the view of being made Chancellor of Scotland, Bishop Burnet gives some curious information respecting the use of the torture. ‘When any are to be struck in the boots,’ says he, ‘it is done in presence of the council, and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be deserted. But the duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he *looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference; and with an attention, as if he had been looking on some curious experiment*. This gave a terrible idea of him to all who observed it, as of a man that had no bowels or humanity in him. Lord Perth, observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to become an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots was, that, upon one witness and presumption together, the question might be given; but it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture beside the boots might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a

man refuses to answer upon oath as he is required, give him the torture, and repeat it, and vary it, as often as they think fit, and do not give over till they have got out of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind to know from them. This Lord Perth now resolved to make his pattern,' &c. The bishop then proceeds to describe the variety of tortures applied to Spence, as above related.

Another of the persons seized on suspicion of a concern in the Rye-house Plot, was the celebrated William Carstairs, subsequently Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and the depositary of the confidence of King William III. respecting the government and crown patronage of Scotland. This young clergyman, being supposed to possess very valuable information, was brought before the privy-council, on the 5th of September 1684, and asked by the Earl of Perth if he would answer upon oath such questions as should be put to him. He boldly answered, that, if any accusation were brought against himself, he would do his best to answer it, but he positively refused to say anything respecting others. He was asked if he had any objections to be put to the torture! and replied that he could not but protest against a practice that was a reproach to human nature, and as such had been banished from the criminal courts of every free country. The executioner was then brought forward with the thumbikens, and the screw pressed so hard, that, according to Burnet, it could not be relaxed till the smith who had manufactured the instrument was brought with his tools to undo it. During this horrid interval, the face of the prisoner was suffused with perspiration, and the Earl of Queensberry and Duke of Hamilton, overcome by their feelings, rushed from the room. Perth, however, sat still, without betraying the least emotion. On the contrary, when Carstairs exclaimed that he believed the bones to be broken to pieces, his lordship told him he hoped to see every bone in his body broken to pieces, if he should continue obstinate. Having kept his victim under this terrible torture for an hour and a half, without producing any confession, the chancellor ordered the boots

to be applied; but owing to the inexperience of the executioner, he was balked in this design, and Mr Carstairs was finally remanded without further injury.

Under the threat of a renewal of his sufferings, and the assurance, ratified by a decree of court, that whatever he told should not be employed against any individual, this gentleman subsequently communicated a few particulars, by which he saved himself, but which were used, without scruple, as an *adminicle of proof* against the unfortunate Baillie of Jerviswood. Carstairs, however, received much approbation from his party for his general conduct throughout the whole of these trying circumstances. He possessed at this time some secrets of great importance, which had been intrusted to him by Fagel, the celebrated Dutch minister, and a divulgence of which would have not only saved him from every other question, but procured him some considerable benefits from the government. From his concealing these, Fagel, as he himself assured Burnet, saw how faithful Carstairs was, and this was the foundation of the extraordinary confidence afterwards reposed in him by William III., who made him virtually, if not nominally, the viceroy of Scotland.

It is worthy of remark, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs had come into high power, the privy-council, then composed of different persons, presented to him the identical instrument by which he had been so severely tortured a few years before. It is related that, being one day at court, the king said to him: 'I have heard, principal, that you were tortured with something they call thumbikens: pray what sort of an instrument of torture is it?' 'I will shew it you,' answered Carstairs, 'the next time I have the honour to wait on your Majesty.' The principal was as good as his word. 'I must try them,' said the king: 'I must put in my thumbs here: now, principal, turn the screw. Oh, not so gently—another turn—another—Stop! stop! no more: another turn, I am afraid, would make me confess anything.'

It is curious to know that the addition of the thumbikens to the torturing apparatus of the privy-council gave a

shock to public feeling, and would have fixed some opprobrium upon the members of that all-powerful body, if they had not contrived thereby to gain a few confessions—success thus covering in some measure the atrocity of the means. We are indebted for this information to the painstaking Lord Fountainhall, who very coolly adds, that, in some of these successful cases, the thumbikens had proved their efficiency over the boots, *because tried upon persons having small legs*. It is not the least interesting circumstance connected with what is here related, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs, and other sufferers under the iniquitous government of the latter Stuarts, were elevated to places of deserved honour, with the enjoyment of the highest popularity, the Earl of Perth was visited by a punishment, irregular it is true, and reprehensible in as far as it partook of popular violence and tyranny on the part of the government, but yet only a natural retribution in the course of circumstances for his odious cruelty. Leaving his house in Edinburgh a prey to the populace, and trembling for his life, he embarked in a small vessel at Burntisland, designing to follow King James to France. The vessel became an object of suspicion to some individuals at the neighbouring sea-port of Kirkcaldy, from which a boat was immediately launched with an armed company, and, the earl being overtaken, was detected under a mean disguise, stripped of everything he had, and thrown into the common prison of the latter burgh. There was not now a more wretched or abject man in the kingdom than he who had lately held its highest state-office. It appears to have been with some difficulty that he was rescued from the populace, and immured by the new government in Stirling Castle, where he endured a contemptuous captivity of four years, after which he became a fellow-exile with his unhappy master.

Notwithstanding that King William would appear to have been made acquainted with the nature of the torture used in Scotland, his accession did not produce an abandonment of the disgraceful practice. In the *Claim of Right* framed by the Scottish parliament in April 1689, it

is only declared that the using of torture, without evidence, or in ordinary crimes, is contrary to law. It requires no elaborate commentary to prove that, when there was evidence of extraordinary crimes, torture might still be lawfully used in Scotland, subsequently to the Revolution. There is at least one case in which the thumbikens were employed under the sign-manual of the new sovereign. This was the case of Neville Penn or Payne, the person to whom George Duke of Buckingham addressed his *Essay on Reason and Religion*. He was accused of having gone to Scotland to form a Jacobite plot, and was accordingly by virtue of the king's warrant, put to the thumbikens, but without making any disclosure. This was probably the last occasion of the use of torture in our country; but it was not till the year 1708, when the legislature of England and Scotland had become one, that the practice was theoretically abolished. An act of the British parliament, passed in that year for improving the union of the two kingdoms, was the legal deathblow of the system, by enacting, among other beneficial regulations, that no person accused of any crime in Scotland should thenceforward, under any circumstances, be liable to the torture.

ENSIGN MARTYN'S FIRST SCRAPE.

I WAS just nineteen when I saw myself gazetted to an ensigny in Her Majesty's —th Highlanders. What a proud day that was for me! My kind, good parent, gave me *carte blanche* on that prince of all tailors, Buckmaster, and I hastened up to London, determined to avail myself of it to the utmost. My outfit was splendid. My epaulets would have suited a captain; my claymore was at least three inches longer, and my satin scarf six inches wider than the regulation: and I sent to Scotland for a Cairngorm brooch, as large as a saucer, to loop the

latter up with. Before I had time to shew off in my uniform, I was ordered to join the depôt of my regiment—then, alas! entombed in the depths of Ireland. With many a sigh I was obliged to relinquish dear Cheltenham in all its gaiety. One consolation, however, remained, which was—the certainty that my departure would occasion the most profound grief to some half-a-dozen belles. On my arrival in Dublin, I devoted a few days to see all that was to be seen, and then started to join my depôt, which was quartered in Birr, or Parsonstown, as it is sometimes called, chiefly celebrated for a huge statue of the famous Duke of Cumberland, and a superabundance of young unmarried ladies. I was agreeably disappointed in the barracks, which are handsome and commodious. In truth, I must confess I had landed on the Green Isle with not a few of the English prejudices which are so generally entertained against Ireland. I was received with the utmost cordiality by my brother-officers, and for many weeks could not help feeling a slight degree of pride when a soldier saluted me. The well-appointed mess, too, had its charms, where all was light-hearted gaiety and badinage.

About a month after I had joined, I received by post the following letter:—

‘ STOKWELL STREET, *Glasko*.

July 3d, 1839.

MY DEREST LUVE—A glad and a happie woman was I to sea you had sucsoded in yure endeavors to get the apointmant you have bene so long trying about. Yure own name, two, in print. Yure mother was sore overcome with the joy. But just to think you ar at last an offisher. Wel, William dere, you were in the rite, I now sca, instead of stayin hear, drawin teeth for a six-pense, and bleedin and blisterin for sometimes naething at al. I wood have wrote to you long ago, but thot you wood like some littel time to settel down, and get things made cumfortabel for mee in baraks. Rite to mee, my dere husband, and say when I am to cum to you, for I am weerying to sea you once more; four yeres is a long time

to leeve yure wife and bairns ; but as our neeybor Jenny Haivers sais, a' is for the best. Yure mother is quite wel ; only her site not quite as it used to bee. No more at present, but hopping too here from you sune.—Yure luvving wife, til deth,

ISABELLA MARTIN.

The babby's ar wel.'

This elegant epistle, directed to Mr William Martin, Esq. —th regiment, Parsonstown, was folded in a most original manner, and closed with a red wafer, which bore the unique and humble impression of a thimble. I examined the precious *morceau* minutely, and was not long in determining from whom it came. 'Some more of Lacy's confounded tricks: another of his numerous hoaxes,' I exclaimed; and I resolved to answer it in manner conforming. As nearly as I can recollect, I wrote as follows:—

'ADORABLE ISABELLA — Your letter has given the greatest pleasure to your too long separated husband. Come, dearest, immediately, and complete my happiness. Without thee, life even in a barrack-room—embellished as it always is with unpapered walls, two wooden chairs, one small table, and half a poker—could not be long supportable. In the midst of my brother-officers, a set of unfeeling youths, who dance, ride, fish, shoot, and smoke cigars, without a single thought of matrimony, I only sigh and think of thee—thee whose elegance and accomplishments I have never seen equalled in all my wanderings. Come, then, my angel, and never more be parted from—Your over-affectionate husband,

WILLIAM MARTYN.

Mrs William Martin, Stockwell Street, Glasgow.'

This rhapsody I carefully consigned to the letter-sergeant, being quite confident it would soon find its way back to the author of Isabella's fond effusion. At mess that evening I fancied I detected a lurking smile of intelligence pass between Lacy and Power: I kept my own counsel, however, quite pleased with having paid them off with their own coin. A few weeks elapsed,

and the angelic, deserted Isabella and her epistle had been consigned to oblivion; when, very early one morning, Duval, my Swiss valet, entered my bedroom, and with an expression of curious and unwonted meaning, announced that a lady desired to see me.

'A lady wishing to see me?' I cried—'a lady wishing to see *me*, and at this time in the morning? Impossible!'

'*Vraiment!*' exclaimed Duval, with that indescribable shrug with which foreigners contrive to convey volumes. He was evidently highly elated at the unexpected honour done me, and kept bustling about, arranging, rearranging, folding, and unfolding, every article of my toilet, appendages, and uniform.

Recovering, by an effort, my composure and breath, I desired Duval to look out my most becoming morning costume, restricting his services to last twenty minutes. [I may, by the way, remark, and every ensign in Her Majesty's service should profit by the hint, that it is invariably the best plan to allow your valet to choose your dress. For his own sake, he will take care to dress you well.] Of my four morning-gowns, he selected a rose-coloured satin one. An embroidered dove-coloured cashmere waistcoat and velvet slippers completed a costume which *he* deemed worthy of the occasion. Entering my sitting-room, I gave one hasty glance at a rich silk dress, blushed (remember I was but nineteen), made a profound bow, and handed the lady a chair. But instead of quietly seating herself, she rushed towards me with the energy of a dancing-bear, and the rapidity of the Falls of Niagara, and giving me a warm embrace, exclaimed: 'Dear, dear Wully!' in a tone and with an accent the vulgarity of which was unequalled. Judge of my astonishment! It was too dreadful. I extricated myself as well as I could, and sunk half fainting on the nearest chair. The idea rushed into my mind that, in my apartment, and in *propria persona*, there was present—she of the well-spelt letter. It had not been a trick after all! An instant sufficed to make me fully sensible of the awkward scrape into which I had got, and at least a

portion of its consequences, including the merciless jokes to which it would necessarily subject me at mess, and the more grave regard which it might attract from my commanding-officer. I mentally execrated the rash folly of answering such a letter in such a style, and groaned to think that I was only made aware of this by experience.

'Eh, Wully, how very braw ye've turned sin' ye was made an offisher! but I daursay ye'll no deny that I'm weel put on mysel, and fit to be seen as your wife ony day. My freends saw to that before I cam awa, for we had mair sense than no ken that ye wad like to see me decent-like when ye introduissed me to your brother offishers and their leddies. Eh, truly, how glad I am to be here at last, and see my ain Wully again!'

Such was the address of my fair visitor as she possessed herself of my easy smoking-chair, and arranged herself in it with an air of the greatest possible freedom. Though nigh confounded with the horror of the occasion, I could not help taking a hasty glance of the being who seemed to have come on purpose to torment me, and beheld a coarse woman about thirty, overloaded with diverse-coloured finery, and bearing an aspect in which vulgarity was strangely relieved by an appearance of eccentricity. She had a large face, of fair complexion, slightly marked with small-pox, no eyebrows or lips, but a profusion of wiry ringlets; and I could observe, even at that moment, that while all the rest of her clothes were of silk, she wore white woollen stockings and thick-soled shoes. She was evidently a woman of humble rank, and, I made no doubt, had actually been deserted by some sort of husband; but then I—unfortunate I, William Martyn, Esquire, of Her Majesty's—th—was not the man!

'Madam,' said I, 'this seems to be a strange mistake on your part'— But ere I could complete the sentence—

'Oh, nac mistak' ava,' she broke in. 'How can ye gang, Wully, to say that? Hae I no been sair eneuch tried already by your leaving me sae lang wi' the bairns, and are ye no gaun to be kind to me noo, and mak a' odds evens?'

'But, madam, you are mistaken, if you suppose me to be your husband. I never saw you in my life before: and you must or ought to know, from my appearance, that I am not the man.'

'Eh, did ony body ever hear the like o' that?' she exclaimed; 'to gang and say that you are no my man after a'! The very bairn here—our ain young Wully—wad ken ye, let-a-bee mysel, if it hadna been that he was only a sookin' wean when ye gaed awa.' And here she pointed to a member of the company whom I had not before observed—namely, a boy of about five years old, who was making strenuous efforts to get hold of my epaulets, as they lay on the table, fortunately beyond his reach.

'If this is your son, ma'am,' said I, 'I think he is rather a witness against than for you, as he shews that it must be several years since you were married. Now, I am only nineteen last birthday, and so far from being married years ago, I do not intend to be married for years to come.'

'Ah, but ye're my ain Wully for a' that,' said she: 'nae doot something different fra what ye was whan ye keeplit the 'pothecary shop i' the Stockwell; but then it's only your brows that hae changed ye. We a' ken that fine feathers mak fine birds, and that, in fack, as Jenny Haivers says, dress is everything. I'm no sure but some o' my ain auld neebors wad scarcely ken me, noo that I'm a dressed-up offisher's leddy. But ye've just the same bonny dark hair and whuskers that ever ye had, and the vera same rollin ee that first wan my puir virgin heart, waes me, that hae been a deserted moeserable woman for four lang year for want o' ye. Ah, Wully, it was an ill turn to gang awa leavin wife and bairns to tak care o' theirsels, and scarcely write a scrape o' a pen to me sin' syne. But let a' byganes be byganes, noo that I've gotten my Wully again, as the sang says. Somehoo, I aye thought ye wad get on to be something after a', for ye had aye a notion o' being up in the world; and glad am I to find that I hinna been mista'en.'

All this was addressed to me with such an accompaniment of coaxing and ingratiating looks, winks, and smiles, as would have at any other time made me expire with laughing. Alas! I felt but little disposition to mirth at that moment. Like Frankenstein, when visited at home by his monster, I could think of no better course than to leave my tormentor in possession of the field. It happened, too, that I was engaged that morning to breakfast with Major Ellis, commanding-officer at our depôt, and to accompany him afterwards upon a shooting excursion. There was, therefore, little time to argue out the matter with my new Glasgow friend, or to take measures of any other kind to assure her of her error, or to get quit of her. This led me to a wrong step, which I afterwards had reason to repent of, though I did it for the best. With the hope of keeping her absurd story quiet, I asked her to remain in my lodgings till my return, under the care of Duval, who undertook to get breakfast ready immediately for her and her little boy. Then hastily accoutering myself for the field, I proceeded to Ellis's lodgings.

In the course of our forenoon's walk, Ellis shot beautifully, and quickly filled his bag; but I, though reputed his equal, missed every bird I aimed at. This excited his surprise, and in connection with sundry other marks of confusion in my conduct, induced him to ask if anything was the matter with me. I had previously determined to keep my own secret, but it now occurred to me that it might be as well to make a confidant of the major, as it was not impossible that he might yet have something more to do with the case. I therefore related to him the whole circumstances, only entreating that he would not communicate them to Mrs Ellis, or to any other person, unless as a corrective to any less faithful version of the story which might become public. He agreed to this, and we returned late in the morning to dress for mess. Inquiring for my unlucky visitor, I was informed by Duval that Madam Martyn—I think the rogue's eye twinkled as he pronounced the name—had left my rooms soon after breakfast, and had not since returned.

It was almost with satisfaction that I found the immediate presence of the incubus taken off; but I could not suppress a dread that worse was yet to befall me. No sooner had I entered the ante-chamber which served our mess as a drawing-room, than I became mortifyingly aware that the whole affair was blown abroad. My appearance was the signal for a universal peal of laughter, in which Major Ellis himself could not help joining. Inquiries after Mrs Martyn's health, comments on her youth, beauty, and elegant style of speech, met me on every side. I was overwhelmed and stunned, insomuch that I scarcely knew which of my foes to face or reply to, or whether it would be most advisable to treat the matter seriously, or to take it as a joke. As the dinner proceeded, I heard nothing but lamentations that they were likely so soon to lose me as a regular member of the mess; but all agreed, with mock solemnity, that husbands *ought* to dine with their wives, if wives they had, and that many officers were improved by domestic life, though it was not the case with all. I soon ascertained that the fearful woman, on leaving my lodgings, had found her way to the quarters of the commanding-officer, where, Ellis himself being from home, she had obtained an interview with Mrs Ellis, and made her acquainted with the story, following it up with the most strenuous averments that *I* was her missing husband, with no change but what dress and improved manners might easily account for. Mrs Ellis, a sharp, lively Irishwoman, fond of a joke, and rather held in terror on that account in the regiment, took up the case in a moment, and with a serious air assured the stranger that there was no fear but Ellis would see her righted, supposing that she could make good her claim. Though of course feeling no doubt of my innocence, she could not suppress so glorious a quiz against the fine young ensign, but immediately commenced a round of morning-calls, to laugh it all over with the other ladies of the dépôt. In short, long before our return from the shooting excursion, 'this strange story of young Martyn and

a lady from Glasgow' had been repeated to everybody connected with the regiment.

I returned home that night with a burning heart, furious at my brother-officers, at Mrs Ellis, and, above all, at my odious Scotch visitor. At an early hour next forenoon, I had a note from the major, begging me to step across the way; and when I obeyed the summons, the first object which met my eye in his parlour was the frightful Isabella. Mrs Ellis received me with an affectedly rigid and serious air, as if she felt that things were looking very bad for me; and even Ellis was scarcely so cordial as usual. I saw that I was to be put upon trial, but thought it best to submit to the inquest with a good grace.

'Well, Martyn, this is really a strange circumstance. Here comes a lady'—a slight elevation of the eyebrows at the word lady—'from Glasgow, to join you as your lawful wife. She insists that you are her husband, and I must say it is odd that you should have written a letter acknowledging her as your lady, and requesting her to come to you. I know you say that you thought her epistle a hoax of your brother-officers; but how am I to be sure of this?'

I could not believe him half in earnest; but his address was annoying in any shape in which I could take it, and I hardly knew how to treat the matter, so ridiculous at once and so serious had it become.

'I assure you, my dear major,' I said, 'that I have given you a candid account of the affair of the letter. I wish my hand had been burnt when I wrote it; but certainly it was only with a view to turn back a bad joke upon its authors. If it has been the means of bringing this lady so far from home, I am sorry for it, and I shall be happy to make a proper reparation for the consequences of my unlucky *jeu d'esprit*.'

'Aih, ye're just my ain Wully, now,' interrupted the fair claimant, or plaintiff, as I may rather call her in the present circumstances. 'Come, come, my dear, acknowledge me for your leddy at ance, and make nae mair

wark about it. Aih, Wully, Wully, did I ever think to be disowned by ye, when lang syne ye used to court me on the Sunday nights, walking along the Gallowgate, or when we were livin' sae cozily in our bit back-shop in the Stockwell after we were married? It has been a sair weediehood to me sin' syne, this four lang year; but ye'll mak' it a' up to me yet. And the bairns, puir things, we'll hae them a' brought here, and they'll be sae glad to see their papa again. The best o' our days are afore us, Wully, my dear, if ye'll only listen to reason, and own me for your lawfu' wedded wife, as I am.'

'Come now, Martyn,' said Mrs Ellis, with the face which I knew she always had when bent on tormenting any poor wretch with her wit; 'if this lady is really Mrs Martyn, why not say so at once? We'll all be glad to see her in the regiment; and consider what a lot of young recruits she brings with her! I must say her story tells wonderfully well; and I would say it is most likely you really are her husband, as I never yet knew any wife who might not have sung, as Mrs Gordon sometimes does—

Weel would I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Certainly she should know best. And really, it would be a great hardship to have come all the way from Glasgow, in search of a missing husband, and not get him after all. I fairly let you know I'm of Mrs Martyn's party.'

'My dear Mrs Ellis,' said I imploringly, 'this is really no jesting matter, for the poor woman has surely been sufficiently deceived already. Upon my soul, I'm sorry for her, and I'll give her enough to pay for the expenses of this expedition, and a little more, if she'll only agree to go back and trouble me no more. My family is not known to any one here; but I have only to write to Cheltenham to get evidence of my having been a boy at Sandhurst at the time when this lady alleges I was keeping shop with her in some confounded street in Glasgow.'

'Well,' said the major, 'let us hear what Mrs Martyn says to this.'

'Oh, oh, what a hardened heart he has!' blubbered forth the lady in question. 'To offer me siller to gang awa and no trouble him, when I'm his married wife, as sure, mem, as ye're your ain gudeman's! That's what I ca' adding insult to injury, mem; and nae honest woman can stand it. Isn't his name the same? And did we no hear, first, that he had got or was gettin' into the service, and then see him put into the papers as a full ensign in the —th; and then, was na there my letter answered by him as my dutifu' lovin' husband, and a' the rest o't? And is he no the vera man, there where he stands—joost the exack hicht, the cedential face and figure—a' the same, in fack, but the bits o' fine claes he's got on noo, as richt he should? My friends never misdooted that he was my man when they saw the letter, and that was the reason they made up a lock siller to fit me decently oot as an offisher's leddy; but hae na I the yevidence o' my senses into the bargain? O Wully, ye're surely my ain man, and the bairns's father, and I can nae langer keep frae fawing i' your airms, little as ye may think o' me, for weel I wat nature's strong and maun hae her way.'

And, ere I was aware, the fair tigress had actually precipitated herself upon me, and taking me firmly round the neck, while her slobbered face and dirty crumpled-up handkerchief reposed upon my bosom. It was the most embarrassing situation imaginable, for I was obliged to give her some support, to save the poor creature from falling; and, on the other hand, there stood Mrs Ellis declaring that it was the most affecting *reconnaissance* and reunion she had ever beheld. Was ever gay young ensign in such a dilemma before? But I was now beginning to be a little savage at my situation, and strong and decisive measures were evidently becoming necessary.

'Woman!' I said, 'take yourself away from me, and e up this shocking humbug, or I'll have you taken ire a magistrate, whatever Major Ellis may say or do.'

I'm not to be hoaxed any longer in this way, I assure you. So be off, I tell you again! Do you hear me?'

But the poor creature had before this time fainted in my arms—a clear proof, at least, that she fully believed me to be her husband, though how she could mistake a mere stripling for a man who, from her own account, must have been at least thirty, was what I could not account for on any theory consistent with her possession of common reason. There, however, was she, in a genuine swoon, brought on evidently by the intensity of her feelings. Things had now reached a most distressing crisis to all of us, and even Mrs Ellis seemed affected. Between concern for my own honour, the sense of the ridiculousness of my situation, and pity for the unfortunate woman, I knew not what to do or say—when, just as my fair burden was coming to her senses, enters Curran, my groom, with a look which from the first I thought a herald of relief, and, addressing himself to Major Ellis, said: 'Plaze you, sir, I think we've found the raal husband. We've been on the puzzle all morning, ye see, about this mighty odd business, and now we've sure got light on't.'

'Well, my good fellow, tell us what you know.'

'Why, then, major—this lady's right enough about her husband having joined the ——th; but sorra a right she is about the man; that's all. It's not Ensign Martyn at all, at all, d'ye see, but William Martin, a poor private, like myself, in Captain Gordon's company.'

'Can it be possible?' was the simultaneous exclamation of the whole party, excepting Mrs Martin, who seemed to listen in a kind of incredulous bewilderment.

'By the powers, it's as true as my name's Phil Curran. We thought the fellow looked rather quare this morning, and his wishing to be excused from parade confirmed us, your honour. So, Bill, says we, what if you are the lady's husband the sell o' thee? And he looked quite red, then, your honour. So we all fell upon him for desairting so swate a creature and her four small childher into the bargain, and it all ended in his not being able to say he

was not the woman's husband—sorra take him for a skulker as he is !'

'Bring up the fellow here instantly,' cried the major, 'and we'll have the affair settled one way or another at once.'

While this order was in the course of being executed, I learned that private Martin was a superior sort of man, though of reserved manners, who was supposed to have seen better days, and to have enlisted under the pressure of want. He had conducted himself since he joined the regiment with so much propriety, that all his comrades thought him in the fair way of that promotion for which an education somewhat better than theirs seemed to qualify him. No one had anything to say against him, except that he kept himself much apart from his comrades, though this they excused, in consideration of his having once been better than they. All this was stated in presence and hearing of Mrs Martin, who said: 'Weel, it'll be a sair dooòcome if my man's only a preevat ; but yet it's better to hae a man o' some kind, than be a widow bewitched, that's neither fish, flesh, nor gude red herrin'. Jenny Haivers hersel wad allow that.'

Martin soon appeared, and, when confronted with the fair lady of the Stockwell, looked as sheepish as I ever saw any man look in my life. It was rather odd that he did bear a considerable resemblance to me, though, I flatter myself, at a deuced long interval in some respects.

'Now, madam,' said Ellis, 'will you please say if either of these men is your husband, and which of them ?'

'Aih, losh, major ! I'm sure that ane o' them maun be the man ; but it's ill to say whilk ane it is. The ensign's sic a bonny lad, and sae like what my Wully was when I married him, that I could maistly swear he's the thing yet. But, again, when I take a look o' the tother ane, faith I believe I've been mista'en, and this is my ain Wully after a' !'

'To cut this matter short,' said Martin, 'I confess myself to be this woman's husband. I can only say, in af my conduct, that it was misfortune in business

which first made me leave her. I had some hopes of finding a new opening in Ireland, where I had some friends, and came here to see after it, but was disappointed. Instead of being able to send for my wife and children, I was in the greatest poverty myself, being only employed sometimes as a clerk by butchers. From shame I ceased to write to her; and besides, I heard that her brother, who is in tolerable circumstances, had taken charge of her. At last I was obliged to enlist as a common soldier. Yet I still intended, if I ever got any promotion, to ask her to join me. This is the plain truth, and the whole truth, I assure you, gentlemen. I am really sorry that Mr Martyn has been put to so much trouble. It is partly owing to my wife being not just so sharp in the judgment as some other people, as you all must have seen. If he considers this, and my own misfortunes, I hope he will excuse us both.'

'Aweel, weel, Wully,' said his wife, shaking him by the hand (how cool, compared with the accolade she bestowed upon me!), 'we'll just mak it a' up, and I'll sell my braws, and tak up my quarters i' the barracks, and aiblins ye'll be as gude an ensign yet as Mr Martyn there, and sae I may be an offisher's leddy after a'.'

Matters were now accommodated to the satisfaction of all parties, and it only remains for me to say, that we soon got Mrs Martin and her blooming progeny comfortably settled. Martin has since got a couple of cheques across his arm, and his wife washes linen beyond all competition. Lacy and Power were confoundedly quizzical upon me for a month or two; but it's now all pretty well blown over, and a true Mrs Martyn is yet in the bosom of destiny.

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

THE estate of Waristoun, near Edinburgh, now partly covered by the extended streets of the metropolis on its northern side, is remarkable in local history for having belonged to a gentleman, who, in the year 1600, was cruelly murdered at the instigation of his wife. This unfortunate lady, whose name was Jean Livingstone, was descended from a respectable line of ancestry, being the daughter of Livingstone, the laird of Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and at an early age was married to John Kincaid, the laird of Waristoun, who, it is believed, was considerably more advanced in years than herself. It is probable that this disparity of age laid the foundation of much domestic strife, and led to the tragical event now to be noticed. The ill-fated marriage and its results form the subject of an old Scottish ballad, in which the proximate cause of the murder is said to have been a quarrel at the dinner-table :—

‘ It was at dinner as they sat,
And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady
Of bonnie Waristoun !

But he has spoken a word in jest ;
Her answer was not good ;
And he has thrown a plate at her,
Made her mouth gush with bluid.’

Whether owing to such a circumstance as is here alluded to, or a bite which the laird is said to have inflicted upon her arm, is immaterial ; the lady, who appears to have been unable to restrain her malignant passions, conceived the diabolical design of having her husband assassinated. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder, she sent for a quondam servant

of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun to see her; but it appears her resolution failed, and he was not admitted. She again sent for him and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time, she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged that Weir should be concealed in the cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leaned inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leaped upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him some severe blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures: he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all his force, succeeded after a few minutes in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leaped out of bed in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over. Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the laird of Dunipace, who was a favourite of King James VI., made all the

interest he could with his Majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible. The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh, has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the loathing which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear, from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling.

The execution of this wretched woman took place at four o'clock in the morning, on the 5th of July 1600, at the Watergate, an open spot at the foot of the Canon-gate of Edinburgh, near Holyrood House. According to her sentence, she was beheaded with an axe. At the same hour, her nurse was burnt on the Castle Hill—an open esplanade which had been a common place for executing this kind of capital punishment. It is some gratification to know that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

ENGLISH CHARITIES AND CURIOUS BEQUESTS.*

GREAT BRITAIN is celebrated amongst the nations of Europe for two happy characteristics — extensive and useful charities, and the security afforded to property. Political revolution, which has from time to time convulsed and changed the condition of society in neighbouring countries, has only in one instance been seriously felt in England. And even during the Protectorate, the rights of private property were respected quite as fully as the nature of the times would permit. For this reason, many of the charitable bequests which were made hundreds of years ago, still continue to be preserved, and distributed with integrity. The oldest institutions of a charitable character, therefore, in Europe, exist in Great Britain; some of them having accumulated from small beginnings to a degree of affluence, which has enlarged their sphere of benevolence far beyond the most sanguine wishes of the long-departed donors.

But it is not extraordinary that, out of the vast amount of good which has thus been accomplished, some evils should have sprung. Benevolence, prompted by the best intentions, is occasionally misplaced. In some instances, the objects selected for its exercise are not worthy of, or not even benefited by, the giver's liberality. It is, again, in the very nature of many charities to hold out assistance to persons who would otherwise obtain it by exerting themselves, and thus to withdraw those motives of self-action and self-reliance which should never be damped even by benevolence. An instance of this kind occurs at Stanton-upon-Wye, Herefordshire. 'George Jarvis, Esq., gave, by will, in 1790, L.30,000 to be invested in

* *A Collection of Old English Customs and Curious Bequests and Charities, extracted from the Reports made by the Commissioners for Inquiring into Charities in England and Wales.* By H. Edwards. London: Nichols and Son.

government securities, in trust, to apply the yearly produce thereof in money, provision, physic, or clothes, to the poor of this parish, of Bredwardine and Litten. The funds applicable to the objects of the donor's will in these parishes, in 1822, had increased from L.30,000 to L.92,496, 17s. 9d. On this case the commissioners observed, "that the population of the three parishes was only 1180, and the income arising from the charity nearly L.3000 per annum: it must be obvious that, even under the most judicious system of management, such a charity would be likely to be productive of considerable evils, and accordingly it appeared, at the time of the inquiry, that it had encouraged a spirit of discontent, and a disposition to idleness and improvidence, and had attracted to the parishes numerous persons from other districts, with a view of entitling themselves to a participation in the charity." Neither is it wonderful, that in a long series of years, many charities should become mismanaged and misapplied; but, upon the whole, it may with safety be affirmed, that these are exceptions, as appears from the Report made by the Commissioners for Inquiring into English Charities. Institutions for the sick and for the young, are happily most abundant and the best supported, because they are the most needed. Hospitals and schools abound in every corner of the country; many of them of ancient date; though the great increase of such establishments has taken place in the present century.

The compilation before us, giving, as it does, accounts of singular bequests, is more curious than important. As a selection from the oddities of posthumous benevolence, it may be placed beside a book of droll epitaphs. Legacies for all sorts of objects and purposes are here recorded. Some individuals, possessing a love of good cheer, have left behind them prandial insurance funds for Christmas-day. 'At St Mary Major, Exeter, it appears, from a statement of charities in an old book, that John Martyn, by will, 28th November 1729, gave to the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of this parish twenty pounds, to be put out at interest, and the profits thereof

to be laid out every Christmas-eve in twenty pieces of beef, to be distributed to twenty poor people of the parish, such as had no relief, on that day for ever.' The chamberlain of the corporation of Stafford pays, to certain old inhabitants of Forebridge, Staffordshire, six shillings every Christmas, to be laid out 'in plums, which are divided into equal quantities, and made up into parcels, one for each of the houses, fifteen or sixteen in number, entitled by the established usage to receive a portion, without reference to the circumstances of the inhabitants. It appears that several years ago the payment was discontinued, but on application from the late Mr Clarke of Forebridge, it was resumed by an order of the corporation; and from that time the money has been paid to Mr Clarke during his life, and since to his son, to whom the occupiers of the privileged houses apply on Christmas-day, and receive their plums.' At Piddle-Hinton, in Devonshire, mince-pies, ale, and bread, are distributed every Christmas to upwards of three hundred persons.

Some charities have sprung from quarters whence they are seldom expected. Several instances are noticed of beggars being the founders, either by design or accident, of usefully benevolent funds. There is a kind of poetical justice in those who during life existed upon charity, having their effects distributed in charity after their death. The parish of Upper Holker, Lancashire, 'possesses five acres of land, which were bought by the inhabitants with the sum of 185½ guineas, which were found in the pocket of a travelling beggar who died in 1799, in a lodging-house in Upper Holker.' And at Slindon, in Sussex, the 'sum of £.15 was placed in the Arundel Savings' Bank in the year 1824, the interest of which is distributed on St Thomas's Day. It is said that this money was found many years since on the person of a beggar, who died by the road-side, and the interest of it has always been appropriated by the parish officers for the use of the poor.'

Requests for church bell-ringing are numerous in every

part of England. Some of them are left by enthusiastic amateurs out of a pure love of the Bob-Major art ; others to commemorate victories and occasions of national rejoicing. A variety of modes for commemorating events are provided by testators, prompted either by patriotism or private affection. At St Nicholas, Bristol, and Stroud, Gloucestershire, provision is made for the preaching of sermons on each anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The following is one of the most interesting private memorials in the collection :—Mrs Elizabeth Cook, of Clapham, Surrey, widow of Captain Cook, by her will, dated 8th April 1833, gave to the minister, churchwardens, and overseers of St Andrew the Great, and their successors, L.1000 three per-cent. consols, upon trust, to apply the dividends and interest in and towards the keeping clean and in repair the monument and inscription put up by her in the church to the memory of her husband, Captain Cook, and family ; as also, a stone in the middle of the said church, with her name and the names of her sons inscribed, and to be inscribed thereon ; and after payment of the charges incident thereto, and of L.2 annually to the minister for the trouble he might have in the trust, the residue of the interest and dividends to be distributed yearly, on 21st December, equally between five poor aged women of good character, resident within and belonging to the parish, and not receiving parochial relief, to be named by the minister, churchwardens, and overseers for the time being, or a majority. After payment of the legacy-duty, the residue was invested in the three per-cent. consols, in the names of trustees, and produces L.27 a year.

There are many bequests for keeping up the ancient custom of ringing a curfew-bell. This is done every night at Chertsey, in Surrey ; at Cropredy, Oxfordshire ; at St Margaret's, Kent ; at Presteign, Radnorshire ; and in several other parish churches. Besides these, a great number of wills are quoted, in which money is left to awaken sleepers in, and to whip dogs out of, church ; to encourage marriages, by giving portions to deserving

couples; to discourage it, by donations to old maids and bachelors; to strew places of worship with new rushes and straw every Sunday. Some of the last date as far back as the reign of King Stephen; but the funds are—now that flooring consists of more durable materials—otherwise applied.

A singular instance of prospective liberality occurs in the will of Mr William Vick, a merchant of Bristol; who, being 'of opinion that the erecting a stone-bridge over the river Avon, from Clifton Down, in Gloucestershire, to the opposite side of Leigh Down, in the county of Somerset, for carriages, as well as horse and foot passengers, toll free, would be of great public utility; and he had heard and believed that the building of such bridge was practicable, and might be completed for less than L.10,000; for the advancing and effecting of so useful a work, and for the encouragement of contributions thereto, he directed that the said sum of L.1000 should be placed out at interest, until the same should accumulate or increase to the said sum of L.10,000, which, when effected, the society was to expend so much thereof as should be necessary in erecting such stone-bridge, and in defraying the needful expenses. The total amount of accumulated principal and interest on the 14th October 1821, was reported to be L.4139, 9s. 8d.; and it was estimated that, supposing the interest on this sum to continue to be accumulated in a compound interest ratio, it would amount to L.10,076, 0s. 10d. on the 14th October 1851. The commissioners were subsequently informed, that, in consequence of suggestions which had emanated from them, a higher rate of interest had been computed on by the society, which was carried back in the calculations to 1782, and that thereby the accumulated principal and interest (which appeared to be in the company's hands), on 2d October 1821, was L.6074, 17s. 5d.' So much having been accumulated, an iron bridge has been erected at the place named in the will.

There are some remarkable charities connected with cows. In the parish of Bebington, Cheshire, a small bene-

faction was made, in 1620, by William Hulme of Poulton, to enable the minister and churchwardens to lend a cow, at eight groats a year, to each of three poor and godly parishioners. Others have since added to the bequest, and, in 1835, as many as eight cows were on the roll. Each individual contributes five shillings a year for the use of his cow; and these contributions, with occasional additions from small fines imposed by the magistrates, enhance the value of the charity. On the 25th of April, in every year, these parish cows are publicly inspected. At Woodchurch, and at West Kirby, in the same county, there are similar charities, one having thirty-nine, and the other twenty-four cows. At Marston, Oxfordshire, there is a piece of bushy land, extending to about twenty-six acres, on which twelve of the poor have a right of common for a cow. The privilege, which is considered worth from 25s. to L2 a year, is conferred by votes of the land-owners and the vestry. At Minehead, Somersetshire, there is a farm of twenty acres of land, with the necessary buildings, and a certain amount of stock, the whole producing a revenue of about L1100, which is distributed annually to the poor in coats, cloaks, blankets, and money. This charity arose out of the operation of an act of parliament in the eighteenth year of Charles II., against importing cattle from Ireland, and giving half the proceeds of any seizure of illegally imported animals to the poor. A seizure having been made at Minehead in 1669, the profits of the moiety purchased the property which now supports the charity. At Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire, the Duke of Marlborough bequeathed the milk of a cow to the poor of the parish, fixing the charge of the animal and its keep on the tenant of his farm of Lodge Hill. The cow is called the 'Alms Cow;' and in 1833 its milk was distributed to twenty-two individuals daily, one person receiving it in the morning, and another in the evening. At Alresford, in Essex, 'Edmund Porter, by will, dated 27th May 1558, directed that John Porter should have a house called Knapps, with the appurtenances, church-fences, and caprons, which comprised thirty-

one acres of land, to him and his heirs, upon condition that they should give, for ever, the morning milk of two able milk beasts to the poor people of this parish every Sunday yearly, from Whitsunday to Michaelmas; 3s. 4d. on Good-Friday; and a like sum on Christmas-day. This milk-tribute has subsequently been commuted for a money-payment, which is distributed in bread amongst the poor.'

We often hear of wealthy individuals endowing hospitals for the benefit of claimants of their own name. The following conceit of a Derbyshire legatee is only a degree more absurd:—'Henry *Greene*, by will, dated 22d December 1769, gave to his sister *Catherine Greene*, during her life, all his lands in Melbourne and Newton, and after her decease to others, in trust, upon condition, that the said *Catherine Greene* should give four *green* waistcoats to four poor women every year, such four *green* waistcoats to be lined with *green* galloon lace, and to be delivered to the said poor women on or before the 21st December yearly, that they might be worn on Christmas-day.' Melbourne, in Derbyshire, has had more eccentrics than Mr *Greene*. A Mr *Gray* rivals him in oddity. 'Thomas *Gray*, by his will, bearing date the 25th April 1691, directed his executrix, *Mary Gray*, and others, to lay out L.200 in the purchase of lands; and out of the profits of such land to lay out six nobles yearly to buy six waistcoats of *gray* cloth, edged with blue galloon lace; and 40s. to buy three coats of *gray* cloth, to be faced with baize; and that four of the said waistcoats should be given yearly to four poor widows, or other poor women living in Castle Donnington, who were to be of good behaviour and endeavour to live honestly: and the other two waistcoats to two poor widows or women of like behaviour of the parish of Melbourne: and two of the coats to be given yearly to two poor men of Castle Donnington, and the other to a poor man of Melbourne.'

There are a few charities in support of bull-baiting, but now properly devoted to better objects. At Prince's Risborough, Buckinghamshire, a charity of unknown anti-

quity, called the Custom of the Bull and Boar, is still in operation, but also in a modified form. 'Up to about 1813, a bull and a boar, a sack of wheat, and a sack of malt, were given away to the poor by the lord of the manor of Prince's Risborough about six o'clock every Christmas morning. This practice was then discontinued, and for about five or six years after the discontinuance, beef and mutton were distributed to the poor about Christmas, in lieu of the above articles.' The change was judicious, for, of old, when the doors were opened, 'they rushed to the feast prepared for them with so little decorum and forbearance, that often, in their zeal for priority, they inflicted wounds on one another with their knives. The whole of the remaining portion of Christmas-day is also stated to have been spent by many of them in public-houses.'

The work under notice professing to afford nothing beyond examples of curious charitable bequests, is of course silent upon the gross amount of capital yearly expended in England for benevolent purposes. From other sources we are enabled to add, that in 1839 the compulsory poor-rate amounted to L.4,406,907. In 1835, the gross revenues of endowed schools and other educational institutions supported by voluntary bequests and contributions was, as nearly as could be ascertained, L.748,178. The hospital charities of the country are supported by a gross sum, certainly not less than a million annually; whilst such bequests as form the subject of the volume before us may, at a moderate conjecture, be set down at L.100,000 per annum. Leaving out, therefore, all calculations of casual charity, of funds collected by societies for the relief of specific objects of commiseration and want, missionary and other religious communities, &c.; exclusive of these, the sum collected and distributed in England every year may be with confidence said to exceed *six millions sterling*, or twice the amount of the total revenue of the kingdom of Belgium!*

* In 1833, the total revenue of Belgium was 94,967,326 francs.—*Budget Général* for that year.

A CANADIAN SCENE.

ON a raw Sabbath morning, after a night of heavy rain, in the month of August, we were assembled round the breakfast-table in our log-cabin, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, followed by a smart rap on the door, announced a visitor. It was Mr Reid, who informed us that his child, which had been missing on the plains the night before, was not yet found, and begging of us, as we were near the ground, to turn out and assist in the search.

What are called plains in Canada are ranges of high ground, which stretch through the country, usually parallel to some lake or river, and extend in breadth from two or three to twenty or thirty miles. The soil is sandy, and, except near a stream, thinly wooded; while the ground is covered with swarth, intermixed with the most brilliant wild-flowers, and occasional beds of blackberries and wild strawberries; thickets of brush, frequently interspersed, rendering it difficult for a stranger to keep his course.

It is usual to make picnics to these fruit-gardens, and several of our number had been there the day before. On their return, they mentioned Mr Reid searching for his child, but we had no apprehensions for its safety. Some immediately started for the appointed rendezvous, while those who were left behind to look after the cattle were not slow in following. Scarcely had we reached the foot of the ridge, which was about a quarter of a mile from our house, when a severe thunder-storm commenced, accompanied by heavy rain; and as we entered the forest, the roar of the storm, with the crash of fallen trees, had a most awful effect. We thought of the terrors which must be felt by the poor lost one, and fervently wished it might be in some place of safety. Holding on our way, the smoke of a large fire soon brought us to head-quarters, where we found a number of people assembled, going about without any sort

of organisation. The father had gone to seek some rest, after wandering the woods all night, calling on the name of his child, for they had got a notion that any noise or unknown voice would alarm the child, and cause her to hide.

Inquiry was now made for those who lived near and were best acquainted with the woods, and all of us were assigned different portions to search. My course lay through a dense cedar-swamp, in the rear of our clearing. I wandered alone until towards evening, and never did I spend a Sabbath whose impressions were more solemn. My footsteps fell noiselessly on the deep moss, beneath which I could frequently hear the trickling streams, while the thunder roared above, and the hoary trunks of the gray cedars reflected the lightning's flash, or, shivered by its fury, fell crashing to the ground. After wandering for some time without success, I took shelter from the rain in a ruined log-house, which, by the remains of a rail-fence, shewed that a small clearing around had been once rescued from the forest; but the gloomy desolation of the scene seemed to have driven its possessor to seek a habitation nearer the society of men. We met at even without success, but, on comparing notes, were not disheartened, as we had yet searched only the outskirts of the plains: the object of our search, we fancied, might have wandered deeper into the woods; but then came the awful reflection, that they abounded with wolves and bears, which often alarmed the settlers themselves, and stories were not wanting to render her situation more alarming. We were now, however, compelled to return, leaving a party to keep a look-out, and continue the fire. Next morning, the news having spread over the country, our number was increased to about 200. So great seemed the anxiety, that the store-keeper had left his store, as well as the farmer his hay unraked. All seemed to think only of the lost child. We first formed parties of ten or twelve, and ranged in different directions; then long lines *were formed*, each so near his neighbour as to command *the ground between*. The Indians, belonging to a village

eight or ten miles off, were sent for; every effort was used. Stretching far into the heart of the forests, not a bush was left, not a log unexamined. But again we returned without success. Some of our number were again left, thinking that in the stillness of the night they might hear the cries of the child, and, wandering about, might thus discover it.

This morning was fine, and our number seemed increased to three or four hundred. Twelve or fourteen Indians were also there, on whom much dependence was placed. They, however, and with reason, would not search where we came. We again entered the forest, and traversed some of the heavily-wooded parts. The scene was in many parts magnificent; and advancing in a straight line, we were led into many spots where human feet but rarely trod. The deer and foxes rushed affrighted from their lairs, and the sporting propensities of many of our friends were hardly restrained by fear of alarming the child. We began now to get disheartened, and instead of a steady search, often scattered ourselves over the beds of blaeberries, or feasted on strawberries, which were frequently sprinkled in rich clusters along the ground. The wild-flowers, too, in the thinner woods, were most brilliant; many of them are bright scarlet, and from the calmness of the atmosphere, their colour attains to great perfection. The joyous news was now spread that the Indians had found tracks; but on examining the spot, I felt certain they were my own footsteps around the old log-house: the ground being soft, they had contracted, so as to appear like a child's. These Indians fell far short of the intelligence with which they are usually painted. They were sullen and taciturn, not, seemingly, from a want of desire to converse, but rather, as I imagine, from sheer stupidity. The Indians having failed in following out the tracks, we were again thrown on our own resources, and leaving a watch, returned home.

This morning, a large number again assembled, many from a considerable distance. But the search seemed

carried on with less energy as the prospect of success diminished : the day was spent in traversing the woods in long ranks, but many seemed careless ; and though the finding of a saucer which the child had carried seemed to revive hope, we parted at night fully persuaded that we should never find her alive.

Mr Reid had now been out with us every day, and looked fatigued both in body and mind. This morning, on meeting in an altogether new quarter, he told us he had now no hope of finding his child alive, but it would be some satisfaction to ascertain her fate ; and if we would use our utmost endeavour this day, he dare hardly ask to trespass further on our time.

We now started with a determined energy, and beat round for some hours. At length we mustered the whole party to go back four or five miles to a burn, beyond which we imagined she would not wander ; every thicket was examined, and many places seen which had been missed before. It was beautiful to see the deer bound harmless along our track, as the old hunters raised their sticks, wishing they had been rifles ; yet we reached the hill overhanging the burn without success. Here we at once stretched ourselves on the sunny bank, and soon stripped the blaeberries of their black fruit. The younger part of us raked about the banks of the burn, while the elders lay down to rest, satisfied that our fruitless labour was now done. When the sun began to decline, we all started homewards, like the company breaking up from some country race-course. Many used praiseworthy endeavours to bring us to order, but in vain. Sometimes we formed line ; again it was broken by a startled deer or a covey of pheasants ; after which numbers bounded, shouting and yelling with unseasonable merriment. Some trudged along, deep in conversation ; while others, in short sleeves, overcome by heat, seated themselves on a log, or, leaning on their companions, jogged lazily along. At length we descended into a hollow thicket, in whose cool shade we again recovered a sort of line. Scarcely had we begun to ascend the opposite hill, when a faint

cheer was heard ; immediately the woods re-echoed the response of our whole line, and we rushed onward, heedless of every impediment, until we reached a large clearing, amidst which stood an empty frame of a house, and approaching it, there was Mr Reid, with his child in his arms. I will not attempt to describe his joy : we all crowded round to get one glimpse, and then returned to our homes, elated with our success. After being in the woods from Saturday morning until Thursday evening, the child was found by a party of two or three who had straggled from the rest. They saw her standing on a log, and her first question to one of them who advanced was : ‘ Do you know where Mr Reid lives ? ’ What had been the sufferings of the little creature for three days and two nights in the open forest, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON [BORN 1568, DIED 1640.]

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ! .

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE SOUTH-SEA MARAUDERS.

It used to be a common phrase among the most roving and wild class of sailors, 'that there was no peace south of the Line.' This was certainly the case during the chief part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the tropical regions of the West were so dreadfully infested by bucaniers or pirates. These desperadoes belonged to mostly all European nations, but were chiefly English, Dutch, and French, and the whole burden of their cruelty and rapacity fell upon the Spaniards. Against the 'Dons,' as they called them, they waged a continual war, and, as it appeared, on the specious pretence of revenging the cruelties which the Spanish nation had committed upon the Indians. So much did the Spaniards suffer in this way, that they at length adopted the inglorious expedient of desisting from carrying on an intercourse with their South-American colonies. This, however, served but to excite instead of allaying the plundering propensities of the bucaniers, who now landed from their ships and attacked the colonists in their cities. Curiously enough, these

depredations met with little attention in England, or in any country to which the pirates belonged. At this period, the English and other courts of Europe generally winked at the evil deeds of the bucaniers, except when pressed to convict and punish them for their murders and robberies on the high seas. So far as the English were concerned in these enterprises, there can be little reason to doubt that the antipathy which both the nation and the government had to the Spaniards—an antipathy originating, in a great measure, in the attempt of the Spanish Armada on the country, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and which lasted even up till the middle of last century—was one of the prevailing causes of the piratical aggressions, and the impunity with which they were committed.

One of the most audacious piratical leaders about the middle of the seventeenth century, was Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who contrived to gain the favour and patronage of Charles II. Morgan levied war on his own account, and that of his companions, on a great scale. In 1670, he undertook a grand expedition against the Spanish South-American colonies, with thirty-seven sail of vessels and 2000 men, the vessels being well provisioned, and the crews armed to the teeth. After holding a council of war at Cape Tiberoon, it was determined to proceed to attack and plunder the rich town of Panama. But this city was situated on the Pacific side of the South-American continent, and the vessels of the pirates were in the Atlantic. It was hence proposed to leave the ships on the coast, and march overland to the place of meditated destruction. The daring project, which would have daunted less resolute men, was instantly put in execution. Morgan landed at Fort San Lorenzo, on the West India side of the Isthmus of Darien. Having captured this stronghold, in which he left a garrison of 500 of his men, and having committed the charge of the ships to 150 more, the advance towards the shores of the Pacific was commenced. At first, the party ascended the river Chagre in canoes, which took them a certain length. After surmounting incredible difficulties, both on the river and on land, and enduring

THE SOUTH-SEA MARAUDERS

Spanish ships in stripping away their artillery. At length, however, as they were suffering from famine, at length the Spanish ship, saw the expense of the Panama, and they spread out before them. As evening came they came in sight of the church tower of Panama, and they halted and waited impatiently for night. At this period Panama consisted of 7000 houses and was a place of considerable magnificence and wealth.

Then the bucaniers resumed their march at an early hour next morning, the Spaniards at once guessed the desperate intentions, and determined on giving them battle. They marched out from the city to meet them, preceded by a line of wild Indians, which they drove upon the advance to disorder their ranks. But the bucaniers, as hunters of these wild animals, were too well acquainted with their habits to be discomposed by them; and this attack of the van does not seem to have had much effect. The Spaniards, however, must have made an obstinate resistance, for it was night before they gave way, and the bucaniers became masters of the city. During the long battle, and indeed all that day and night, the bucaniers gave no quarter: 600 Spaniards fell. The loss of the bucaniers is not specified, but it appears to have been very considerable.

When master of the city, Morgan was afraid that his men might get drunk, and be surprised and cut off by the Spaniards: to prevent this, he caused it to be reported that all the wine in the city had been expressly poisoned by the inhabitants. The dread of poison kept the fellows sober. But Morgan had scarcely taken up his quarters in Panama, when several parts of the city burst out into flames, which, fed by the cedar-wood and other combustible materials of which the houses were chiefly built, spread so rapidly, that in a short time a great part of the city was burnt to the ground. It has been disputed whether this was done by design or accident—by the bucaniers or the despairing Spaniards; but it appears that Morgan, who always charged it upon the Spaniards, gave all the assistance he could to such of the inhabi-

tants as endeavoured to stop the progress of the fire, which, however, was not quite extinguished for weeks. Among the buildings destroyed, was a factory-house belonging to the Genoese, who then carried on the trade of supplying the Spaniards with slaves from Africa.

The licentiousness, rapacity, and cruelty of the bucanneers, had no bounds. They spared in these, their cruelties, no sex or condition whatsoever. As to religious persons—monks, and nuns, and priests—they granted them less quarter than others, unless they procured a considerable sum of money for their ransom. Detachments scoured the country to plunder and to bring in prisoners. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped, with their effects, by sea, and reached the islands that are thickly clustered in the Bay of Panama. But Morgan found a large boat lying aground in the port, which he launched, and manned with a numerous crew, and sent her to cruise among those islands. A galleon, on board which the nuns of a convent had taken refuge, and where much money, plate, and other effects of value, had been lodged, had a very narrow escape from these desperadoes. They took several vessels in the bay. One of them was large, and admirably adapted for cruising. This opened a new prospect that was brilliant and enticing: an unexplored ocean studded with islands was before them, and some of the bucanneers began to consult how they might leave their chief, Morgan, and try their fortunes on the South Sea, whence they proposed to sail, with the plunder they should obtain, by the East Indies to Europe. This diminution of force would have been fatal to Morgan, who, therefore, as soon as he got a hint of the design, cut away the masts of the ship, and burned every boat and vessel lying at Panama that could suit their purpose.

At length, on the 24th of February 1672, about four weeks after the taking of Panama, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering ruins of that unfortunate city, taking with them 175 mules loaded with spoil, and 600 prisoners, part of whom were detained to carry burdens across the isthmus, and others for the ransom

expected for their release. Among the latter were many women and children, who were made to suffer cruel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and artfully made to apprehend being carried to Jamaica, and sold as slaves, that they might the more earnestly endeavour to procure money for their ransom. When these poor creatures threw themselves on their knees, and, weeping and tearing their hair, begged of Morgan to let them return to their families, his brutal answer was, that 'he came not there to listen to cries and lamentations, but to seek money.' The idol of his soul, indeed, he sought from his comrades as well as his captives, and in such a manner that it is astonishing they did not blow his brains out upon

Having accomplished their fatigues, they marched back to San Lorenzo, the bucaniers divided too well, and soon after separated with their vessels, most by the like go upon new expeditions. As for the arch-villain Morgan, he subsequently came to England, and received the honour of knighthood from the hands of Chay Gaverle who afterwards sent him to Jamaica to fill a judicial office. Here he behaved with his wonted cruelty, and in a few years was transmitted home a prisoner at the instance of the Spanish court; but no charge being preferred against him, he was liberated. Circumstances such as these give us a curious insight into the state of morals towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

The plundering of Panama by Morgan fired the imaginations of the bucaniers, who now planned similarly daring expeditions to the South Sea, the coasts of which and their cities seemed to them like a newly-discovered mine of wealth—a place where gold was to be had for the gathering. This became known to the Spaniards, and gave rise to numerous forebodings and prophecies, both in Spain and in Peru, of great and fatal invasions by land and sea.

After one or two ineffectual attempts of parties of pirates to cross the Isthmus of Darien, an expedition was planned, in 1680, by a number of English adventurers, who found means to procure friendship and co-operation

the Indians who inhabited the line of route. The buccaniers who engaged in this expedition were the crews of seven vessels, amounting altogether to 366 men, of whom thirty-seven were left to guard the ships during the absence of those who went on the expedition, which was not expected to be of long continuance. There were several men of some literary talent among the marauders, who have written accounts of the proceedings, which have the most romantic interest. These were Basil Ringrose, Barty Sharp, William Dampier—who, though a common seaman, was endowed with great observation and a talent for description—and Lionel Wafer, a surgeon providently engaged by the buccaniers.

It was on the 16th of April that the expedition passed over from Golden Island, and landed in Darien, each man provided with four cakes of bread, called 'dough-boys,' with a fusil, a pistol, and a hanger. They began their arduous march marshalled in divisions, each with its commander and distinguishing flag. Many Darien Indians came to supply them with provisions, and to keep them company as confederates: among these were two chiefs, who went by the names of Captain Andreas and Captain Antonio.

After enduring tremendous fatigues, the party at length reached Santa Maria, a town situated on a river which falls into the South Sea. This place they plundered, and put to death numbers of the inhabitants. As their booty was not great, they resolved on pushing onwards by the river to the ocean. On the 17th of April, the expedition embarked, and fell down the river to the Gulf of San Miguel, which they did not reach until the following morning, owing to a flood-tide. They were now fairly in the South Sea! The prophecy of the Spaniards was accomplished, and the buccaniers looked across that magnificent expanse of waters with sanguine hope. On the 19th of April they entered the vast Bay of Panama, and captured at one of the islands a Spanish vessel of thirty tons, on board of which 130 of the buccaniers immediately threw themselves, overjoyed to be relieved from the cramped and crowded state they had endured in the canoes

—though of a certainty, even now, so many men on board so small a vessel could leave small room for comfort.

It would be tiresome to recite minutely the adventures of these marauders. By means of their boats or canoes, they had the boldness to capture several vessels lying in the Bay of Panama, and in less than a week from their appearance on the coast, they possessed a tolerably well-equipped fleet. In the battles by which they had captured these ships, they lost a number of men; still this did not discourage them. They chose a new commander, one Richard Sawkins, in the room of their deceased leader, and prepared for a cruise. Panama was, luckily, now well fortified, and held out against their attacks. After staying ten days here to no purpose, they retired to the Island of Taboga, in the neighbourhood. Here they stopped nearly a fortnight, in the expectation of the arrival of a rich ship from Lima. The ship came not, but several other vessels fell into their hands, by which they obtained nearly 60,000 dollars in specie, 1200 sacks of flour, 2000 jars of wine, a quantity of brandy, sugar, sweetmeats, poultry, and other provisions, some gunpowder, shot, &c. Among their prisoners, was a number of unfortunate negro slaves, which tempted the Spanish merchants of Panama to go to the bucaners, and to buy as many of the slaves as they were inclined to sell. Those merchants paid 200 pieces of eight for every negro, and they sold to the bucaners all such stores and commodities as they stood in need of.

Ringrose, one of the bucaners, relates, that during these communications the governor of Panama sent to demand of their leader ‘Why, during a time of peace between England and Spain, Englishmen should come into those seas to commit injury?—and from whom they had their commission so to do?’ Sawkins replied: ‘That he and his companions came to assist their friend, the king of Darien (the said chief Andreas), who was the rightful lord of Panama, and all the country thereabouts. That as they had come so far, it was reasonable that they should receive some satisfaction for their trouble; and if the

governor would send to them 500 pieces of eight for each man, and 1000 for each commander, and would promise not any farther to annoy the Darien Indians, their allies, that then the bucaners would desist from hostilities, and go quietly about their business.' The governor could scarcely be expected to comply with these moderate demands.

Tired of waiting for the rich ship from Lima, the bucaners in a short time sailed on a cruise, determined to take whatever fell in their way. Generalising the account of their expeditions, it may be stated that they, from time to time, fell in with and captured both richly and poorly-laden vessels; but quarrels among them about the division of the spoil were incessant, and they lost to one another by gambling their hard-won plunder. Diminished in numbers by their encounters, to a crew of seventy men, under a new leader Barty Sharp, they at length bethought themselves of returning to the Atlantic. While in this mind, they had the 'good-fortune,' as they termed it, to pick up three valuable prizes. The first was a ship called the *San Pedro*, with a lading of cocoa-nuts, and 21,000 pieces of eight in chests, and 16,000 in bags, besides plate. The money in bags, with all the loose plunder, was immediately divided, each man receiving 234 pieces of eight. The money in chests was reserved for a future division. Their second prize was a packet from Panama, bound to Callao, by which they learned that in Panama it was believed that all the bucaners had returned over land to the West Indies. The third was a ship called the *San Rosario*, which made a bold resistance, and did not submit until her captain was killed. She came from Callao with a cargo of wine, brandy, oil, and fruit, and had in her as much money as yielded ninety-four dollars to each bucaner. Through their ignorance of metals, they missed a much greater booty: there were 700 pigs of plate which they mistook for tin, on account of its not being refined and fitted for coining. They only took one of the 700 pigs, and two-thirds of this they melted down into bullets, and otherwise squandered away. After having beaten along

the coast, coming at times to anchor, making a few discoveries, and giving names to islands and bays, but taking no prizes, they sailed early in November from the shores of Patagonia. Their navigation hence was more than could be imagined: it was like the journey of travellers by night in a strange country without a guide. The weather being very stormy, they were afraid to venture through the Strait of Magellan, but ran to the south to go round Terra del Fuego. Spite of tempests, clouds, and darkness, and immense icebergs, they doubled in safety the redoubtable Cape Horn, after a cruise of nearly twelve months' duration.

These ocean-robbers had the fortune to be left in quiet possession of their spoils. Two or three were tried and hanged; but on this, as on other occasions, the bulk of the party were never called to account, or if they were, they found means by bribes to escape a well-deserved punishment. Some had even the impudence to write and publish narratives of their piratical expeditions; and a sort of apology for their crimes has been hazarded in modern times, on account of their discoveries in the South Seas.

One of the last of the class of sea-robbers we have been noticing, was the noted Captain Kid, who figured principally as a rover in the East Indian seas. This worthy finished his career on the gallows at Execution Dock in London, in the year 1701.

The foregoing sketch is presented with the view of giving our readers an idea of the lawless state of society at a period as late as the close of the seventeenth century, and, therefore, of shewing by contrast the improvement which has since taken place in national manners. Fortunately for commerce, and the friendly intercourse betwixt nations, all systematic piracy on a great scale such as we have alluded to, has been long since extirpated by the concurring efforts of every civilised power.

MOCK SHAVING AT OXFORD.

At Oxford there formerly prevailed a very curious custom—namely, a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding magistration. At a visitation of Oriel College, in 1531, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, he ordered one of the fellows, a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pinked (yellow) shoes, like a laic, and not to take the liberty for the future of insulting and ridiculing the governor and fellows of the society. About the eleventh century, and long before, beards were looked upon by the clergy as a secular vanity, and accordingly were worn by the laity only. Yet in England this distinction seems to have been more rigidly observed than in France. Malmesbury says that King Harold sent spies into Duke William's camp, who reported that most of the French army were priests, because their faces were shaved. This regulation remained among the English clergy at least till the time of Henry VIII. Among the religious, the templars were permitted to wear long beards.—There was a species of masquerade celebrated by the ecclesiastics in France, called the Show of Beards, entirely consisting of the most formidable beards. Gregory of Tours says that the abbess of Poitou was accused of suffering one of these shows, called a Barbatoria, to be performed in her monastery.—Hearne endeavours to explain an injunction in the statutes of New College, against a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding the solemn act of magistration, by supposing that it was made in opposition to the Wickliffites, who disregarded the laws of Scripture, and in this particular instance violated the following text in Leviticus, xix. 27, where this custom is expressly forbidden: 'Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard.' Nothing, says Warton, can be more unfortunate than this elucidation of

our antiquary. The direct contrary was the case; for the Wickliffites entirely grounded their ideas of reformation, both in morals and doctrine, on Scriptural proofs, and often committed absurdities in too precise and literal an acceptance of texts. It is styled 'Ludus,' a play, and is to be ranked among the other ecclesiastic mummeries of that age; for one of the pieces of humour in the celebration of the *fête des foux*, in which they had a bishop, an abbot, and a precentor, of the fools, was to shave the precentor in public, on a stage erected at the west door of the church.

CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

STORY OF AN EDINBURGH BOY.

ABOUT sixty or seventy years ago, the message-porters of Edinburgh, then called *caddies*, were a very important, and, as they still are, a very useful class of men, but particularly so to strangers, whom they served in some measure as what the French call *valets-de-place*. There were then no directories, no pocket-plans, or descriptions of the city, and no communication by subsidiary post-offices; neither were the houses numbered, as they are at the present day. All the duty, therefore, which is now performed by these ingenious contrivances, devolved upon the caddie. Without his assistance, the stranger could hardly have found his way through the city, for the seeing of sights or paying of visits; neither could he hold written communication with his friends through any medium so convenient and efficient as the caddie, who knew every hole and bore in the city, and every person residing in it of the smallest note. The scrupulous integrity, too, of these men, was no less remarkable than their intelligence. They could be safely trusted with property to any amount; and no instance, we believe,

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THE TWO PARTS OF THE ONE OF THEM HAVING ABUSED THE
 VARIOUS TRACES OF THE CHANGERS, therefore, who
 were as well as previously informed of the neces-
 sity of providing the services of a militia, or very soon
 afterwards, but afterwards some such assistance was,
 especially in the case of these men to their temporary
 and sometimes being their support, to conduct them
 through the city to deliver messages and notes to their
 friends and acquaintances, and to execute any small
 business of a similar kind which they desired to have
 performed.

During this respect in which Mr. Captain Chillingham,
 of his Majesty's First Regiment of Foot, quartered, at the
 time we allude to, in the castle of Edinburgh, employed
 a man of the name of Campbell to transact all that
 sort of business for him of which we have spoken. It
 was his usual custom to call every morning on his em-
 ployer, it is from in the castle to inquire whether he
 had anything to be done, it was likely to require his
 services during the day. On one of these occasions
 Campbell, when about a week's intercourse had placed
 him in something like a familiar footing with the captain,
 brought his son with him, a fine, stout, intelligent-looking
 boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and intro-
 duced him to his employer, explaining at the same time
 the object which he had in view in doing so: this was to
 assure him that, in case he himself should happen at any
 time to be unable, in consequence of other engagements,
 to attend him or execute his commands, he might rely on
 receiving equally efficient services from his boy James,
 whom, he added, he felt satisfied the captain would find
 to be an uncommonly clever and active lad, faithful to his
 trust, and scrupulously honest: 'And, sir,' concluded the
 father, 'I hope your honour, therefore, will not hesitate
 to employ him.' Captain Chillingham looked at the boy;
 and certainly, if he had not had every confidence in the
 integrity of his father, he might have been warranted in
 hesitating to accept the services of the son, under any
 circumstances which might demand probity as a qualifi-

cation ; for although his countenance was prepossessing, his appearance, so far as dress went, was certainly not calculated to inspire very high ideas of his ability to resist temptation. He was barefooted and barelegged ; he wore no covering on his head ; and both his trousers and jacket were in rags. But in despite of all this, there was something redeeming in the expression of the boy's countenance, and Captain Chillingham did not fail to perceive it. He had a fine expressive dark eye in his head, and there was a frankness and manliness in his manner, which at once took the soldier's fancy, and induced him instantly to express his readiness to accept the services of the son when he could not command those of the father. From this period the boy gradually gained ground in the good opinion of the captain, who found him all and more than his father had represented him to be : and he at length became so great a favourite, that Mr Chillingham altogether dispensed with the services of the former, and relied solely on his son.

'You would make a capital soldier, James,' said Captain Chillingham to his little ragged messenger one day, after he had been some time in his service. 'Would you like to enlist ?'

'I would have no objection, sir,' said the boy, 'if you could make me an officer at once, and give me the command of men ; but I would na like to gang into the ranks.'

Captain Chillingham looked for an instant at the bare feet and legs and ragged jacket of the speaker, and burst into a fit of laughter. 'On my word, you are an ambitious chap,' said the captain ; 'but in the meantime take this card to Mr Wilson's, the advocate. He lives in the Canongate, you know ; and bring me his answer.'

'I'll do that,' replied the boy ; and he withdrew to execute his commission.

About three months after, Captain Chillingham's regiment received orders to proceed to Portsmouth, where it was to be embarked for Gibraltar. On the morning of their leaving the castle, James presented himself before

his patron, from whom he had experienced much kindness, and to whom he was greatly attached, to take leave of him, which the warm-hearted boy did with tears in his eyes. His feelings were still more excited when his patron, the captain, made him a present of a seven-shilling piece, in recompense for any extraordinary trouble which he might have had with his commissions. As this was the first gold coin which Jemmy had ever been in possession of, his gratitude was immeasurable; and after thanking and making his best bow to one who had shewn him such kindness, he departed to his home at the head of the Cowgate, one of the happiest boys in Edinburgh.

It would not further our story, nor is it in any way essential to it, to enumerate the various destinations to which Captain Chillingham's regiment was assigned during the following ten years, but it is essential to state, that at the end of this period it was ordered to the East Indies. During this long interval, Captain Chillingham had never once been in England; but his constitution was now so much shattered by the vicissitudes of climate, to which he had been so long exposed, that he found it necessary, after he had been in India about two months, to solicit leave to return home for the benefit of his health. Having obtained this indulgence, he embarked at Bombay with a party who were about to proceed to England by the way of the Red Sea, where they were to disembark, and proceed overland, through parts of Arabia and Egypt, to Alexandria.

The ship in which Captain Chillingham sailed with his party, which consisted of five persons, arrived safely at Cosseir, where they landed, and made preparations for crossing the Desert. At the close of the second day after their debarkation, these preparations were completed, and the travellers proceeded on their journey, accompanied by a long line of camels loaded with their luggage, and a week's supply of provisions for themselves and attendants. During the two subsequent days nothing of any consequence occurred to the travellers in the Desert.

They met, indeed, with several straggling Arabs and Turks, mounted on horseback and armed to the teeth, but these always conducted themselves civilly towards them, and generally went off after two or three words of courtesy. On the third day, however, just as the travellers were preparing to bivouac for the night, they were thrown into a state of great alarm by suddenly descriing a large body of armed and mounted Arabs, who rapidly approached them, and when within musket-shot, halted, as if to reconnoitre and arrange some plan of attack. They then formed themselves into a crescent, couched their spears, and in the next instant dashed at full gallop into the midst of the caravan, encircling it at the same time, so as to prevent the escape of any of the party. A number of the troop next dismounted, and commenced plundering the luggage of the travellers, and in a few minutes the ground was covered with opened and rifled packages. During this operation, he who seemed to be the leader of the troop, a remarkably fine-looking man of about six or eight-and-twenty years of age, and splendidly attired in the Turkish military fashion, remained at a short distance from the spoilers, in whose proceedings he took no part, and, indeed, seemed to take no interest. There was one object, however, which appeared to engross an extraordinary share of his attention: this was Captain Chillingham. On this gentleman he continued gazing with an earnestness and an expression of inquiry, that both attracted the notice and greatly surprised him who was the subject of it. Nor was this surprise by any means lessened, when he saw the Turkish or Arabian chieftain, or whatever he was, suddenly put spurs to his horse, and advance towards him at full gallop. On observing this, Captain Chillingham's first impression was, that he was about to be attacked, and he instinctively drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and held it in readiness in his hand to discharge it at his supposed enemy. As the Turk on approaching nearer observed this indication of hostility on the part of the captain, and waved his hand impatiently to deprecate any inimical intentions.

Captain Chillingham understood the sign, and immediately dropped the point of his weapon. In the next instant the Turkish leader was beside him; and what was his amazement when the former, looking at him again attentively for a moment, said in a low whisper, and in as good English as he himself could have spoken: 'Pray, sir, are you not Captain Chillingham of the 29th Regiment of Foot!'

It was some time before the extreme surprise of the latter, at being thus addressed by a Turk in full military costume, and in the middle of the deserts of Arabia, would permit his making any reply. At length, however, he stammered out, that he certainly was the person who had just been named.

'I thought so,' replied the Turk; and immediately added smilingly: 'Do you not recollect me, captain! Look at me again;' and he now raised his turban high on his forehead, to give a fuller view of his countenance.

'No; upon my word, I do not,' said Chillingham; 'that is, perhaps, I think'—and here he became extremely perplexed, for some of the features of this strange personage had begun to make certain confused and undefined impressions on him—'I think I may have seen a face somewhat resembling yours before, but where or when I really cannot tell, and, even in this, I think it very probable that I am mistaken.'

'Not at all,' answered the Turk; 'you are quite right. I'm James Campbell, frae the head o' the Cowgate, the son of old Tammas Campbell the caddie, the little barefooted, ragged boy that used to run your messages when your regiment was quartered in the castle of Edinburgh.'

'Can it be possible that you are that person!'

'Indeed it is,' replied the disguised Scotchman; for we need not say that he was really the person he announced himself to be. 'I am, I assure you, captain, no other than your old acquaintance James Campbell, frae the head o' the Cowgate; and though mony a day sin' syne, I have *never forgotten* your kindness in gieing me the gold

seven-shilling piece. It was with that money I got some education at a school at the fit o' the Bow, and I have therefore reason to be mindful of what you did for me.'

We need not attempt to convey to the reader any idea of Captain Chillingham's surprise on this extraordinary disclosure being made to him, nor need we record the exclamations which that surprise elicited from him. All this will be readily conceived by the reader himself without our interference.

'But,' said Captain Chillingham, after a little desultory conversation had in some measure renewed the intimacy of the parties, and after Campbell had given a brief account of the various circumstances which had combined to place him in his present extraordinary situation — 'excuse me, I would rather see you, James'——

'Abdel Hassan, if you please,' interrupted the latter, with a smile on his moustached lip.

'Oh, I beg your pardon! Well, then, Abdel Hassan, since it is so, I say I would rather have met you again as an Edinburgh caddie than as the chief, which I take you to be, of a band of Arabian robbers.'

'Oh, but you mistake, Mr Chillingham,' replied Campbell hastily. 'These men, though they have attacked you certainly for the purpose of plundering you, are not robbers by profession: they are soldiers in the pay of the Turkish government, and I am their commander; but they could not resist the temptation of spoiling you, such opportunities rarely coming in their way; and it would have been more than my life was worth to have attempted to prevent them; but I will have every rascal of them soused for this when we get to Cosseir. I shall have the head taken from the shoulders of every tenth man of them at least, and the rest bastinadoed till they cannot stand: that they may depend upon. In the meantime, Captain Chillingham,' continued Campbell, 'I shall try, though at the risk of having my throat cut, to save *your* property, at anyrate, from their clutches, if you will be good enough to point it out to me. That of your friends, if it can be recovered at all, must be

recovered by other means. What these means are, I shall mention before parting. Which are your camels, captain ?' added Campbell. Mr Chillingham having pointed them out, the former immediately rode off towards them, and was shortly after seen speaking vehemently, and with threatening gestures, to those who were plundering the luggage they carried, pointing from time to time to the captain as he spoke. In a few minutes afterwards he rejoined the latter, and told him that he had succeeded in his object, and that his property was safe. 'As to that of your friends, Captain Chillingham,' he added, 'I hope on your account, that, with the assistance of the effendi at Cosseir, I shall recover the greater part of it at any-rate.' He then recommended the whole party—taking care, however, not to excite any suspicions of collusion amongst his own men by any of his communications with the travellers—to remain at Thebes until they heard from him, which he assured them would be in less than ten days.

Having said this, and once more bidden an affectionate adieu to his old patron and friend, Campbell placed himself again at the head of his troop, who were now in readiness to continue their march, having secured all the most portable and valuable portion of the travellers' effects, and in a few minutes the whole party started at full gallop, and were speedily lost in the distance in the Desert.

The travellers pursued their journey. They stopped at Thebes, as they had been recommended to do by Campbell; and within the time he had mentioned, the whole of their property, with the exception of some trifling articles, was restored to them; but from this moment, neither Captain Chillingham nor any of his party ever saw or heard more of the son of the Edinburgh caddie, *alias* Abdel Hassan the Turkish commander, further than that he was in high favour with the Turkish government, and in a fair way of becoming a very great man.

There only remains to be added to this little narrative

some account of the circumstances which led to so extraordinary a change in the condition of the principal subject of it. Young Campbell, who was naturally of an enterprising turn, and whose appetite for travelling had been excited by some of the stories in the *Collections* he had perused, by way of lessons, at the school at the foot of the Bow, had been employed as a servant to an English gentleman of large fortune, about to set out on a tour through the more interesting parts of Egypt. This foreign expedition was exactly the sort of thing which jumped with the erratic humour of the lad, and he accordingly proceeded, with great good-will, with his master. Most unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, for Campbell, his master died in the course of his travels, by which event he was suddenly thrown upon his own resources. In these circumstances he applied for assistance and advice to the pacha of Kennah, who, struck with his personal appearance, which was singularly prepossessing, and with his intelligence, proposed, half jestingly and half in earnest, that he should remain where he was, and that he would procure him some military appointment under the Turkish government. Campbell at once closed with the offer; and his appearing in the character in which we have latterly exhibited him was the result. When met in the Desert by Mr Chillingham, he had been nearly seven years in the Turkish service; and in that time he had raised himself, by his bravery and good conduct, from one of the lowest commands in the army of that power, to the distinguished station he filled at the period alluded to in our story, and was, as already noticed, looked upon as one in the high road to further preferment.

[The editors, while they think it necessary to mention that there is nothing fictitious in this story but the names, cannot help pointing to it as an exemplification of the advantage which often accrues, unexpectedly, from conduct for which there was no other motive than general benevolence. The kindness which the officer manifested towards his temporary servant, in obedience simply to

the demands of good feeling, was unquestionably the means of saving him, in a later period of life, and in a remote part of the world, from a very great misfortune ; and he thus purchased, at little more than a sentimental expense, what nothing else perhaps could have obtained for him, and what he certainly would have wanted, if he had happened to be a man of churlish nature, or one who looked upon his inferiors as a set of beings with whom he was expected to entertain no sympathy. It is thus made clear, that the man of kind nature, while exposed, it may be allowed, to some hazards through its operation, is also liable to reap from it great advantages : sowing, as it were, with gracious and soothing words, seeds which may afterwards grow up to his hand in splendidly-compensatory benefits.]

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON, THE POET CHILDREN OF PLATTSBURG.

LUCRETIA.

MUCH attention has been excited in America by the touching history of the Misses Davidson of Plattsburg, two remarkable victims of the disease which manifests itself in what is called precocious genius. The enlightened part of our own community is now becoming aware, that precocious genius is the symptom of a disease, or perhaps we should speak more properly if we said an unhealthy organisation, and that it requires a very nice and careful treatment, in order that the dangers which it threatens may be averted. But still many are ignorant of the fact ; and it is only too common to see the parents of youthful prodigies urging them to severe mental tasks, when their endeavour ought rather to be to tempt them to amusements, bodily exercise, and vacation of mind. The great object of parents ought to be the physical

culture—strengthening the bodily constitution—of their children; and this, along with the development of moral sentiments, is nearly all that should at first be attempted. Let those who neglect this rule, and with heedless pride urge an erroneous system of education, ponder on the story of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

These young ladies were the children of Dr Oliver Davidson, a medical man, we presume, in respectable circumstances. The mother is described as a woman of uncommonly susceptible feelings, and from her probably was derived that ardent temperament with which the daughters were so dangerously gifted. Both parents were alive in 1841. Lucretia, born in 1808, manifested a quick and studious mind when a mere child, and was early found liable to sudden alternations from high to low spirits. 'As soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood, and she was constantly found absorbed in the little volumes that her father lavished upon her. Her mother, on one occasion in haste to write a letter, looked in vain for a sheet of paper. A whole quire had strangely disappeared from the table on which the writing implements usually lay: she expressed a natural vexation. Her little girl came forward confused, and said: "Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, knowing she had never been taught to write, was amazed, and asked what possible use she could have for it.'

After some time, the mystery was explained. Although the child had as yet received no instruction in writing, she had filled one side of each sheet with a sketch of some familiar object; the other with Roman letters—some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards; not formed into words, nor spaced. Her parents pored over them till they ascertained that the letters were poetical explanations, in metre and rhyme, of the picture on the back of the paper. The first more regular attempt at composition was an epitaph on a pet robin. When about twelve, she accompanied her father to the celebration of Washington's birthday, and

the fête excited her enthusiasm; the result of which appeared the next day, when 'her eldest sister found her absorbed in writing. She had sketched an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it. She was persuaded to shew them to her mother; she brought them blushing and trembling. Her mother was ill in bed; but she expressed her delight with such unequivocal animation, that the child's face changed from doubt to rapture, and she seized the paper, ran away, and immediately added the concluding stanzas. When they were finished, her mother pressed her to her bosom, wept with delight, and promised her all the aid and encouragement she could give her. The sensitive child burst into tears. "And do you wish me to write, mamma!—and will papa approve?—and will it be right that I should do so?" This trembling sensitiveness seems delightfully characteristic.

In her thirteenth year, the disposition to write seemed to have become an irresistible impulse. She penned her ideas rapidly, and sometimes expressed a wish that she had two pair of hands, to record as fast as she composed. Hitherto, she had attended a school in Plattsburg; but in the following summer her health failed, and she was withdrawn from it to visit some friends in Canada. The novel scenes she there beheld, the cessation from study, and other causes, combined to renovate her health, and to fill her mind with bright and joyous emotions. But these were not the feelings of a volatile or thoughtless girl; her increased joyousness of spirit found vent in pious gratitude. She had already become deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and amongst her most favourite studies were the books of Job, Jeremiah, and the Psalms, which, even as literary compositions, must take the precedence of all existing poetry. During the winter of 1823, she devoted herself more than ever to reading, her parents apparently foreseeing no danger from such an indulgence. Yet, while more than a woman in intellect, she retained the innocence, simplicity, and modesty of a child. To this she added a degree of personal loveliness which attracted universal admiration.

With a view to removing an extreme timidity which affected her, her mother was willing that she should enter a little into the gaieties suitable to her age. That important event, her first ball, was approaching; but how un-young-lady-like was her conduct on the occasion! When the day arrived, Lucretia was found reading, as usual, without one thought about the ball, and it was only when asked what she was to wear, that she remembered she had to attend it. Manifesting a girlish pleasure for a few minutes, she was quickly reabsorbed in her book. In the evening, when an elder sister went to seek her, in order to dress her hair, the young poetess was found engaged in the composition of a poem, moralising on what the world calls pleasure.

Shortly after, two events occurred in the quiet cottage household of the Davidsons: Lucretia's elder sister became a wife, and a younger sister was born, as if the loss of one loved companion was to be compensated by the appearance of another. On the 26th of March 1823, Margaret Miller Davidson, the other subject of these memoirs, came into the world. New emotions were called forth in Lucretia's mind by the event. The following lines from her published poems were written about this time:—

'Sweet babe! I cannot hope that thou'lt be freed
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed;
But mayst thou be with resignation blessed
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed!

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form;
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease!

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
Teach thee to look beyond that world of woe,
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is sadly passed,
When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God!'

Strong as her passion for poetry was, there was a stronger feeling which predominated in Lucretia's mind,—

and this was filial love. After the birth of the infant, Mrs Davidson was very ill; and to add, says Miss Sedgwick, to the calamity, her monthly nurse was taken sick, and left her: the infant, too, was ill. Lucretia sustained her multiplied cares with firmness and efficiency: the conviction that she was doing her duty gave her strength almost preternatural. I shall again quote her mother's words, for I fear to enfeeble by any version of my own the beautiful example of this conscientious little being: "Lucretia astonished us all: she took her station in my sick-room, and devoted herself wholly to the mother and the child: and when my recovery became doubtful, instead of resigning herself to grief, her exertions were redoubled, not only for the comfort of the sick, but she was an angel of consolation to her afflicted father. We were amazed at the exertions she made, and the fatigues she endured; for, with nerves so weak, a constitution so delicate, and a sensibility so exquisite, we trembled lest she should sink with anxiety and fatigue. Until it ceased to be necessary, she performed not only the duty of a nurse, but acted as superintendent of the household." When her mother became convalescent, Lucretia continued her attentions to domestic affairs. "She did not so much yield to her ruling passion, as to look into a book, or take up a pen," says her mother, "lest she should again become so absorbed in them as to neglect to perform those little offices which a feeble, affectionate mother had a right to claim at her hands." But this self-denial was not accomplished without a great sacrifice. "Her mother detected tears occasionally on her cheeks, was alarmed by her excessive paleness, and expressed her apprehensions that she was ill. "No, mamma," she replied; "not ill—only out of spirits." Mrs Davidson then remarked, that of late she never read or wrote. She burst into tears—a full explanation followed, and Lucretia was allowed again to take up her pen, though recommended to give it only a part of her time. Lucretia became once more cheerful, read and wrote, and practised drawing. She had a decided taste for drawing, and excelled in it. She sung

over her work, and in every way manifested the healthy condition that results from a wise obedience to the laws of nature.'

During Lucretia's fifteenth summer, she visited her married sister, Mrs Townsend, in Canada; and on returning to Plattsburg, she resumed her poetic fancies. 'It was about this time that she finished *Amir Khan*, and began a tale of some length, which she entitled the *Recluse of the Saranac*. *Amir Khan* has long been before the public, but we think it has suffered from a general and very natural distrust of precocious genius. The versification is graceful, the story well developed, and the Orientalism aptly sustained. We think it would not have done discredit to our best popular poets in the meridian of their fame; as the production of a girl of fifteen, it seems prodigious. On her mother discovering and reading a part of her romance, Lucretia manifested her usual shrinkings, and with many tears exacted a promise that she would not again look at it till it was finished. She never again saw it till after her daughter's death. Lucretia had a most whimsical fancy for cutting sheets of paper into narrow strips, sewing them together, and writing on both sides; and once playfully boasting to her mother of having written some yards, she produced a roll, and forbidding her mother's approach, she measured off twenty yards! She often expressed a wish to spend one fortnight alone, even to the exclusion of her little pet-sister; and Mrs Davidson, eager to afford her every gratification in her power, had a room prepared for her use. Her dinner was sent up to her; she declined coming down to tea; and her mother, on going to her apartment, would find her writing, her plate untouched.'

We now approach the darker shades of this touching history. A gentleman, who was an intimate and early friend of the Davidsons, to whom some of Lucretia's effusions were shewn, saw in them a genius which he thought only required cultivation to become transcendent. He proposed to take upon himself the expence of her future education. The parents, already proud of so gifted

a daughter, did not withstand the temptation which this offer held out; and on the 24th November 1824, Lucretia left her home to become an inmate of a ladies' seminary, which bears a high character in the state of New York. At first, the novelty of the change filled her letters with expressions of delight; but a home-sickness soon crept over her, and a deep tinge of melancholy pervades some of her succeeding communications. An arrangement of these boarding-schools, that bore very hard upon Miss Davidson, was the public examination—an ordeal trying enough to most young ladies, and not always unattended with injurious effects on health. The following playful verses of our heroine describe the troubles of the week preceding this grand exhibition:—

‘ One has a headache, one a cold,
One has her neck in flannel rolled;
Ask the complaint, and you are told,
“ Next week’s examination.”

One frets and scolds, and laughs and cries,
Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;
Ask but the cause, and each replies,
“ Next week’s examination.”

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,
And studies morning, noon, and night,
As though she took some strange delight
“ In these examinations.”

The books are marked, defaced, and thumbod,
The brains with midnight tasks benumbed,
Still, all in that account is summed,
“ Next week’s examination.”

The examination, however, passed off creditably to Lucretia, though, it is to be feared, not without accelerating the fatal issue. It was now becoming too plain that this child of promise was to be one of those who fall in ‘the morn and liquid dew of youth.’ After a considerable interval in her correspondence, which excited the alarm of her friends, she wrote a letter which was scarcely legible, and which realised the worst fears. Mrs Davidson instantly set off to see her daughter. Lucretia’s first words were: ‘ Oh, mamma, I thought I should never have

seen you again! But now I have you here, and can lay my aching head upon your bosom, I shall soon be better.' It was resolved that she should be removed to Plattsburg in spite of her debility, and the journey was accomplished without any apparently ill consequences. "Her joy upon finding herself at home," says her mother, "operated for a time like magic." The sweet, health-giving influence of domestic love, the home-atmosphere, seemed to suspend the progress of her disease, and again her father, brothers, and friends were deluded; all but the mother and the sufferer. She looked, with prophetic eye, calmly to the end. There was nothing to disturb her. That kingdom that cometh "without observation" was within her, and she was only about to change its external circumstances, about to put off the harness of life in which she had been so patient and obedient. To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bedside, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last, her eye often fondly resting on them.' This was 'the ruling passion strong in death,' for that was fast approaching.

Though it is not expressly stated in the memoir, we gather from the context that the gifted young poetess ended her brief career in July 1825. What must have deepened the grief of her friends was, the extreme personal beauty which, besides genius, Lucretia possessed. Latterly, her loveliness was much enhanced by the rose-like glow—deep, yet delicate—imparted to her cheeks by the fatal malady—consumption.

Of Miss Davidson's poetical talents there cannot be two opinions. Though the short pieces we have quoted exhibit no striking passages, or ideas which deserve to be called brilliant, yet they possess a more valuable quality—they are natural; they are girl-like. In Lucretia Davidson's poems 'there is,' says Dr Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, 'enough of originality, enough of

aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed.'

Besides several short pieces, Lucretia Davidson's *Remains* contain the second part of a highly-wrought poetical tale of American-Indian warfare, called *Chicomico*. From *Amir Khan* we extract a moonlight scene, which it would be difficult to match from the works of our best poets. It is all repose and gentleness :—

' Brightly o'er spire, and dome, and tower,
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,
While all beneath her smile of light
Was resting there in calm delight;
Evening with robe of stars appears,
Bright as repentant Peri's tears
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold
Night's crescent streamed its rays of gold,
While every crystal cloud of heaven
Bowed as it passed the Queen of Even.

Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale *
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale;
The amaranth and tuberose,
Convolvulus in deep repose,
Bent to each breeze which swept their bod,
Or scarcely kissed the dew and fled;
The bulbul, † with his lay of love,
Sang 'mid the stillness of the grove;
The gulnare ‡ blushed a deeper hue,
And trembling shed a shower of dew,
Which perfumed ere it kissed the ground,
Each zephyr's pinion hovering round.
The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow
Glittered beneath the moon's pale glow;
And wide the plantain's arms were spread,
The guardian of its native bod.'

For the present, we drop the curtain upon this touching tragedy. The fate of another and hardly less interesting actor has yet to be recorded.

* *Cashmere*, called the Happy Valley, the Garden in Perpetual Spring, and the Paradise of India.

† The *bulbul*, or nightingale.

‡ *Gulnare*, or rose.

MARGARET.

On the death of her sister Lucretia, Margaret Davidson was only two years old, and at the age of eleven she is introduced by her biographer to the reader. Washington Irving relates, that, in 1833, he had an interview with Mrs Davidson on the subject of a new edition of her late daughter Lucretia's works. While conversing with her, he continues: 'I observed a young girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, moving quietly about her; occasionally arranging a pillow, and at the same time listening earnestly to our conversation. There was an intellectual beauty about this child that struck me; and that was heightened by a blushing diffidence when Mrs Davidson presented her to me as her daughter Margaret. Shortly afterwards, on her leaving the room, her mother, seeing that she had attracted my attention, spoke of her as having evinced the same early poetical talent that had distinguished her sister, and, as evidence, shewed me several copies of verses remarkable for such a child. On further inquiry, I found that she had very nearly the same moral and physical constitution, and was prone to the same feverish excitement of the mind and kindling of the imagination, that had acted so powerfully on the fragile frame of her sister Lucretia. I cautioned the mother, therefore, against fostering her poetic vein, and advised such studies and pursuits as would tend to strengthen her judgment, calm and regulate the sensibilities, and enlarge that common sense which is the only safe foundation for all intellectual superstructure.' With a full conviction of the soundness of this advice, Mrs Davidson had too much to contend against to carry it fully into effect, from the additional excitement produced in the mind of this sensitive little being by the example of her sister, and the intense enthusiasm she evinced concerning her. Besides this, from the first dawns of childhood, it was evident that Margaret Davidson possessed a strong intellect: her ideas and expressions were

not like those of other children, and often startled her friends by their precocity. Hence, it was judiciously thought dangerous to teach her to read at too early an age; but once able to do so, reading absorbed every spare moment.

Besides the faculty of writing poetry, which she developed at six years of age, this second prodigy in the Davidson family possessed the curious and amusing ability of extempore story-telling. She was able to carry on a narrative for hours together, preserving all the time a due individuality among the characters, and a proper degree of probability in the incidents. 'This early gift caused her to be sought by some of the neighbours, who would lead her unconsciously into an exertion of her powers. Nothing was done by her from vanity or a disposition to "show off," but she would become excited by their attention, and the pleasure they seemed to derive from her narration. When thus excited, a whole evening would be occupied by one of her stories; and when the servant came to take her home, she would observe, in the phraseology of the magazines, "the story to be continued in our next."'

In 1830, an English gentleman, who had been strongly interested by perusing the biography and writings of Lucretia Davidson, visited Plattsburg in the course of a journey from Quebec to New York, to see the place where she was born and had been buried. Margaret, whom he accidentally saw, contracted, though only seven years of age, a strong friendship for this gentleman, and with her mother, accompanied him on a visit to New York. On parting at length with her friend, she received a letter, together with presents of books and various tasteful remembrances; but the sight of them only augmented her affliction. She wrapt them all carefully in paper, and treasured them up in a particular drawer, where they were daily visited, and many a tear shed over them.

Like her sister, Margaret Davidson possessed a talent for drawing; and on one occasion, when her mother was

so dangerously ill as to preclude all hope of recovery, 'one of the most touching sights was to see this affectionate and sensitive child tasking herself to achieve a likeness of her mother, that it might remain with her as a memento. "How often would she sit by my bed," says Mrs Davidson, "striving to sketch features that had been vainly attempted by more than one finished artist; and when she found that she had failed, and that the likeness could not be recognised, she would put her arms round my neck, and weep, and say: 'Oh, dear mamma, I shall lose you, and not even a sketch of your features will be left me; and if I live to be a woman, perhaps I shall even forget how you looked!'" This idea gave her great distress, sweet lamb! I then little thought this bosom would have been her dying pillow."

'After being reduced to the very verge of the grave, Mrs Davidson began slowly to recover, but a long time elapsed before she was restored to her usual degree of health. Margaret, in the meantime, increased in strength and stature; she still looked fragile and delicate, but she was always cheerful and buoyant. To relieve the monotony of her life, which had been passed too much in a sick-chamber, and to preserve her spirits fresh and elastic, little excursions were devised for her about the country, to Missique Bay, St John's, Alburgh, Champlain, &c. The following lines, addressed to her mother on one of these occasional separations, will serve as a specimen of her compositions in this the eighth year of her age, and of the affectionate current of her feelings:—

'Farewell, dear mother! for awhile
I must resign thy plaintive smile;
May angels watch thy couch of wo,
And joys unceasing round thee flow!
May the Almighty Father spread
His sheltering wings above thy head!
It is not long that we must part,
Then cheer thy downcast, drooping heart.
Remember, oh! remember me;
Unceasing is my love for thee.
When death shall sever earthly ties,
When thy loved form all senseless lies,

Oh ! that my soul with thine could flee,
And roam through wide eternity ;
Could tread with thee the courts of heaven,
And count the brilliant stars of even !

Farewell, dear mother ! for awhile
I must resign thy plaintive smile ;
May angels watch thy couch of wo,
And joys unceasing round thee flow !

During another visit to New York, the young poetess, having engaged herself for a private theatrical scheme, agreed to write a play. Four or five days had been spent in preparing dresses, scenery, and other accessories, when she was called upon to produce the play. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I have not written it yet.' 'But how is this? Do you make the dresses first, and then write the play to suit them?' 'Oh,' replied she gaily, 'the writing of the play is the easiest part of the preparation: it will be ready before the dresses.' And, in fact, in two days she produced her drama, *The Tragedy of Alethia*. Though not very voluminous, it contained enough of strong character and astounding incident to furnish a drama of five times its size.

Mrs Davidson, finding the wintry winds of Lake Champlain too severe for her constitution, removed from Plattsburg to Ballston. Here, amidst her own family, she wisely determined her daughter should continue her education—the former experiment warning her against sending the child to school. It was thus that Margaret acquired knowledge rapidly. She shewed a great aptitude for learning languages, and made some progress in French and Latin. But amidst all this, the family enemy made its dreaded appearance. She was frequently attacked with symptoms which too surely foretold pulmonary consumption. 'After a confinement of two months, however, she regained her usual, though at all times fragile, state of health. In the following spring, when she had just entered upon the eleventh year of her age, intelligence arrived of the death of her sister, Mrs T——, who had been resident in Canada. The blow had been apprehended from previous accounts of her extreme

illness, but it was a severe shock. In the following lines, poured out in the fulness of her grief, she touchingly alludes to the previous loss of her sister Lucretia, so often the subject of her poetic regrets, and of the consolation she had always felt in still having a sister to love and cherish her :—

‘ ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER ANNA ELIZA.

While weeping o’er my sister’s tomb,
And heaving many a heartfelt sigh,
And while in youth’s bewitching bloom,
I thought not that thou too couldst die.

When gazing on that little mound,
Spread o’er with turf, and flowers, and mould,
I thought not that thy little form
Could be as motionless and cold.

When her light airy form was lost
To fond affection’s weeping eye,
I thought not we should mourn for thee ;
I thought not that thou too couldst die.

Yes, sparkling gem ! when thou wert here,
From death’s encircling mantle free,
Our mourning parents wiped each tear,
And cried : “ Why weep ? we still have thee.”

Each tender thought on thee they turned,
Each hope of joy to thee was given,
And, dwelling on each matchless charm,
They half forgot the saint in heaven.

But thou art gone, for ever gone,
Sweet wanderer in a world of wo !
Now, unrestrain’d our grief must pour ;
Unchecked our mourning tears must flow.’

The disease gradually developed itself, in spite of the best medical skill that could be procured ; and every expedient, such as change of scene and climate, which it was possible to devise, was tried in vain. At length it became absolutely imperative that she should be forbidden the excitement of poetical composition ; and for six months she scarcely touched a pen ; but during that period she was restless and unhappy. At length, unable to resist the temptation of writing, she exclaimed one day, while seated

by her mother: "*Mamma, I must write! I can hold out no longer! I will return to my pen, my pencil, and my books, and shall again be happy!*" I pressed her to my bosom, and cautioned her to remember she was feeble. "Mother," exclaimed she, "I am well! I wish you were only as well as I am." The heart of the mother was not proof against these appeals: indeed, she had almost as much need of self-denial on this subject as her child, so much did she delight in these early blossomings of her talent. Margaret was again left to her own impulses.

After this, confinement to a house so contrived as to possess a graduated temperature, a round of cheerful occupations, and the unremitting care taken of her, seemed to alleviate the more alarming symptoms. But the hopes thus raised were of short duration. The atmosphere of approaching winter produced a visible alteration for the worse, and Margaret Davidson felt a presentiment that her end was drawing near; but this anticipation produced no despondency. The closing scene is thus described by Mrs Davidson, whom a friend was assisting in the duties of nursing, and who, during a temporary absence, hastily summoned her to her daughter's bedside. "I stepped to the fire, and threw on a wrapper, when Margaret stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed: "Mother, take me in your arms!" I raised her, and seating myself on the bed, passed my arms round her waist; her head dropped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I never shall forget; it said: "Tell me, mother, is this death?" I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand on her white brow; a cold dew had gathered there. I spoke: "Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished." She gave one more look, two or three short fluttering breaths, and all was over. Her spirit was with its God: not a struggle or groan preceded her departure. She died on the 25th of November 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months.

The genius of Margaret Davidson differed from that of

her sister, in leading her into subjects of active rather than passive life. It was of a more dramatic cast; her talents and bent for narrative poetry making this difference between her own and her sister's genius. Her longest work is the story of *Lenore*, which is told in graceful and sometimes forcible versification.

The volumes before us are reprinted from the original edition, and thus return the compliment of republication which the Americans pay to every popular work that comes out in Great Britain. The works, though cheap in price, are neatly got up, and, with admonitory hints from parents, might form judicious presents to young persons.

ESCAPE OF BRITISH OFFICERS FROM FRANCE.

BY PASCOR GREENFELL HILL, R.N.

In the beginning of the year 1850, during a short stay at Brussels, I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with a veteran officer, Commander Boys, R.N., than whom few of his profession have endured greater hardships in the service of their country. He took a gratification in relating to me the dangers through which he had passed in the adventures of his youthful days, the most remarkable of which was his escape, with three brother midshipmen of the British navy, from the French citadel of Valenciennes. The design of the following narrative is to present, nearly in the gallant captain's own words, the history of this remarkable affair, in which the firmness, coolness in danger, and indefatigable perseverance of four young British officers, appear to be worthy of lasting record.

'On the 4th of August 1803,' said Captain Boys, 'being then a midshipman of the *Phæbe*, the Hon. F. B. Capel, on the Mediterranean station, and in charge of a small prize, I was captured by a French frigate, and taken into

Toulon two days afterwards. I was thence marched, with some other prisoners of war, through France, being allowed to stop some weeks on parole at Toulouse, by the way. On the 21st of January 1804, we reached Verdun, at that time the central dépôt for officers on parole, as well as for the *déténus* whom the harsh decree of Napoleon, in breach of the usages observed in civilised nations, detained on the continent, where they were peaceably residing at the outbreak of the war. After remaining upwards of four and a half years at Verdun, I was removed, with seventy-two others, under strong escort to Valenciennes, where we arrived August 17, 1808.

‘Here we were lodged in the fortress of the town, a pretext having been found to take away the privilege of parole from us, and I immediately set my mind actively at work to devise a plan of escape. By aid of one of the *déténus* in the city of Valenciennes, I obtained a map and provisions, and imparted my plans to two brother-midshipmen, Hunter and Whitehurst, who agreed to join me. Another midshipman, Mansell, afterwards made a fourth in the party.

‘We fixed the night of the 15th of November for the attempt. In the meantime, my friend the *déténu*, resident in the town, got iron handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks which I intended to use as picklocks. The only thing now wanting was another rope; and as that belonging to the well in our yard was, from decay, not trustworthy, in the night we hacked several of the heart yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning it broke. A subscription was made by the mids, and a new rope applied for, by which means we had at command about thirty-six feet in addition to what our friend had before purchased for us. At length, we prepared to start, and had everything in readiness; but the night proved too calm and clear, and the attempt was postponed till next night at eight P.M. The well-rope was accordingly replaced, and we retired to bed.

‘Next night, at half-past seven, we assembled, each provided with a clasp-knife and a paper of fine pepper, of

which, in case of being closely attacked, we intended to throw a handful into the eyes of our assailants, and then retreat. The plan was, that Hunter and I were to depart first, to fix the rope, and open the opposing doors. A quarter of an hour afterwards Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these arrangements, we lessened the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more on his own care; for if Hunter and I were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped during the alarm to have time to gain the country.

‘It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, particularly favourable to the enterprise. At a quarter past eight, Hunter and I, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and having each a rope, a small poker, a stake, and a knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed.

‘We first went into the back-yard, and got over the wall, passed through the garden and the palisades beyond, and climbed cautiously upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and as they receded, again advancing, till we reached the parapet over the northern gateway, which leads to the upper citadel. Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen feet thick; and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below, but happily, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to keep within their boxes. With the utmost precaution, we crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry that all was well. So far we were safe. By means of a poker and stake forced into the earth, we now fastened one end of the rope, and by the

other, slipped down the rampart. I then crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the ravelin, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle with a massive doorway leading to the upper citadel, and with my picklock I endeavoured to open the door. Not finding the bolt yield to gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force until, by exerting my whole strength, something broke. I then tried to file the catch of the bolt, but that being cast-iron, the file made no impression. We next endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified by a bar of iron. The picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared to be a complete stop. Happily, it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate. This plan was no sooner proposed than commenced; but having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success. The pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult task to remove them. While at this terrible task, we were reinforced by our two friends, and the whole party set to work in the confidence of success. At half-past ten the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes more the second; about eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was drawn up, but between the door and it there was sufficient space to allow us to climb up; and the drawbridge being square, there was of course an opening between it and the arch above: through this opening we crept, lowered ourselves by the second rope, which we passed round the chain of the bridge, and, keeping both parts of the rope in our hands, landed on the *garde fous*—two iron bars suspended by chains on each side of the bridge, serving the purpose of hand-rails. By keeping both parts of the rope in our hands, the last man who descended was enabled to bring it away.

'We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door; but to our great surprise and joy, we found that the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge was up; this, however, detained us but a short time: we got over, and crossed the ditch upon the garde fous, as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain of the fortress, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope upon the breastwork for the fourth descent. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, grasped the rope, and Mansell caught hold of Whitehurst's coat, to keep him back, whilst I endeavoured to hold on by the grass, which saved me from a fall of about *fifty feet*. Happily, there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured as before. We now all got down safe with our knapsacks.

'I cannot describe the feelings with which at this moment, in the excess of joy, we all shook hands, and heartily congratulated ourselves on our success, after a perilous and laborious work of three hours and three-quarters.

'Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacis, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. Gaining the high road, we passed—two and two, about forty paces apart—through a very long village; and, having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty, that we stopped to drink from a ditch. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through a small town without seeing a creature. About an hour afterwards, we quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising-ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse. No sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground than sleep overcame us.

'Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field, and there scratch a hole in which we might hide ourselves from distant view. Upon

awakening from a short slumber, we reconnoitred our position, and found it to be near a fortification, which, being well acquainted with such places, we approached in hope of finding an asylum. At break of day we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterraneous works of the covered-way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes: an opening was made, we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced, in the space of a few minutes. Here we remained in safety; for we had got beyond the range of country which, we afterwards learned, had been searched for us. On examining our maps, we found that our retreat was the ruined fortification of Tournay. At three P.M. we enjoyed our dinner, notwithstanding the want of beverage—for on examining our knapsacks we found the flasks broken. Whitehurst having lost his hat in descending the first rampart at Valenciennes, was occupied in manufacturing a cap from the skirts of his coat. It rained all the afternoon; and the weather getting worse in the evening, detained us till ten P.M., when, as no prospect of its clearing up presented itself, we quitted our comfortable shelter, walked round the citadel to the westward, over ploughed ground, until, coming to a turnip-field, we regaled ourselves most sumptuously. By eleven we had rounded the town, and gained the north road.

‘During the night we passed through several villages, without seeing any one, and at six A.M. arrived at the suburbs of Courtray, expecting there to find as snug a retreat as that which we had left on the preceding evening; but, to our mortification, the town was enclosed by wet ditches, which obliged us to seek safety elsewhere. Observing a farmhouse on the right, we directed our steps towards it, and thence through by-lanes until a mansion was discovered, which we approached in hope of finding an outhouse to afford us shelter for the day. Nothing of the kind could be seen; but not far distant we descried a thicket of about 150 paces square, surrounded by a wet ditch from 14 to 20 feet wide. Here,

then, we determined to repose our wearied limbs, and it being daylight, not a moment was to be lost. The opposite side of the ditch at its narrowest part was one entire bed of brambles, and into the midst of these we were obliged to leap. Hunter, Mansell, and I got over tolerably well; but when Whitehurst made the attempt, stiff with wet and cold, the bank giving way from his weight, he jumped into the water, and was with difficulty extricated, not without being dragged through the brambles, by which he was severely scratched. We lay down in the centre of this swampy thicket. The rain had continued without intermission from the time of our leaving Tournay; and though it somewhat annoyed us, we were consoled by the additional security it afforded. We remained in this secure spot till night, when we departed, and having gained the high road, we marched on at a great rate, guided by the north star, and assisted by a strong southern wind. About ten o'clock we entered the village of Haerlabeck. Observing a public-house at the north end, Whitehurst here purchased bread and gin, our remaining bread being completely soaked with moisture. This regale revived and fortified us against the inclemency of the weather, which we apprehended might produce sickness. At one A.M. the rain recommenced, and in such profusion that it obliged us to retreat to the protection of a haystack near the road, where we lay some time; but finding no prospect of fine weather, resumed our march until five, and then entered a wood about three miles from Deynse. We chose a spot in the thickest part, where we fenced ourselves with fallen leaves, twigs, and rubbish of about a foot in height, and slept until daybreak, when, finding our position too exposed, from proximity to a cottage and to the main road, we broke up the camp, and penetrated farther into the wood. Here we concealed ourselves as before, and remained during the day, listening to the howling of the wind, which rose gradually to a furious storm of driving sleet, rain, and hail, and such was its violence, that our garments were scarcely felt to be a covering.

‘We quitted this road soon after dark, and gained the high road to Deynse. After marching about an hour, and passing several people, we were overtaken by two mounted gendarmes; but it being exceedingly dark, they took us for conscripts—part of their own escort—for one of them, in a muffled tone, as if fearful of exposing his nose, said: “Make haste; you will be too late for your lodging-tickets.” We replied that we were fatigued, and soon afterwards, the rain increasing, they trotted on, repeating: “Make haste, make haste.” We were not much flattered by the honour of their company, but not in such danger as one might imagine, for the road was between two woods, with a broad ditch on each side: had they stopped to dismount, we should instantly have jumped over and run into the wood, where no cavalry could have pursued. The rain continued to pour heavily, and having been completely soaked during many hours, at ten P.M. we held a council of war. Although such consultations have been termed the “bane of enterprise,” it was not so with us, for the unanimity that prevailed not only rendered success more certain, but made each bear his individual privations with cheerfulness. After mature deliberation, we agreed to enter the town of Deynse, and to reconnoitre the low public-houses, in order to purchase provisions. We accordingly marched on. Whitehurst entered a house, which he found too full of company, and then a second, in which he saw four stupid-looking Flemings almost as wet as ourselves. Here we fortunately procured provisions without exciting suspicion, and then went on our way. Our route lay to the north-west; and proceeding in this direction, we went on till dawn of the next day (Sunday.) We now entered a thick low wood, and here lay without disturbance basking in the rays of the sun, and listening to the church-bells, which summoned all good people to assemble. We would willingly have joined them had the church been so secure an asylum as the wood. As Whitehurst, with a praiseworthy and religious sense of the dangers he was about to encounter, had packed his prayer-book in his knap-

sack, and preserved it through all his disasters, we read prayers, and offered up our humble thanksgivings for deliverance from the hand of the enemy.

'About sunset it began to rain again ; we quitted the wood, and proceeded to the westward, by a very bad road, frequently halting to rest, our feet being excessively tender. At about one A.M. we passed through a little village, and took shelter from a very heavy shower under a portico. At three, we crossed the high road to Bruges, near to a solitary public-house, in which no one could be seen but an old woman sitting by the fire, and, being again thoroughly wet, we entered and asked for refreshment. Many minutes had not passed when a Frenchman came in, baited his horse, and departed without addressing or taking the least notice of us. After regaling ourselves with eggs, and drying our clothes a little, we continued our march in the rain till nearly seven, then struck into a wood by the road-side, and fortified ourselves with leaves as before.

'The rain fell in torrents during the whole day, with repeated showers of hail. Towards evening we proceeded by the main road, but it being very dark, could no longer direct our course by the stars. After dreadful fatigue we arrived about midnight at Bruges. Near the gates we observed a public-house ; and, having hitherto found such places to afford relief and safety at this hour of the night, we entered, and saw nobody but an old woman and a servant. At first they seemed somewhat surprised, but asked no questions except such as regarded our wants, frequently exclaiming, " Pauvres conscrits !" We dried our clothes, when the sudden transition from cold to heat split Hunter's feet ; several of his nails also were loose, and Whitehurst had actually walked off two of his. The fire made us all so sensitive, that we could scarcely bear a foot to the floor, but found some relief by bathing them in oil. Having, however, enjoyed a comfortable supper, we lay down, keeping watch in turn, as before, until four A.M., when we paid the old woman, and departed.

'After wandering about in the dark, seeking a road

round the town till break of day, we took refuge in a neighbouring wood, where we reposed until three in the afternoon, screened by dead leaves. This was the second fine day since our leaving Valenciennes; and the sun, diffusing his genial influence throughout our frames, so renovated our strength, that we felt equal to the severest trials.

At sunset the camp was again broken up, and, having had time during the day to consult the map, we marched directly to the bridge over the canal, doubled the town to the westward, and gained the road to the coast. Going in this direction, our object was to reach the village of Blankenberg on the coast, a few miles to the eastward of Ostend. At ten o'clock, passing a solitary public-house, we observed through the window an old man, two women, and a boy, sitting round a comfortable fire at supper. Hunter and I entered for the purpose of purchasing provisions to take on board any vessel we might be enabled to seize, being then about four miles from the sea. The woman of the house rose and stared at us, apparently alarmed at our entrance. We repeated our demand for provisions without obtaining a reply. Still gazing for a few seconds, regardless of our request, she rapturously exclaimed: "Ce sont des Anglais!" and immediately offered us chairs. Somewhat disconcerted at this unexpected reception, we again asked for refreshment. She insisted that we should partake of her fare, and assured us that not a creature should enter the house during our stay, if we would but sit down. We again refused, when she burst into a loud laugh, and ran to bar the door and window-shutters, at the same time directing the servant to fry more ham and eggs. We assured her it was useless; nevertheless we remained, knowing there could be little danger, as Whitehurst and Mansell were on the lookout. During our most comfortable regale, she talked of nothing but her dear English, and dwelt particularly on the happiness of her former life, when in the service of an English family. She assured us that we should not be able to get off from Blankenberg that night. However,

we departed. As we went out, she said: "Good-night, friends; I shall see you again." Nothing but a thorough conviction of our being absconding prisoners of war, coupled with a sincere regard for the English, could have produced such conduct on her part. No sooner had we regained the road than our companions joined us.

Continuing our march for the coast, we passed through a village about midnight, and stopped occasionally to listen with delight to the pleasing sound of the waves rolling over the beach, which, as we approached, created feelings of enjoyment that I had never before experienced. Between twelve and one, we entered the village of Blankenberg, which is protected from the sea by the sand-bank. Observing a gateway, apparently the road to the beach, I passed through to reconnoitre, leaving my companions in the street. To my great consternation, I found myself near a guard-house, and close to a sentry-box, from which I had the happiness to retreat unobserved. Proceeding through the village to the westward, and finding a footpath leading over the sand-bank, we ran down to the sea, forgetting our wounds, and exulting as though the summit of our wishes were attained, and we were on the point of embarkation. When our first transports had subsided, we saw with concern that the tide was at its lowest point. Our spirits, however, were not to be damped; and, putting off the adventure to another night, we returned by the same path to the village, and bivouacked in an adjoining wood until day dawned, when Hunter and I proceeded to the public-house.

Encouraged by our reception, we called in our comrades, and all partook of a comfortable breakfast. This over, we offered a handsome sum, to be divided between our hostess and any boatman who would undertake to land us in England. The offer was not declined; and meanwhile we were conducted to a hayloft, to take some repose.

The hospitable roof which sheltered us was that of a cabaret or public-house, situated midway between Bruges

and Blankenberg, known by the sign of "the Cat;" and being the house of police correspondence, it was visited at least three times a week by the gendarmes, consequently the less likely to be suspected. Having established ourselves in the hayloft, our obliging landlady examined and dressed our various wounds, which afforded us much relief. After dark, the servant-maid, named Cocher, and the dog Fox, being placed at the front-door to watch, we descended to partake of some broth; anxiously waiting the return of a messenger sent by Madame Derikre to Blankenberg for her confidential friend, a man named Winderkins. About nine, the boy came with intelligence that he was gone to Ostend, and that his wife would send him to "the Cat" on his return. We remounted into the loft, and slept as comfortably as the pain of our wounds would allow.

'The following evening Winderkins was introduced. He undertook, upon condition of sharing the reward, to find a fisherman who would either land us in England or put us on board an English man-of-war, and promised information on the subject the following day. In continual expectation of the happy hour of departure, we remained in our snug retreat, receiving frequent messages from Winderkins, until the 1st of December, when he appeared, and attributed his delay to the precautions necessary to be taken, and informed us that, having at length succeeded, we were to hold ourselves in readiness to depart that night. Soon after eight P.M., furnished with a few provisions, we quitted "the Cat," leaving with Madame Derikre bills to the amount of L.50, reserving the other L.50 for Winderkins and the boatmen. In an hour we reached Blankenberg, followed our guide down the beach to the eastward of the village, and concealed ourselves amongst the sand-hills, while he went to apprise the fisherman of our arrival. In this position we remained about two hours, Winderkins occasionally returning and desiring us to be particularly silent, there being several men on the beach, and the patrol on the alert. After a further absence of half an hour, he again

returned, told us we must be patient, and postpone the event to the next night, the tide having then ebbed so as to leave the vessels high and dry. We returned to "the Cat," much to the surprise of Madame Derikre.

'This disappointment was but the first of a series, during which our patience was doomed to be tried to the utmost, owing to a complication of untoward circumstances. It was not till the 1st of March that our faithful ally Winderkins brought us the welcome intelligence that, as everything had been now so long quiet at Blankenberg, the vigilance of the guard was gradually relaxing, and the fishermen were neglecting to haul their vessels up, so that he was certain that the next spring-tide would float several. With heart elate, as in the moment of victory, on the night of the 4th of March we went to Blankenberg; reached the shore, seized on a boat, and had actually got the length of pushing off, when, in the attempt to fix the rudder, a noise was made which alarmed the sentinels in the fortress. Terrible was the disappointment; but there was no time to lose. We must instantly jump ashore, and make for the open fields. Seeing armed men approach, we made a resolute rush directly across, leaving our knapsacks and everything but the clothes on our backs in the vessel, and gained the summit just in time to slip over on the other side unseen. We ran along the hills towards the village about 100 yards, when, mistaking a broad ditch for a road, I fell in, but scrambled out on the opposite side. Mansell, who was close at my heels, thinking that I had jumped in on purpose, followed, which led the others to jump in also. Thus was the pursuit of the enemy unexpectedly cut off, and a safe retreat to "the Cat" providentially secured. We regained our head-quarters in less than an hour, and related this heart-rending disaster to Madame Derikre.

'In consequence of this alarm, and of our apprehension that it would lead to a strict search in the house and neighbourhood—which actually resulted—we now thought it prudent to quit our refuge in "the Cat," and betake

ourselves as we had so often done before, to the shelter of a wood, where our sufferings were most deplorable—wet to the skin, the extremities of our garments like solid bars of ice, and scarcely a shoe among us worthy the name. We found a hollow from which a tree had been dug, and laid a quantity of twigs in it, so as to form a dry bed. A horse-cloth, which we obtained from "the Cat," was then spread loosely over, propped by a stick in the centre, and fastened down by pegs and dead leaves strawed round the edge. Here we lay as in a kind of tent, in much comparative comfort. In the sequel, Mansell, the youngest of our party, was despatched, disguised as a girl, to Bruges, to an acquaintance of Mrs Derikre, who had already assisted her in favouring the escape of English prisoners. Through the agency of this person, Mansell was enabled to embark for England with a smuggler in an open boat fifteen feet in length, with the intention of returning to the coast and taking off his comrades by night.

'In the beginning of April, we three who remained found, by means of the same friend, a place of secure concealment in Bruges, under the care of a man named Neirinks. The furniture of our room consisted of a table, four chairs, and a bedstead filled with clean straw. This, compared with the sticks and the dirty wet hole in the wood, was a luxury only to be appreciated by those who have experienced similar vicissitudes. Through Neirinks we bargained with the same smuggler who had taken Mansell to England, to convey us across the Channel, for which service he was to receive £50.

'Disguised as Flemish fishermen, we reached the coast in company of the smuggler, and took up our residence in his miserable hut, among the sand-hills, near the mouth of the Scheldt, opposite Flushing. Here we remained till the evening of the 8th of May, when, all preparations being safely made, we went on board a boat
4 was brought to the beach. The little craft gliding
tly in-shore with muffled oars, we rushed into it,
in an instant were all safely afloat. Each seized an

oar, and vigorously applying his utmost strength, we were soon beyond the range of shot.

'It would be in vain to attempt a faithful description of our feelings at this moment. The lapse of a few minutes had wrought such a change of circumstances that, amid a confusion of ideas, we could scarcely divest ourselves of the apprehensions which constant habit had ingrafted on our minds. Nor could we relinquish the oar, but continued at this laborious but now delightful occupation all through the night.

'When day dawned, the breeze freshened from the eastward, and as the sun arose, the wide expanse of ocean opened around us, and in the distant rear we beheld, with feelings of gratitude and triumph, the afflicted land of bondage whence we had escaped. We made rapid progress to the north-west. About noon, the wind still increasing, and the sea rising, we deemed it prudent to close-reef the sail. While thus scudding delightfully before the billows, which occasionally broke as if to overwhelm our little boat, only fifteen feet in length, every eye was fixed steadily ahead, anxious to be the first to discern land. It was not, however, till towards three P.M. that the white cliffs of England met our view. Full of joy as our situation already was, the first sight of our native shore after so long absence, coupled with the memory of perils overcome, afforded a compensation for all past sufferings. On falling in with a fishing-smack off the Goodwin Sands, the master welcomed us on board, and taking our boat in tow, ran for Ramsgate. Entering the harbour at five o'clock, I landed with such emotions of joy and gratitude, as it would be altogether impossible to describe. I had reached my native country after a captivity of nearly six years.'

So ended the narrative of Captain Boys, who, subsequently to his adventurous escape, had resumed his naval duties, and distinguished himself as a gallant officer. He called my attention to the following paragraph in the *Times* newspaper, by which it will be seen that the kind-hearted woman who had favoured his escape had ~~warned~~

years survived the adventures in which the captain had been engaged :—

‘Deceased, on the 20th inst. at Ostend, in her eighty-fourth year, Madame Derikre, who during the war assisted at different times fifteen British officers in their escape from France ; for which service she was incarcerated four years, and eventually liberated from the prison of Ghent by the Cossacks in 1814. During her latter years, she was comfortably provided for by one of the above party.’

TARDY, THE POISONER.

ACCORDING to the annals of courts of justice, it appears that two classes of offenders are brought to trial for their misdeeds—namely, those who commit crime from necessity, or some unfortunate combination of circumstances ; and those who are naturally or habitually so depraved in disposition, that no moral restraint has the power of preventing their commission of the most dreadful atrocities. To this latter class belonged Alexander Tardy, one of the most consummate villains whom the world ever produced, and whose career in crime may be read as a warning by those who have the power of suppressing vicious propensities in youth, while they are susceptible of modification.

Tardy was a native of the island of St Domingo, and accompanied his father, who was of French extraction, to the United States, where he sought refuge after the revolution of that island. It does not appear that he received anything like a good education, and it is mentioned that in youth he displayed an untamed, restless disposition. He was put to a mercantile business in Philadelphia, but in this he ultimately failed, and went to serve as steward on board a vessel. From this employment he was discharged in 1813, under the dark suspicion of having poisoned the captain. He now went to Boston,

and got a knowledge of the business of a dentist from a German practitioner. After this, he committed a number of thefts, and having fled, while on board a vessel bound for Charleston, he poisoned some of the passengers, and had the audacity to charge the crime on the cook, a black man, who was tried and executed, although protesting his innocence to the last. On his return to Philadelphia, he practised the same horrid crime, by infusing arsenic in the food of the passengers; but this time he did not altogether escape punishment, being seized and condemned to seven years' hard labour in one of the penitentiaries. From this state of confinement he was at length liberated, and for some years lived in the commission of almost every species of offence. He possessed the most unbounded confidence in his resources, and viewed mankind with the utmost contempt. He never hesitated for a moment to perpetrate a crime, even where there was a danger of being detected. In his creed, he seems to have proscribed the whole human race. Perjury, poison, and poniards, were his instruments, and he wielded all with equal dexterity; but his chief engine of destruction was poison, which he never scrupled to use, and that in the most dexterous manner. In personal appearance, Tardy was a plain, neat man, of a dark complexion, and with a grave countenance, which, it is said, was never disturbed either by a smile or a laugh. He spoke several languages with fluency, which was an accomplishment that gave him only greater scope for the performance of his designs.

Finding that his character was too well known in the United States, he formed the plan of doing something in the way of slavedealer or pirate in the West Indies, and with such a view made his appearance, in 1827, at Havannah, in the island of Cuba. Here, while in the course of maturing his plans, he pretended to practise as a dentist and physician, in order to lull suspicion as to his real character. After spending some time in Havannah, he settled upon a plan which, if executed with discretion and energy, promised, as he thought, to yield

rich reward for his ingenuity. This was nothing less than murdering the whole crew and passengers of a vessel, and then making the ship his own, with all its valuable cargo. Such a diabolical scheme, however, could not be executed without accomplices, and these he found in the persons of Felix, Pepe, and Courro, three Spaniards of loose character, who had been accustomed to scenes of dissipation and crime. The vessel which was pitched upon by this band of wretches was the American brig *Crawford*, commanded by Captain Brightman, at the time loading with molasses, coffee, and sugar, and about to sail for New York. This selection, it seems, was not without a sufficient reason. The *Crawford* was a new vessel, and a slight indisposition of the captain led Tardy to expect that he might, in his professional character of doctor, gain his confidence, which would greatly facilitate the execution of his scheme. The mode of operation was now arranged. It was agreed that Courro should go on board in the capacity of Tardy's servant, and that Felix and Pepe should go as cabin-passengers, passing for merchants going to New York to buy a vessel to be employed in the African trade; and to render this story probable, a box was procured, filled with iron and lead, which was to be represented as containing seventeen thousand dollars in gold. In the meanwhile, by means of a discharged clerk of the custom-house, a set of false papers was procured, to exhibit after the vessel had been mastered.

After some delay in loading and taking on board a number of passengers, the good brig *Crawford* cleared out for sea on the 28th of May 1827. When it set sail, it was manned by the following crew:—Edmund Dobson, mate; Joseph Dolliver, Asa Bicknell, Oliver Potter, and Nathaniel Deane, seamen; and Stephen Gibbs, a coloured man, who acted as cook. Besides Brightman, the captain, there were also on board, as passengers, Tardy, Felix, Pepe, and Courro; likewise Ferdinand Ginoulhiac, who was also a Spaniard, but not belonging to Tardy's band; an American, and an Irish carpenter, whose names were not known; and Mr Norman Robinson, who was part

owner of the cargo—making altogether fifteen individuals. We shall now describe how the plot was gradually developed, and brought to a crisis; and in doing so, use the affecting account afterwards given by Dobson, the mate, who, along with Ginoulhiac, and Gibbs, the cook, alone survived to tell the horrid tale.

‘The brig,’ says Dobson, ‘proceeded on the voyage with variable winds, but with every prospect of making a fair passage. One morning, after the vessel had been at sea for a few days, the wind being light, and the weather fair, I sat down to breakfast on deck with Tardy and the other cabin-passengers. Captain Brightman was still indisposed, and confined to his berth. During breakfast, Tardy acted as master of the ceremonies, and helped me to bacon, fried eggs, and a bowl of chocolate—all which politeness, of course, excited no suspicion. Soon after breakfast, I descended to the cabin for the purpose of taking some repose, having been engaged all night on duty; but I had hardly lain down for a minute, when I was attacked with a violent headache, throbbing about the temples, and sickness of the stomach. Unable to make out the cause of this sudden illness, I sent for Tardy, who, having felt my pulse, and inquired into the symptoms of the disease, declared that there was bile on the stomach, and recommended an emetic. Mr Robinson having overheard this prescription, dissuaded me from taking any medicine whatever, and recommended repose. I therefore had my mattress removed to the open air on the deck, where I lay until eight o’clock in the evening, by which time the vomiting had ceased, and I felt a good deal relieved. During the day, I had a conversation with Mr Robinson, who communicated his fear that an attempt had been made by the Spaniards to poison them, as the whole crew seemed to be sick, and who proposed that, to guard against anything of this kind in future, their own cook should prepare food for the crew and other passengers, while Courro, who acted as the servant of Felix and Tardy, might act as cook for the Spaniards. Nothing, however, was settled upon definitely, and, as the vessel

was going safely in her course, I lay down for the night, but with orders to be waked if the breeze should spring up.

‘I had slept, I think, about an hour and a half, when I was waked by dreadful shrieks proceeding from all parts of the vessel. Starting up with the apprehension that we were boarded by pirates, I ran forward to the forecastle, and there a horrid scene of slaughter met my sight. I learned that Courro was the first to wake, and perceiving that the time was come for action, he called up Tardy and the Spaniards. Tardy then cut the throat of Dolliver, and gave the signal, when the Spaniards set up dreadful cries, which roused everybody; and as any one came up, either from the cabin or forecastle, he was immediately stabbed. The American carpenter was the first to make his way from the cabin, and was stabbed by Pepe; but the blow not proving mortal, a struggle ensued, which lasted for a short time, when he fell, and was despatched by an axe. During the continuance of this struggle, Captain Brightman rushed on deck, and received a blow from Felix, which laid him prostrate. The Irish passenger met the same fate, and Robinson was supposed to have thrown himself from the cabin windows into the ocean, upon seeing the death of the Irishman. Courro was equally successful at the forecastle, and stabbed successively Potter, Gibbs, and Bicknell; Deane, who slept on deck, was not discovered in the darkness, and threw himself overboard without being wounded. When in the water, he entreated that a barrel, plank, or oar, or something might be thrown out to support him, as he was ready to sink, and these entreaties were seconded by Mr Robinson, but all in vain; and they both, doubtless, soon sank to rise no more.’ [Gibbs, the black cook, who had been wounded, and Mr Ginoulhiac, were spared; why the latter was not put to death, is not well explained in the evidence.]

‘In the meantime, being wounded, I had made the best of my way to the rigging, which had not escaped the notice of Tardy, who called out in a loud voice for me to

descend, which I refused to do ; but upon repeated assurances, that if I came down my life would be spared, I at length ventured down upon the deck, and was immediately surrounded by Tardy and his companions. Tardy now began to question me about the box which Felix had brought aboard, and what had become of it. I replied, that I had seen the box, and put it in the captain's state-room, but could not tell what had become of it, if it were no longer there. Tardy then explained, that the Spaniards had applied to the captain for the box, and upon his refusal to give it up, they had resolved, instead of going to the United States to seek a precarious redress from the laws, to take the law into their own hands, and had accordingly killed the captain and taken possession of the vessel ; that, as the deed was now done, it would be useless to go to the United States, and they had determined to sail for Europe ; and that, if I would assist them, they would not only save my life, but I should be well paid for my services when the cargo was disposed of.

‘Of course, this plausible story of Tardy was a mere fabrication, in order to excuse the murders and the seizure of the vessel ; but as I was not in a condition to dispute the accuracy of the statement, I offered no objections to it, and consented to do that which was requested of me, whereupon I obtained permission to lie down on my mattress to take some repose. In the course of the morning, after the work of destruction had been completed, the Spaniards set up loud cries of exultation, and intoxicated with their success, walked about the deck, which, as well as the sails and rigging, was everywhere dyed with blood, and they occasionally resorted to a bottle of liquor placed on the hen-coop. They were not, however, so far gone as to neglect the clearing away of all traces of the murders. They washed the deck and rigging, and painted the sails, to conceal the blood with which they were stained. During the day, all the papers belonging to the brig were torn up and thrown overboard, and all the chests and trunks which had belonged to the passengers and crew were ransacked for plunder. The

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about a hundred yards from the shore, Tardy again mentioned his intention to go on shore to get hands and provisions, making strong promises to Dobson to reward him for his fidelity, and to bring him anything he wanted from Norfolk : but Dobson had already formed a plan of escape from this band of wretches. He had the address to persuade Tardy to allow him to prepare the boat for his going ashore ; and getting possession of an oar, while the Spaniards were aloft furling the sails, he at once sculled away from the vessel, and, to the consternation of Tardy, got safely to land. On touching the shore, he made the best of his way to Fortress Monroe, and gave information to the officers of the character of the vessel, and the dreadful transactions of which it had been the scene. A boat was forthwith fitted out with an officer and men to visit the ship, and seize Tardy and his companions.

In the interim, the wretched Tardy foresaw the termination which was speedily to take place to his murderous career. He saw the vengeance of the law about to fall upon him, and he hastened to elude his fate. Proceeding to the cabin, and seating himself upon a box of dollars, the accumulation of his plunder, he put an end to his existence by cutting his throat. The Spaniards had not the same clear perception of the nature of their doom, and suffered themselves to be seized, and carried on shore to prison. The ship was now taken charge of by the official authorities ; the remaining persons on board—namely, Mr Ginoulhiac and the cook—being at the same time removed, and kept along with Dobson as witnesses on the trial of the Spanish sailors.

The trial took place before Chief-Justice Marshall, at Richmond, Virginia, on the 16th of July 1827, and the evidence of the guilt of the prisoners was so clear, that they were condemned to death, and were executed a month afterwards.

As soon as the tale of horror which we have narrated became generally known, a very considerable degree of interest was manifested with regard to the configuration of the head of the principal actor, Tardy ; and his skull

was therefore made the object of measurement and analysis, in order to see if it corresponded with the principles laid down by phrenology. For the special results of these examinations, we must refer to the 5th volume of the *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*: it is sufficient for us here to state, that the skull of Tardy was found to be low in front, shewing a deficiency of moral and intellectual faculties, and a large preponderance behind, proving a predominance of the destructive and grovelling propensities of our nature. Possibly, these might have been modified by early culture, along with the inculcation of moral and religious sentiments: as it was, the whole career of the man offers one of the most striking instances in modern times, of a human being devoting himself, under every circumstance of life, to the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

THE FUR-TRADE.

OUR readers are most probably aware, that the furs with which the British and European markets are supplied, are chiefly brought from North America. When Canada was a province of France, the colonists of that nation carried on an extensive and lucrative fur-trade, and the British, eager to participate in so advantageous a traffic, established, so early as the year 1670, a company, termed the Hudson's Bay Company, which exists under the same name till the present day, and has always possessed a large share of the traffic. Numerous other companies have sprung up from time to time with the same views; of which the North-West, the North American, and the Columbian Companies, have been the most important and successful. In all these establishments, the natives of America are the principal collectors of the furs, which they barter for arms, and such other commodities as civilised nations can alone manufacture.

It would be useless to enter into the particular history of these several companies. Only two, indeed, properly speaking, now exist—the Hudson's Bay Company having been of late years incorporated with the North-West one. The shareholders of this establishment are almost all of them British merchants, resident in London. With respect to the other companies, the North American was composed of a body of New York merchants, and the Columbian likewise was supported by the inhabitants of the United States. The latter of these companies confined its operations to the Mississippi and St Peter's River; while the American Company held possession of the trade on the Upper Mississippi, Missouri, and the great lakes. After existing separately for many years, these establishments were united, and still continue so. The Hudson's Bay Company, again, as its name implies, trades in the more northern regions of the New World, occupying, with its numerous branches and stations, the whole range of country between the lakes and the Arctic Sea. Private adventurers and smaller firms are to be found, besides, engaged in many quarters in the fur-trade, but it can only be carried on efficiently by an enlarged combination both of men and capital. It is from this cause, rather than from privileges and charters, that the large companies have always enjoyed a monopoly, which smaller associations, rising now and then, could never disturb.

Lord Selkirk and Sir Alexander Mackenzie have both left full descriptions, from personal observation, of the manner in which the details of fur-dealing are conducted; and though some time has elapsed since these accounts were written, the plan of operations continues unchanged till the present hour. During Sir Alexander's connection with the trade in Canada, the North-West Company were in the habit of penetrating to the great distance of 4000 miles to the westward of Montreal. In the service of the establishment were 50 clerks, 71 interpreters, and 1120 canoe-men. A great number of these individuals were Indians, or half-breeds; and their wives

and children, who generally accompany the expeditions, amounted to about 700 persons. This great body of people embarked every spring, in different divisions, in slight canoes of bark, upon rivers newly freed from the ice, and coursed along them, encountering at every step difficulties and dangers, from rocks, rapids, and other natural obstacles. The slender boats were always heavily laden with provisions for the party, and goods of various kinds, particularly arms and clothing, to exchange for the furs. On reaching Lake Superior, where the company had their chief winter-stations, the expedition met parties who had spent the winter there, engaged in collecting the furs, and two months were spent in the settlement of debts and other affairs. The furs were then packed in August, and embarked in a portion of the canoes for Montreal; while the remainder proceeded, with the articles necessary for the traffic, to different posts in the Indian country, there to remain in log-huts for the winter, and collect a fresh stock of skins. Sir Alexander Mackenzie spent many years of his life in this employment, and made those discoveries respecting the geography of the regions to the north-west of the lakes, which revived the prospect of a north-west passage.

The purposes to which the different kinds of skins are put are exceedingly various, only a few of them being actually used as furs in clothing. Beaver-skins, for example, are in this country devoted now-a-days almost entirely to the manufacture of hats. One portion, besides, of an animal's fur, is applied to purposes which the remainder is inapplicable to; and hence, in order to distinguish these different parts of the same animal's skin, new names are often bestowed on them. Thus the furs best known and most valued in this country are ermine, lynx, sable, fitch, American squirrel, chinchilla, and silver-bear—some of which are derived from animals mentioned in Sir Alexander Mackenzie's list, while others are from animals which do not appear to have been then in use in the trade. Of all these furs, ermine is the finest, and

one of the most expensive. A skin, purely white in the body, and black at the end of the tail, is considered as of the best quality. Many attempts, of course, are made to imitate ermine by dyeing inferior skins. Fitch, sable, and lynx, are the most durable of furs, and bear a high value. The squirrel and chinchilla furs are exceedingly elegant, but do not last very long. They are of a grayish tint. Fine bear-skins are of great value in the fur-trade, and are manufactured into articles of much beauty as well as durability. It ought to be mentioned, that the fur companies trade extensively in buffalo-skins, though no furs are derived from any animal of that class. An immense number of animals of other kinds are also frequently killed in the arctic regions, the bodies of which serve as food to the hunting-parties. A party of 80 men killed and consumed, in one winter, 90,000 white partridges and 25,000 hares. The friths and shores of Hudson's Bay are stocked with the grampus, seal, narwhal, sea-horse, and other creatures, of which many hundreds are killed annually, and their skins, particularly those of the seal-tribe, added to the general store. As the killing goes on continually, there is an annual supply of furs in the British market. We shall now explain the consequences of this trade to the natives, or Indians, as they are termed, of the northern regions of America. They are the principal hunters of the animals whose skins are used, though those servants of the fur companies, who spend the winter in remote log-stations, are continually engaged likewise in this pursuit. Next to guns, hatchets, knives, powder, and other hunting-implements, the articles coveted by the Indians are coarse blue and red cloth, and fine scarlet, coarse cottons, hoes, beads, vermilion, ribbons, kettles, &c. The course of a private trader to the North-West is thus given in the *American Encyclopædia* (article, *Fur-Trade*), and we fear that the remarks made regarding the effects of the intercourse on the natives are but too true :— The trader starts from Michilimackinac, or St Louis, late in the summer, with a Mackinac boat, laden with goods. He takes with him an interpreter, commonly a half-breed,

and four or five *engagées* (boatmen or servants.) On his arrival at his wintering-ground, his men build a store for the goods, an apartment for him, and another for themselves. These buildings are of rough logs, plastered with mud, and roofed with ash or linden slabs. The chimneys are of clay; and though these habitations are rude in appearance, there is much comfort in them. This done, the trader gives a great portion of his merchandise to the Indians on credit. These credits are from 20 to 200 dollars in amount, according to the reputation of the applicant as a hunter. It is expected that the debtor will pay in the following spring, though, as many neglect this part of the business, the trader is compelled to rate his goods very high. Thus the honest pay for the dishonest. The skins are dried with care, being occasionally exposed to the sun, and rubbed with salt and alum, to keep the hair attached. This is partly done by the natives, and partly by the purchasers. Ardent spirits were never much used among the remote tribes. It is on the frontier, and in the immediate vicinity of the white settlers, that the Indians get enough to do them physical injury; though, in the interior, the traders, in the heat of opposition, employ strong liquors to induce the savages to commit outrage, or to defraud their creditors. By this means, the moral principle of the aborigines is overcome, and often eradicated. Spirit is commonly introduced into their country in the form of high wines, they being less bulky, and easier of transportation, than liquors of lower proof. Indians, after having once tasted, become extravagantly fond of them, and will make any sacrifice, or commit any crime, to obtain them. An interpreter is necessary to a fur-trader, whether he speaks the language of the tribe with which he deals or not. It is the duty of an interpreter to take charge of the house, and carry on the business in the absence of the principal. He also visits the camps, and watches the debtors. In the prairie regions, dog-sledges are used for the transportation of skins and goods in winter. The sledge is merely a flat board turned up in front like the runner of a sleigh. The

dogs are harnessed and driven tandem, and their strength and powers of endurance are very great.'

The same writer goes on to remark: 'The fur-trade demoralises all engaged in it. The way in which it operates on the Indians has been already partially explained. As to the traders, they are generally ignorant men, in whose breasts interest overcomes religion and morals. As they are beyond the reach of the law, at least in the remote regions, they disregard it, and often commit or instigate actions which they would blush to avow in civilised society. In consequence of the fur-trade, the buffalo has receded hundreds of miles beyond his former haunts. Formerly, an Indian killed a buffalo, made garments of the skin, and fed on the flesh: now, he finds that a blanket is lighter and more convenient than a buffalo robe, and kills two or three animals with whose skins he may purchase it. To procure a gun, he must kill ten. The same causes operate to destroy the other animals. Some few tribes hunt on the different parts of their grounds alternately, and so preserve the game, but by far the greater part of the aborigines have no such regulations.'

Regarding the evils of competition in the fur-trade, Lord Selkirk relates many circumstances strongly corroborative of the observations just quoted. When the North-West Company was threatened with the competition of a new establishment, the murder of a gentleman belonging to the latter was actually traced to the instigation of the European or white servants of the old firm. Competition, however, has now in a great measure ceased, and it is to be hoped that the evils referrible to it have died with it. The American Company and the Hudson's Bay Company have the trade now in a great measure to themselves, and their business lies in quarters so far asunder, that their rivalry can produce no mischief.

The animals which supply the furs used in the civilised world, are certainly becoming every year more scarce. The plan followed by some of the native tribes, of hunting in different grounds every season, is the only one, if it is

could be followed, capable of preserving a supply. Private trading would be a great obstacle to this, were there no other.

FRANCIS CHANTREY.

THE father of Chantrey was a small farmer near Sheffield. He died when his son was only twelve years of age. His mother seems to have had little respect for herself or the memory of her husband, for when she was but a few months a widow, she married one of her own farm-servants. This step greatly outraged the feelings of young Chantrey, who would never call his mother by her new name. To get rid of the youth, he was placed as a shopboy with a grocer in Sheffield; but disliking this profession, he was, after a few weeks, removed from behind the grocer's counter, and apprenticed to Robert Ramsay, a carver and gilder, the artistic attractions of whose window had fixed the attention of the lad. Francis began his apprenticeship in 1797, when he was sixteen years old.

Chantrey was now in a sphere which admitted of the cultivation of certain tastes with which he felt himself inspired. Besides being a carver in wood, his master was a dealer in prints and plaster-models, and these Chantrey at once set about imitating. It will here be observed, that in doing so he necessarily encroached on his private time. There was no call on him, in point of duty to his employer, to become either a draughtsman or a sculptor. Like hundreds of apprentice lads, he might just have done the work put before him, and consumed the remainder of his time in sleep and amusement. But Chantrey possessed the desire to improve his abilities, and his self-denial, patience, and industry at this period of his life, led the way to future renown.

'In Ramsay's shop,' to follow a good summary of his

biography in the *Times* newspaper, 'Chantrey copied the prints, worked at the carvings, cleaned pictures, and tried his 'prentice hand as a modeller upon the face of a fellow-workman. He did more. At a trifling expense, he hired a small room, to which he retired to spend every hour he could call his own in modelling and drawing. "It was often midnight," writes his biographer, Mr Holland, "before he came home ; but neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates." He was still an apprentice when he made the acquaintance of Jonathan Wilson, the medal-engraver. In the old High Street of Sheffield was a low gloomy shop, called " Woollen's Circulating Library." "In a back chamber of these premises," Mr Holland informs us, "night by night, towards the close of his apprenticeship, did young Chantrey and his friend Wilson devote themselves to the pencil, their principal exercise being to copy the drapery of a series of French prints of statuary." Subsequently, meeting Mr Raphael Smith, "the distinguished draughtsman in crayon," at his master's house, and growing impatient of wood-carving, Chantrey induced Mr Ramsay to cancel his indentures two years before his term of apprenticeship expired. A friend advanced L.50 to effect his release, and freedom being obtained, Chantrey, then in his twenty-first year, made the best of his way to London. Reaching that scene of his future greatness, he called immediately upon an uncle and aunt, both living in the service of Mrs D'Oyley, in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and that lady, much to her credit, gave the young artist a room over her stable to work in, and requested his uncle to see him daily supplied with a necessary knife and fork.

'At Mrs D'Oyley's, Chantrey was still a man-of-all-work—cleaning the pictures in that lady's house, and occupying himself now with painting and now with sculpture, yet doubtful as to which pursuit he should finally and exclusively devote his powers. A very few months after taking up his residence in Mayfair, we find the active youth

back in Sheffield upon a flying professional visit, making the most of his advantages at this as at every later period of his life. Mr Holland has fished from the *Sheffield Iris* of April 22, 1802, a characteristic advertisement referring to this artistic speculation, much too good to be lost :—

“F. Chantrey, with all due deference, begs permission to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its vicinity, that during his stay here he wishes to employ his time in taking of portraits in crayons and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honour to sit. F. C., though a young artist, has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works and productions of Messrs Smith, Arnold, & Co., gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses; and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage. Terms—from two to three guineas. 24 Paradise Square.”

‘The advertiser was not without custom. Indeed, Sheffield had patronised his exertions in this direction before, and Mr Holland enumerates as many as seventy-two portraits still to be found in Sheffield and the neighbourhood, all painted by Chantrey before he forsook the brush for the chisel. Among the seventy-two are portraits of Chantrey’s old schoolmaster; of James Montgomery, the poet; of an old man, whose canvas announces that the work is “done by Francis Chantrey, a self-taught youth, of Norton parish;” of a cutler, who paid Chantrey the first guinea he received for the exercise of his pencil; and of an ambitious confectioner, who gave the artist L.5 and a *pair of top-boots*! for a likeness “in oil, of the brownish tint, rather tamely executed.”

‘Two years elapsed from the first visit to Sheffield, and Chantrey had made sufficient progress in sculpture to justify a more ambitious appeal to the patronage of his fellow-townsmen. The *Sheffield Iris* of October 18, 1804, is again the vehicle of his humble petition for work. Thus runs the advertisement :—

“F. Chantrey respectfully solicits the patronage of the

ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its environs in the above arts, during the recess of the Royal Academy, which he hopes to merit from the specimen he has to offer to their attention at his apartments, No. 14 Norfolk Street. As models from life are not generally attempted in the country, F. C. hopes to meet the liberal sentiments of an impartial public."

"There were Sheffield gentlemen ready to be done in plaster, as there had been cutlers and confectioners willing to be immortalised in oils. Moreover, there was a laudable desire to push native talent, and Chantrey was fairly taken by the hand by the men of Sheffield. A correspondent of a local journal called attention to the genius which Providence had unexpectedly raised in the land of hardware, and the first opportunity was seized to bring its capability publicly to the test. A monument was to be raised to the memory of the late vicar of Sheffield in 1805, and Chantrey, then twenty-four years old, was selected for the work. So successful was the artist on this occasion, that Montgomery, in alluding to his achievement, prophesied that "his genius would not only confer celebrity on the little village of Norton, the place of his birth, but reflect glory on his native country itself." Three years after this performance, Chantrey sent for exhibition to Sheffield "a gigantic head of Satan," modelled in the room over the stable in Mayfair, and remarkable not only as an indication of the sculptor's powers, but as the harbinger of all his subsequent success. Flaxman, who had seen and admired this head at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, recommended Chantrey for the execution of the busts of four admirals required for the Naval Asylum at Greenwich. This commission led immediately to others. Painting was given up. The professional visits to Sheffield were also abandoned: no further advertisements were inserted in the *Sheffield Iris*. Chantrey married, and received substantial coin with his wife. Mrs D'Oyley's butler was comfortably warm in respect to the things of this life, and when he gave his daughter to his nephew, he added a ~~small~~

sufficient to enable the latter to build himself a studio, and to take a position worthy of his prospects. From first to last, Chantrey received of his wife's money considerably more than L.10,000; and of all artists that ever lived, Chantrey knew best how to turn such gifts of fortune to good account.

Francis Chantrey, like Byron, rose one morning and found himself famous. In the year 1811, he had six busts in the exhibition; and one of these was the head of Horne Tooke, which brought commissions, according to Chantrey's own account, amounting to L.12,000.

In 1811, over fifteen competitors, Chantrey was selected to execute a statue of George III. for the city of London. From that year until 1817, he commanded in his profession. By universal consent, he was allowed to be unequalled in his time as a modeller of busts; and nothing, indeed, can surpass the force, the truthfulness, and simplicity of these works. In 1817, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; and from this period, until his death in 1841, he pursued a most successful and profitable career, having been engaged to execute busts in marble of many distinguished individuals, besides other figures. As is well known, he was assisted in executing the details of some of his best sculptures by Allan Cunningham. It is matter for surprise, that Chantrey should have done so much and conducted himself so properly, considering personal and other deficiencies. His vision was very imperfect. Of the right eye, he had no use whatever; yet he was an excellent shot. Of reading, he had none. His education had been of the very humblest, yet no one would have accused him of ignorance on any matter. He had surprising tact, a singular faculty of observation, admirable facility of acquiring knowledge in his daily walks, and perfect skill in concealing his poverty. He was brought up, the son of a working-man, first in a poor cottage, then in a carver's shop; but he was at ease in the society of princes, and his manner was as far removed from obsequious flattery as from vulgar rudeness. He had a fine and

frank independence, which endeared him to his inferiors, and gave dignity to his professional character in the eyes of those above him.

Chantrey's career ceases to be in any way exemplary, from the time he acquired wealth and distinction. He became avaricious—eager for commissions; and it is alleged that so worldly were his feelings, that he never entered the door of a place of public worship. Of what use, it may be said, were his great acquisitions?—had he struggled from the first only to make money! It is, however, pleasing to have to say, that in the bequest of his large fortune, he aimed at the future encouragement of art. In his will, Chantrey provided that the whole of his effects, 'amounting, we believe, to £90,000, should, at the decease of his widow, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture," but only such as shall have been entirely executed "within the shores of Great Britain;" the "wish and intention" of the artist being, "that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British art in painting and sculpture." One or two minor bequests are of a curious nature. As a mark of his regard for the long services of his old lieutenant, Allan Cunningham, Chantrey stipulated in his will that the latter should be entitled to receive a legacy of £2000, upon his superintending the completion of the Wellington statue. Allan attended to the important work up to the day of his death, but he died before the statue was completed, and—whatever may have been the intentions of the testator—his family lost the money. Another bequest was a gift of £50 per annum, "to be paid to a schoolmaster, under the direction of the vicar or resident clergyman, to instruct ten poor boys of the parish of Norton, without expense to their parents;" but the condition of the legacy was the perpetuation of the donor's tomb. Mr Holland,' says the writer in the *Times*, 'gives no explanation of this somewhat unusual proviso; but it

is worth recording nevertheless. Many years before his decease, Chantrey attended at St Martin's-in-the-Fields, with a friend, the funeral of Scott, who was shot in the duel with Christie. The grave-yard was strewn with human bones, and the grave-digger was adding indiscriminately and irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired of the sexton what eventually became of those last remains of mortality. The sexton replied with a smile, that when they grew too plentiful, they were carted off in loads to the Thames. The friend described the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white, and perspiration poured down them. At the moment, he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And accordingly, there are L.5 per annum for ten poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton, and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it, he encountered the grave-digger, who approached him, mattock on shoulder. "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the grave-digger quietly and civilly: and it is likely enough that he did, for within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him.

THE OLD WAY OF LIVING IN SCOTLAND.

Now that Scotland is so generally Anglicised, altered, and improved in various ways, it is curious to look upon a period when the style of living was almost entirely different — when, as yet, it retained the stamp of its ancient and peculiar character. Besides satisfying curiosity, there may be a use in a retrospect of this kind; for it will enable us to compare the past with the present, and say whether the times are really better or worse. For various reasons, therefore, we propose to give a glance at the way of living formerly prevalent in Scotland.

BURGHAL POPULATION.

Some notion of the style of living in a country town of the better order, eighty to a hundred years ago, may be acquired from a work published under the title of *Traditions of Perth*, by George Penny;* which, though written in an unpretending manner, will be found to contain much curious matter.

‘The dress of the working-classes was wont to be of a very coarse fabric, commonly hoddan gray;† and the broad blue bonnet was universal. The cut of a fashionable coat of former days differed considerably from our ideas of elegance. This important article of dress was made with a very long waist, and gradually widened as it came down to the haunches; the tails were short, and spread round in front of the thighs; the sleeves were very wide, with immense cuffs folding back nearly to the elbows, and were ornamented with a profusion of very large buttons. Neither coat nor waistcoat had any neck, and the shirt was merely secured at the neck by a button — very few, except on holidays, indulging in the extravagant

* Perth: Dewar, Sidey, Morison, Peat, &c. 1836.

† Coarse cloth, of the natural colour of the wool.

luxury of wearing a neckcloth. The waistcoat was an important and substantial article of dress, and, at a pinch, might have stood in place of a whole wardrobe. It descended nearly to the knees, parting at the top of the thighs into what were called flaps, each of which contained a pocket so capacious, as might lead to the idea that the worthy owners were in the habit of carrying their whole movables about with them. The breeches were very short, extending from the knee to the haunches, upon which they hung without the aid of braces. The stockings were a stout, and generally home-made article, produced by the females of the family. Many aged people, who had become incapable of more active employment, procured a living by knitting stockings. The hair was worn long, flowing over the shoulders.

‘The common every-day dress of the women consisted of coarse blue plaiding petticoats, and a short-gown of the same. The married women wore a close mutch, which on Sundays they ornamented with some showy ribbons. Their Sunday-dress was composed of linsey-woolsey, which was chiefly spun in the family, and given out to weave.

‘The young unmarried women wore their hair tied round with a ribbon or snood. The plaid, brought over the head, served the purpose of a bonnet. In the matter of female dress, there existed, as at present, a considerable diversity.

‘The dress of the more wealthy was fashioned as above described, but of finer stuff; to which was added a huge wig, decorated with numerous rows of curls, and a large toupee in front; the whole surmounted by a magnificent cocked-hat; so that when the respectables appeared abroad, with a long pike-staff in their hand, reaching to about a foot above their head, or a gold-headed cane of similar length, their shoes and knees sparkling with immense silver buckles, they had a very consequential, though somewhat grotesque appearance.

‘The ladies and matrons were very particular about their dress. The gowns, which were of silk or brocade

patterns, were very long in the waists, with long flowing trains, which were generally tucked up all round. High-heeled shoes with silver buckles were the fashion. The hair was so dressed as to stand exceedingly high, if not upon end, and was covered with a fine lawn head-dress, with lappets and pinnars, which hung down from the back of the head. About the year 1775, haunch-hoops were greatly in vogue among the better classes; and the *haut ton* wore them round the skirts, of a diameter so great, that before a lady could enter a ball-room, she had to raise the one side of her hoop as high as the head, and let the other come in towards her, to enable her to pass the doorway. Old men wore grammaches above their stockings, which were drawn up above the breeches to the middle of the thigh, and were fastened below by a flap coming forward on the foot, under the buckle of the shoe. The shoes or slippers of the beaux were made so low, that little more than their toes were protected by the instep; and this was completely covered by a plated buckle.

‘The lasses in those days, instead of being brought up to the piano, were taught the management of an instrument equally soothing, and generally much more agreeable to the head of the family—namely, the spinning-wheel. As the whole of the household linen, as well as blankets, were home-made, a good supply of those articles was a matter of honest pride with the mother and daughters of a family.

‘The furniture in the houses of the working-classes was not only scanty, but of a very humble description. The bed was generally formed in a recess, with doors in front, and boarded round. Being often shut up, and difficult to clean, they were very unhealthy; and soon became the stronghold of such numerous colonies of intruders, that the only effectual expedient to get rid of these nocturnal visitants was to burn them out, by throwing the wood-work to the street, and making a bonfire of it. There was another common sort of bed, with four short posts, and wooden bottom. This, though of a rude appearance,

was a much more healthy couch than the former. Two chairs, and a couple of rude stools, a large buffet-stool for a table, together with a spinning-wheel, completed the leading articles of furniture. A heather-besom was the usual implement for cleaning their houses—washing them being seldom thought of. The greater part of the low-built houses had earthen-floors; and in wet weather, or when water was accidentally spilt upon them, they were very disagreeable. The houses of the middle-classes, although better furnished, were still but mean. Even the higher class of merchants had few of those conveniences now so generally diffused among all ranks of society. Carpets were a luxury known but to a few, and this only for the parlour. There was always a bed in the kitchen, and often three beds in one sleeping-apartment. The houses of common labourers and tradesmen consisted of a single room, and as there was no cellar attached, they were rendered more dirty and uncomfortable than they otherwise might have been. One room paid a rent of from 20s. to 25s. a year; two rooms and a closet were let for about 50s.; and the largest flat for about L.8 or L.10.

‘From what has been already stated, it is not to be supposed that the inhabitants were very cleanly, either in their household arrangements, in their habits, or their dress. Shoes were seldom cleaned but on Saturday night, when it was necessary to soften them with oil or grease. In some country places, brogues were made of undressed leather, secured with thongs instead of thread. These were by no means waterproof; but this was of little consequence, as the wearer had frequently to steep his brogues to keep them supple.

‘We frequently hear the “good old times” so highly praised, that one might be led to suppose that our ancestors lived at their ease, without labour or care, and fared sumptuously every day. The real state of the case, however, was very different. In the middle of the last century, the labouring-classes lived very poorly. The ~~k~~fast consisted of oatmeal porridge or brose, with

skimmed milk or ale; their dinner usually of water-kail—that is, green-kail and other vegetables boiled with field-peas and groats, barley not being then in use. Nettles were frequently used instead of greens. Pease-bannocks were eaten with this mess, to add nourishment to the meal. The supper consisted of sowans or brose. Occasionally a little flesh-meat was procured for the Sabbath-day. There is a local proverb, “As auld’s the Muirton kail,” the origin of which is now almost forgotten. It arose from some miserly farmer in this quarter being in the continual practice of adding the remains of the one day’s kail to the next day’s pottage. A dispute arising on the subject between him and his servants, it was proved in court that the kail or broth was seven years old. Brochan, or thick gruel, was rather a favourite supper, and was also often taken to dinner. During the salmon-fishing season, the backbones of the fish, which were extracted in preparing them for the London market, supplied a grateful addition to the dinner-table of a great portion of the inhabitants. Although most families had a garden, yet little else was cultivated than green-kail. These were in daily use, and formed a principal ingredient in the celebrated Scottish dish of kail-brose. This mess was prepared by pouring a quantity of *kail* upon a cog of oatmeal. It was truly a coarse repast. The more wealthy breakfasted on porridge, dined on broth and meat, and took porridge to supper. There was generally an addition of bread and cheese, or cold meat, to the morning meal.

‘About the year 1760, bakers only heated their ovens twice a week; as loaf-bread was never used by the bulk of the people, their principal business lay in baking oat-cakes; the practice being to return so many cakes for each peck of meal brought in, the surplus being a perquisite to the bakers’ men, who disposed of it to customers of their own.’ Another kind of homely bread in these times, was the bannock—a thick unleavened cake, formed of a mixture of pease and barley meal, or of one of these ingredients alone. Fired on an iron girdle,

bannocks, of whatever species, were a heavy and coarse, though not unwholesome article of diet. Few changes are more remarkable, than that from oat-cakes and bannocks, to the wheaten-bread of the baker.

In these 'good old times,' no fresh meat was eaten in winter, from the want of subsistence at that season for sheep and cattle; turnips and artificial grasses being as yet unknown. It was therefore customary to lay in a *mart*, as it was called, or stock of salted flesh sufficient for the winter's supply. 'This was generally done by a number of families joining for an ox, and dividing the carcass according to their wants. By this means it was procured rather cheaper, costing them about three-halfpence a pound. But the superior advantages which the regular dealer now affords the public, of a fresh supply at all times, and a choice of quality and price, have entirely done away with the old system.

'In these times, there were about sixty brewers in the town; and each kept one or two men, who were boarded in the house. They were a set of stout jovial fellows, always ready for a row. Their most esteemed accomplishment, however, was their skill in brewing ale, which was greatly relished by all classes, and was sold at a *very fair price*; a measure, which contained nearly a quart, was retailed out of the house at a halfpenny, and before tea became fashionable, was in high favour with the wives. Such was its efficacy, that a few applications to the pundie was apt to infringe the rules of decorum. In the house, this beverage cost a penny the bottle, and a more potent infusion was sold at twopence. To these halcyon days, when a company could enjoy themselves a whole evening at a penny a head, the octogenarian may look back with unavailing regret. Who that has visited the "Turk's Head" of an evening, and tasted Luckie Kettles's extra, and her salt herring and oat-cakes, can ever forget the happiness and the devotion of the company in applying themselves to the business of the evening? Everybody in Perth, whether soldier or civilian, knew Lucky Kettles; and her praises were sung, and her

cheer extolled, by all who had ever the felicity of her acquaintance.

‘If it be true that an article becomes good and cheap in proportion to the demand, there must have been a great deal of spirits consumed. Highland whisky sold at a shilling the Scotch pint [two English quarts], and received especial patronage as a morning-dram. This was a very general indulgence. The Indian was a moderate man who wished his throat were a mile long, that he might taste the rum all the way. Many of our worthies would have had no objection though the morning had lasted until night, if they could have drunk whisky all the time. An old flesher, who was rather remarkable for his attachment to an early stimulant, always observed as he drained the glass: “I have taken it off, as it is my *morning*.” He was often known to drink eight or ten before breakfast. The *morning* was necessary to restore their nerves. A walk was taken, perhaps the length of the Inch Head or Queen Mary’s Well, in order to qualify their morning, when probably an additional dose would be taken to overcome the fatigue of their walk. Even many of the gudewives kept a private bottle; and as it was esteemed a specific for almost all the ills of life, it is little wonder if they occasionally exceeded in their potations.

‘About the year 1765, tea began to be introduced; and if it has promoted the change which has since taken place in the character, habits, and social comforts of the people, we may hail it as one of the greatest blessings which commerce ever bestowed upon mankind. At first it was taken only by stealth. The tea-equipage was placed in the press, and the gudewife, as she took the forbidden cup, stood with the door in her hand, to be ready to shut it on the approach of any one. It was long before the tea-table assumed its present attractive elegance. The first tea-dishes that appeared were an extremely coarse cream-coloured ware. Indian china was excessively dear—the price of half-a-dozen cups and saucers being from twenty to thirty shillings; the price of

a tea-pot was half a guinea. About 1774, Staffordshire ware appeared; and the vast improvement which skill and enterprise introduced into this manufacture, soon expelled the Indian china from the market.

‘The writer recollects some amusing specimens of early tea-drinking. An Ochil laird, who was in the habit of attending Perth market with butter and cheese, breakfasted one morning in his father’s house. This laird was quite a specimen of a class which has since become extinct, or greatly modified, and therefore merits a description. His figure was tall and gaunt; his long gray hair flowed over his shoulders, and his rough beard had been trimmed with a pair of shears; his dress was a suit of hodden-gray, spun and dyed in the family; the shoes, of strong neat-leather, were fastened with large brass buckles; the coat and waistcoat, made in the fashion already described, exposed his long bare neck; with the shirt made of coarse tweeling, fastened with a button. John having been desired to help himself, commenced by cutting a lump of butter, which he proceeded to spread on a slice of bread with his thumb, first taking the precaution to lubricate it well with spittle, to prevent the butter adhering to it; he then began to sup the tea with a spoon in the manner of soup. A wag of a chapman, who happened to be present, said: “Hoot man, John, that’s no the way to drink tea: take the saucer to your head, and drink it as ye see me do.” John being thus corrected, conceived that the fashion was to drink the beverage after the manner of ale; and, accordingly, taking up the cup, drank their healths round; and an interchange of compliments was continued till they rose from the table. This worthy held a property in the Ochils that would now yield an income of L.1000 a year; and yet he came to Perth mounted on a Galloway, with a straw saddle, and a pair of branks and hair-tether for a bridle, and thus brought his butter and cheese to market. Having got breakfast, he generously invited those of the family who were of age, and the chapman, to drink his stable-fee. Five individuals, accordingly, accompanied

him, and John treated them to a bottle of ale, which cost him a penny; and this was all the recompense the public-house received for stabling his horse !'

THE GENTRY.

Referring to the style of living among the gentry in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, an interesting paper appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1817. It was the composition of a deceased gentlewoman of Renfrewshire, whom the editor described as distinguished both for goodness of heart and solidity of judgment. It proceeds as follows:—

'The year 1727 is as far back as I can remember: at that time there was little bread in Scotland, manufactories brought to no perfection either in linen or woollen; every woman made her web, and bleached it herself; it never rose higher than 2s. a yard, and with this cloth was every one clothed. The young men, who were at this time growing more nice, got theirs from Holland for shirts; but the old ones were satisfied with necks and sleeves of the fine, which were put on loose above the country cloth. I remember in 1730 or '31 of a ball, where it was agreed that the company should be dressed in nothing but home manufactures. My sisters were as well dressed as any, and their gowns were stript linen, at 2s. 6d. a yard; their heads and ruffles were of Paisley muslins, at 4s. 6d., with 4d. edging from Hamilton—all of them the finest that could be got. A few years after this, weavers were brought from Holland, and manufactories for linen established in the west. The dress of the ladies was more expensive than at present, though not so often renewed. At the time I remember, hoops were wore constantly four yards and a half round, which required much silk to cover them; and gold and silver were much used for trimmings—never less than three rows round the petticoat. Their heads were all dressed with lace from Flanders; no blonds nor coarse edging used: the price of these were high, but two silk

would serve for life. They were not removed but at marriages or some great event: who could not afford them, were fringes of thread. Their tables were as full as at present, though the meat was ill cooked, and as badly served up. They ate out of pewter, often not clean, but were nicer in table-fash than now, which was removed every day in gentlemen's families, and always napkins. The servants ate ill, having a set form by the week, of three days broth and salt meat, and three days mungro, with plenty of oat-bread and small-beer. Their wages were small till the vails were abolished: the men from L3 to L9 in the year, the women from L1, 10s. to L2. At these times I mention, few of the women-servants would either sew or iron linen, which was all smoothed in the mangle, except the ladies' head-dresses, which were done by their own maids. They in general employed as many servants as they do at present in the country, not in towns, where one man-servant was thought sufficient for most families, or two at most, unless they kept a carriage, which was a thing very uncommon in those days, and only used by the nobles of great fortune. Their manners were peculiar to themselves: as some part of the old feudal system still remained, every master was revered by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics; his hours of eating, sleeping, and amusement, were carefully attended to by all his family, and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion were marked, that nothing might interrupt him: he kept his own seat by the fire, or at table, with his hat on his head, and often had particular dishes served up for himself, that no one else shared of. Their children approached them with awe, and never spoke with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was, that, except at meals, they were never together, though the reverence they had for their parents taught them obedience, modesty, temperance. No one helped themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to eat up what was put on their plate; so that the mistress of the family [—] gave you a full meal or not as she pleased, from

whence came in the fashion of pressing to eat, so far as to be disagreeable.

‘Before the Union, and for many years after it, money was very scarce in Scotland. A country without trade, or culture, or money to carry on either, must improve by slow degrees. A great part of the rents of estates were paid in kind ; this allowed gentlemen to live comfortably at home, though they could not elsewhere. As few people could afford to go to town in the winter, their acquaintance was much confined. The children of this small society were under a necessity of being companions to each other ; this produced many strong friendships, and strong attachments, and frequently very improper marriages. By their society being confined, their affections were less diffused, and centered all in their own family circle. There was no enlargement of mind here : their manners were the same, and their sentiments the same. They were indulgent to the faults of each other, but most severe on those they were not accustomed to ; so that censure and detraction seemed to be the vices of the age.

‘From this education proceeded pride of understanding, bigotry in religion, and want of refinement in every useful art.

‘While the parents were both alive, the mother could give little attention to her girls—domestic affairs, and amusing her husband, was the business of a good wife. Those who could afford governesses for their children, had them ; but all they could learn from them was to read English, and do plain work : the chief thing required was to hear them repeat psalms and long catechisms, in which they were employed an hour or more every day, and almost the whole day on Sunday. If there were no governess to perform this, it was done by the chaplain, of which there was one in every family. No attention was given to what we call accomplishments : reading or writing well, or even spelling, was never thought of ; music, drawing, or French, was seldom taught the girls. They were allowed to run about, and amuse themselves

in the way they chose, even to womanhood, at which time they were generally sent to Edinburgh for a winter or two, to learn to dress themselves, to dance, and to see a little of the world—which world was only to be seen at church, at marriages, burials, and baptisms. When in the country, their only employment was working in coloured-work, beds, tapestry, and other pieces of furniture, imitations of fruits and flowers, with very little taste. If they read any, it was either books of devotion or long romances, and sometimes both.

‘From the accounts given by old people who lived in this time, we have reason to believe there was as little care taken of the young men’s education as that of women, excepting those who were intended for learned professions, who got a regular education at schools and colleges; but the generality of country gentlemen, and even noblemon, were contented with the instruction given by the chaplain to their sons.

‘That the manners of the times I write of may be shewn in a fuller light, I shall give Mr Barclay’s relation of the most memorable things that passed in his father’s house, from the beginning of the century to the year 14, in which his father died. “My brother,” says he, “was married in the year 4, at the age of twenty-one; few men were unmarried after this time of life. I myself was married by my friends at eighteen, which was thought a proper age. Sir James Stuart’s marriage with President Dalrymple’s second daughter brought together a number of people related to both families. At the signing of the eldest Miss Dalrymple’s contract the year before, there was an entire hogshhead of wine drank that night, and the number of people at Sir James Stuart’s was little less. The marriage was in the president’s house, with as many of the relations as it would hold. The bride’s favours were all sewed on her gown, from top to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her, and pulled off the favours; in an instant she was stripped of them all. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bride-

groom's man attempted to pull from her leg ; but she dropped it on the floor : it was a white and silver ribbon, which was cut in small morsels to every one in company. The bride's mother then came in with a basket of favours belonging to the bridegroom ; those and the bride's were the same with the bearings of their families : hers pink and white, his blue and gold colour."

"The company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening ; the same next day at Sir James Stuart's. On Sunday, there went from the president's house to church three-and-twenty couples, all in high dress : Mr Barclay, then a boy, led the youngest Miss Dalrymple, who was the last of them. They filled the galleries of the church from the king's seat to the wing-loft. The feasting continued till they had gone through all the friends of the family, with a ball every night.

'As the baptisms formed another public occasion, he goes on to describe it thus :

"On the fourth week after the lady's delivery, she was set on her bed on a low footstool, the bed covered with some neat piece of sewed-work or white satin, with three pillows at her back covered with the same ; she in full dress, with a lappet head-dress and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little through the room, for there are no chairs ; they drink a glass of wine and eat a piece of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week, all the friends were asked to what was called the Cummerfalls : this was a supper, where every gentleman brought a pint of wine, to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was—a ham at the head, and a pyramid of fowls at the bottom, hens and ducks below, and partridges at top ; there was an eating-posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweetmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in an instant every one flew to the sweetmeats, to pocket them, on which a scramble ensued, chairs overturned, and everything on the table,

wrestling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise and violence. When all was quiet, they went to the stoups (for there were no bottles for wine), of which the women had a good share; for though it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicated in good company. A few days after this, the same company were asked to the christening, which was always in the church, all in high dress—a number of them young ladies, who were called Maiden Cummers: one of them presented the child to the father. After the ceremony, they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded by a ball."

'The burials are the only solemnities now to be taken notice of. They were generally always on foot, and the magistrates and town-council were always invited to that of every person of any consideration. "Fifteen hundred burial-letters were wrote," says Mr Barclay, "at my father's death; the General Assembly was sitting at the time, and all the clergy were asked; and so great was the crowd, that the magistrates were at the grave in the Greyfriars' Churchyard before the corpse was taken out of the house in the foot of the Advocates' Close. A few years before this, it had ceased to be the fashion for ladies to walk behind the corpse, in full dress, with coloured clothes; but formerly the chesting was at the same time, and all the female relations asked, which made part of the procession."

'At this time, acts of devotion employed much of the time. The same gentleman gives the following account of a Sunday fast in his father's house:—Prayers by the chaplain at nine o'clock—all went regularly to church at ten, the women in high dress; he himself was employed to give the collection for the family, which consisted of a crown—half after twelve, they came home—at one, had prayers again by the chaplain, after which they had a bit of cold meat or eggs, and returned to church at two. At four, every one retired to their private devotions, except the children and servants, who were convened by the chaplain, and examined: this continued till five, when

supper was served up, or rather dinner: a few male friends generally partook of this meal, and sat till eight; after which psalm-singing, reading, and prayers, were performed by the old gentleman himself, and then they all retired.

‘Whether the genius of a people forms their religious sentiments, or if religion forms, in some measure, the manners of a people, I shall leave the wise to decide. I shall only observe, that while that reverence remained in the minds of men for masters, fathers, and heads of clans, it was then that the dread of Deity was most powerful. This will appear from the superstitious writings of the times. The fear of hell, and deceitful power of the devil, were at the bottom of all their religious sentiments. The established belief in witchcraft, for which many suffered, prevailed much at this time; ghosts, too, and apparitions of various kinds, were believed to prevail; few old houses were without a ghost-chamber, that few had courage to sleep in; omens and dreams were much regarded, even by people of the best education. These were the manners of the last century [the seventeenth], and remained in part for many years in this.

‘In well-regulated families, there was then a degree of attention paid the old, yea, even servility, that this age knows nothing of, and whoever was wanting in it, was unfit for company. Nobody in those times thought of pleasing themselves: the established rule was to please your company; endeavour to make them think well of themselves, and they will think well of you for doing so. Society was not yet so much enlarged as to weaken the affections of near relations. This may easily be ascertained by every one now alive that is past fifty: not only brothers and sisters, but brothers and sisters-in-law, mothers-in-law, and even more distant connections, would leave their own families for ten or twelve days, and attend with the utmost care a friend in a fever or dangerous disorder: these were the nurse-keepers for the first thirty years of this century, who by every method

endeavoured to lessen their distress, nor left them night or day till they were recovered or buried.

‘The intercourse between relations and friends was kept up in another way—which was by small presents, mostly consisting of meat and drink; anything rare or good of its kind was in part sent to a friend; whatever rank in life they were in, these presents were received with thanks, and returned in kind, on proper occasions: neither were strangers nor people of high rank sought after in their entertainments; it was their relations, the friends they loved, that shared their delicacies.

‘It was about this time [namely, in the early youth of the writer], that tea-tables were established. It was the fashion for the men to meet regularly in the change-house, as it was then called, for their different clubs, where they spent the evening in conversation, without much expense: a shilling-reckoning was very high; and for people of the first fashion, it was more general from fourpence to eightpence, paying besides for their tobacco and pipes, which were much in use in some of these clubs. They played at backgammon or catch-honours for a penny the game. All business was transacted in the forenoon, and in the change-houses; the lawyers were there consulted, and the bill paid by the employer. The wine was sherry in nutchkin-stoups; every new one was chalked on the head of the stoup: it was incredible the quantity that was drunk on these occasions. Everybody dined at home in private, unless called to some of the entertainments mentioned above; but the tea-table very soon introduced supping in private houses, where young people found themselves happy with one another. They were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edinburgh; and lest the families they visited might be unprepared, they sent in the morning to know if they were to drink tea at home, as they wished to wait on them. Amongst friends, this was always considered as a supper, and any of their male acquaintances asked that they could command, to make up the party. The acquaintances made up at public

places did not visit in this way: they hired a chair for the afternoon, and run through a number of houses, as is the fashion still. These manners continued till 1760, when more of the English fashions took place; one of which was to dine at three, and what company you had should be at dinner. These dinners lasted long. The women sat for half an hour after them, and retired to tea; but gentlemen took their bottle, and generally sat till eight. The women are all the evening by themselves, which puts a stop to that intercourse so necessary for the improvement of both sexes.'

FARMERS AND PEASANTRY.

Till the immediately past age, the rural population of Scotland appear to have lived in by no means an Arcadian condition. From the conversation of grandams, and the traces of the old manners which may still be perceived in sequestered parts of the country, we can readily, even at this day, appreciate the hardships and discomforts which the whole body of the peasantry endured in former times. They were unquestionably very great, and such as could only have been supported under the combined influence of ignorance and a submissive and self-denying disposition. At the conclusion of a popular history of Scotland, written by Mr John Struthers of Glasgow, and published by Messrs Blackie and Son of that city, there is an account of the domestic system of the inferior kind of farmers in the western counties, about the middle of the eighteenth century—which, though presenting a picture of startling sordidness, does not, we are persuaded, greatly exaggerate the real features of what it professes to describe. 'Over the country in general, that venerable personage, Use-and-Wont, with his faithful attendants, Sloth, and Famine, and Nastiness, still held an almost unbroken dominion. To those who are not old enough to remember having seen the last remains of it in operation, no description can give anything like an adequate idea of the wretched

economy that was at this period prevalent. Except the kail-yard, and the barn-yard, of which it most commonly made a part, there were no enclosures, and these were generally very imperfect ones. Many farms were still held in run-rig, and the corn was no sooner off the fields, than all the cattle of a neighbourhood, being driven to the door, and left to wander where they would, herded together through the day, and if any one had a rig or two of stubble not fully *picked*, as they graphically termed it, a herd of a hundred or a hundred and fifty of his own and his neighbours' cattle did it most effectually in a couple of hours.' The farmhouses were generally thatched hovels of at most two apartments—a *but* and a *ben*; while in every proper convenience there was a lamentable deficiency. Often rain dropped through the roof; and the apartments being perpetually filled with smoke, every rafter was feathered with soot. In such a state of things, it may easily be conceived that dairy operations, performed within the sphere of the only sitting and eating apartment, were on a rude and unsatisfactory scale. 'But if the dairy was mismanaged on the part of the women, the husbandry was perhaps still more so on the part of the men. The plough made use of was the old Scottish, drawn by four horses; itself, from the clumsiness of its make, a sufficient draught for two of them, though it had never entered the earth. The horses were for the most part in no great heart; they were also accoutred in a very uncouth manner.' The operations with this clumsy ploughing-machine were of a very rude and insufficient kind; and so late was every crop for want of proper management, that harvest was retarded; sometimes, indeed, reaping was not over when the winter snows began to cover the ground.

Of substantial clothing among the farm population, there was often superabundance; but much of it consisted of coarse woollen materials, generally home-spun. Linen sheets were unknown; the bedding was altogether of twilled blankets, changed at distant intervals; and the beds were usually ticks stuffed with chaff. Instead

of hats, the farmers wore woollen bonnets, and for the sake of warmth, these were kept on the head even at the fireside. The women were usually dressed in plaiden or druggel, in the plainest possible style. It was not customary for the females to wear shoes and stockings, except at church, or on holiday occasions.

‘Such being the condition of the farmer’s family, what must have been the misery of the labourer, or cottager as he was then called, with his sixpence a day when he was employed, and his employment often but partial? The truth is, though he was honoured with another designation, he was in reality neither less nor more than a pauper, who was indulged on the farm where his cottage was situated, partly from habit or custom, and partly on account of real or supposed utility. He had a house, such as it was, for very little money, and this always paid by personal services on the farm. Milk and whey he received gratis at all times when his superiors had any to themselves; only in return, his wife and his children, if come the length, and not otherwise employed, were ready to lend a hand at the weeding and the pulling of the flax, and perhaps a day or two in the meadow at hay-making; but with all this, it was impossible that sixpence a day, though it had been certain every day in the year, which it was not, could procure a sufficiency of the coarsest food and clothing for a large family. It was the policy, however, of the cottager and his wife to be at all times upon the best terms with the gudeman and the gudewife, as the farmer and his wife in these days were always denominated; and it would have been highly discreditable, especially for the gudewife, to have been reported as close-handed. When a grist came from the mill, it was thought no more than duty to send out of it a meal to the cotter and his family. When the sheep were shorn, it was also customary to give the cotter’s wife as much of the wool as might be a pair of stockings, and weft for a bit of druggel for a short-gown, a petticoat, or an apron; for which, after being spun, the gudewife was often kind enough to allow her to warp it on the end of

her own web, and by this and such-like means the poor family came to be clothed often at very little expense. It very seldom happened, indeed, that anything very particular came in the way of the farmer—such as a drowned stirk, or a sheep which had died of braxy—but what the cotter had some small share of it, less or more; so that his family fared better, or at least more like his betters, than at first sight one would suppose.

The progress of a change for the better was manifested towards the year 1780. The country may be said to have awakened from a slumber. Agricultural improvements began to be talked of; and a new spirit was infused into the rural population by the Highland Society—an institution which has had an immense influence on the affairs of Scotland. Yet, it is proper to note that improvements were greatly promoted through the agency of manufacturing industry. Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, was the sudden rise of Glasgow, by means of the cotton manufacture. Shortly after the invention of spinning-machinery by Sir Richard Arkwright, ‘mills for spinning cotton were erected—chiefly by companies of Glasgow or Paisley merchants—at Lanark; at Catrine, in Ayrshire; at Balindalloch and Doune, in Stirlingshire; at Rothesay, in the Island of Bute; at Blantyre, at Busby, at Pollockshaws, at the Bridge of Weir, at Johnstone, and at Linwood, &c.; all upon such an extensive scale as to be like the setting down of a city at each of these places. From this period, the progress and the improvement of the country has been such, as there is no parallel to be found to it in history. Spinning, weaving, tambouring, sewing, bleaching, dyeing, and printing, besides giving an impetus to so many arts necessarily connected with them, were each in themselves most lucrative and extensive sources of employment. Villages rose up as if by magic; the humble farm-steading—whose height would scarcely for a moment have retarded the progress of an English hunter, but whose lengthened and verdant roof, while it shewed every inequality of the ground over which it was ex-

tended, had sheltered for centuries many a generation of successive inmates, rational and irrational, began everywhere to disappear, its place being supplied by the handsome modern mansion, with all its offices arranged for convenience and comfort. Hedging, ditching, planting, and improving, called forth energies of which no one knew he was in possession, till in the person of his neighbour, he beheld them in full operation. The beautiful hedgerows, the thriving clumps, and the convenient enclosures of one proprietor, excited the taste and awakened the emulation of another, till hands could with difficulty be found to execute, or a sufficiency of materials to complete, the improvements that were in progress; while each, astonished at the beauty and fertility that so suddenly began to glow around him, was anxious to engage in new and still more extensive experiments.

‘These rapid improvements necessarily produced a remarkable change in the habits of the people, and in all their modes of operation. Negligence and sloth gave place to patient industry and careful economy. The cumbrous and inefficient implements of husbandry, so long handed down from one generation to another, without any attempts either at alteration or improvement, now fell into disuse, and practices, evidently the offspring of indolence, were laid aside. With ploughs of a lighter make, and a more happy construction, one man and two horses performed the work that formerly required two men and four horses.’ In draining, manuring, ploughing, and general husbandry, all is on a new and enlarged scale; and everything may be said to have added materially to the farmer’s general returns.

Taking all circumstances into account, the condition of landed gentry and their tenant-farmers has prodigiously improved in Scotland within the last sixty years. The country, in fact, is not like the same thing—splendid mansions; finely laid out lawns; substantial stone and slated farmhouses; first-rate agriculture; the best breeds of cattle and sheep; climate improved by draining and planting; good roads and means of intercourse established

by railways and steam-vessels ; a desire for education, and a vast improvement in temperance and other habits ; and into all, an impartial and firm administration of the law, through the agency of intelligent magistrates (sheriffs-substitute), planted in every county. In short, matters are immensely changed for the better in all rural districts.

In only one thing has improvement not kept pace with the general advance. The labouring population and farm-servants, though better off in many respects, do not manifest that measure of advancement which is enjoyed by the classes above them. The Scottish peasant, indeed, is no longer a serf; his clothing is comfortable, and he eats something better than 'saltless pottage;' but, how true! man requires more than mere animal enjoyments. His better faculties and feelings need to be stimulated; and this, we regret to say, has been in a large degree neglected in the general scramble of national advancement.

INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.

SURGEONS, in the course of their practice, are occasionally called upon to extract articles of a very extraordinary nature from the human body. Needles and pins, for instance, are sometimes inadvertently swallowed, and go into the stomach, from which they perhaps work their way to the surface of the body, and are extracted by surgical aid. Sharp or pointed pieces of bone which have been swallowed in eating, are known to have been obtruded through the body in the same manner. Nature, it is well known, is most energetic in its struggles to expel foreign substances from the body; and if it fail in this its first object, it generally adopts the next best course—endeavours to seclude the substance, by surrounding it with a sack; thus, if possible, keeping it from

doing harm to the system. Every effort, however, which nature makes, is frequently baffled, and art has to be employed to relieve the sufferer.

One of the most remarkable instances of the extraction of a foreign substance from the body, which ever came within our knowledge, was published in the *Lancet* (Dec. 2, 1837.) It is the narration of a case in which a steel table-fork was extracted from the back of a common seaman; and being written by the gentleman who operated—Dr David Burnes, of 4 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, London—is worthy of all credence. We take the liberty of laying it before our readers:—

‘Robert Syme, aged twenty-three, was entered on the sick-list of His Majesty’s ship *Belvidera*, about the middle of June 1831, complaining of pain at the inferior angle of the right scapula, close to the base of which was a small phlegmon, as I then considered it, in the early stage of suppuration. On the 19th of June, I opened “the boil,” and ordered poultices to be applied, thinking it would heal kindly in a few days. On the 23d, however, on probing the wound, I felt what I first thought was the edge of the scapula; but, on more minute examination, something black and shining was seen in the wound. On the 24th, it being evident that there was some foreign body in the wound, the opening was enlarged directly upwards, and a piece of steel, about the thickness of a common ramrod, presented itself, but resisted strongly any efforts to extract it. Being unwilling to put him to further pain, while there was a chance of its coming away by poulticing, and pulling it with the forceps daily, this gentler course was agreed on in preference to making a further enlargement of the wound. Being questioned as to the nature of the piece of steel, he expressed himself as much astonished as we were at its presence, and said he should not have known it had we not told him, and had he not felt pain from our pulling it with the forceps. He had never been in action, having been only two years in the king’s service, nor did he recollect having received any wound by which anything

of the kind could have been introduced. About two inches below the opening made on the 19th, we observed a small white speck, or mark, rather resembling the mark left many years after vaccination than a cicatrice of a wound. This was the only vestige of anything like a wound that we could detect in his back.

'July 2. The poulticing has been continued, and there is now a free discharge from the wound; the steel has been pulled daily by the forceps, and admits now of further motion, especially laterally, but is yet forcibly retained at its upper part. Its direction is nearly parallel with the base of the scapula, close to which it lies, and in its course upwards it seems to incline deep into the substance of the muscles. About an inch of it can be seen when the integuments are retracted. He is averse to further measures; has no pain except from the use of the forceps. Continue the poultices.

'16. Though the poulticing has been continued, and the steel pulled daily, there is no material alteration since last report, further than that the steel may be moved more freely in every direction, except when pulled directly downwards, when it seems to be retained as forcibly as at first. The probe can be introduced into the wound, upwards and inwards, nearly four inches, and can with some difficulty be made to move round the steel; but no information as to its size or shape can be gained from this mode of examination. It occurred to me, at this time, that it was a hook, and that it might be retained by catching on one of the ribs. Having no pain except from the pulling, and being still averse to the use of the knife, the same treatment was pursued.

'August 5. The foreign body having become very little loosened, and now causing more pain on its being moved, I made a deep incision of about three inches in length over its course upwards, using it as a director, when it was easily extracted, and found to be a common kitchen fork, broken off close to its handle, and with one of its *two* prongs wanting about an inch from its point: it was slackened, and in some degree rusted. It seemed to

have been retained by a bridle of muscular fibres embracing its shoulders, for it was immediately liberated when the part was divided by the knife. The wound was dressed simply, and healed so soon that in ten days the man was doing duty in the boats and aloft.'

[Here is a drawing of the fork, which is exactly the size of forks in daily use, but with the appearance of corrosion, and broken off from the handle. About an inch of the pointed end of one of the prongs is also broken off, and is laid close to the part to which it had belonged. The manner in which this broken-off portion was afterwards got, is subsequently narrated.]

'Strange as it may seem, even after its extraction, the man persisted in adhering to his original statement of his being ignorant how and when it had been introduced; and during the two months I remained in the ship, I was not able to gain further information on the matter. He seemed to have no defect of memory in any way, for he, without hesitation, gave me every information. I asked as to his former life and habits. He is a native of Topsham, Devonshire, has been at sea since he was twelve years of age, and in the merchant service till two years ago, when he joined His Majesty's ship *Tweed*, at the Isle of France, and from which ship he was paid off immediately before joining the *Belvidera* in February last.

'Setting aside his own statement altogether, my own opinion is, that it must have been in his back for many months, if not for years, judging from the indistinct and ill-defined mark left, taking it for granted that this was the wound by which it had been introduced, but which is yet problematical, from the little pain he experienced from its presence; and more especially from the knowledge that, during the previous months while he belonged to the *Belvidera*, he was never one day off his duty or on the sick-list. Your readers are, however, as well able as myself now to form conjectures on the subject.

'Having already experienced a difficulty in convincing some sceptical individuals of the facts above related, I was

in justice to your readers and myself, state, that as the case excited great interest, while under treatment, the patient was seen by the Honourable Captain Dundas, Dr Tweeddale, and most of the officers and crew of the ship; and also by Mr Goddes, Mr Chartres, and Dr Jones, surgeons, Royal Navy; and the fork was extracted in the presence of Dr Tweeddale—who assisted me—Mr Yates, and others.

‘The patient continued to serve in the *Belvidera* till December 1833, when he joined His Majesty’s ship *Blonde*, going to South America. Being anxious to trace his future history, in the hope of obtaining some clue as to the introduction of the fork, I was enabled, through the kindness of Sir William Burnett, the physician-general of the navy, on the arrival of the *Blonde* at Portsmouth about a month ago, to communicate with him by letter. The result was, that he came up to London, and on the 18th of November, called upon me to shew himself. He then stated, that about eighteen months ago, while washing himself, he felt a small hard body on the left side of the neck, which he was inclined to believe was part of the fork. On examining the part, I had no doubt myself of its being the portion of the broken prong, and which I asked permission to extract. He readily assented; but before the operation, I submitted him to the inspection of Sir William Burnett, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Stephen Hammick, Mr Liston, and other gentlemen, who corroborated my opinion as to its being a portion of the fork, and recommended its extraction. On the 20th, in the presence of Mr C. Smith, surgeon, I made an incision over it (its position being just behind the middle part of the posterior edge of the sternocleidomastoideus muscle, where it is crossed by the external jugular vein), when it was easily removed, and proved to be the prong, which had the same bronzed appearance as the fork itself, and was coated with rust at its fractured end. It does not exactly join with the fork, and I am inclined to think some very minute splinters may have been broken from it when fractured, or some chemical action while in the body may have corroded it.

‘It is singular that he had never suffered pain from it, although it had crossed from the right side of the back to the left side of the neck. I was only induced to extract it from its superficial position, and the singularity of the history, yet it is possible it might, in time, have advanced still farther, and have injured the carotid artery, or trachea.

‘Although cross-questioned by all who saw him, he still repeats his former story of being innocent as to the introduction of the fork. As he felt little inconvenience from my incision, he has left town with the intention of joining His Majesty’s ship *President*, for another three years’ cruise, and, from what I know of him, I am convinced my steel-backed friend will do credit to the wooden walls of Old England.’

‘No rational person,’ adds the editor of the *Lancet*, ‘can for a moment suppose that the ignorance of the man was real. The wound caused by such an instrument must have been in the highest degree severe, and an effort to withdraw it appears to have been the cause of the forcible fracture near the handle. The persevering manner in which Dr Burnes has followed up this interesting case is praiseworthy, and does credit to his professional industry.’

THE ASS AND THE TREASURE:

AN ARABIAN TALE.

[The ass, in Europe, is a byword for all that is dull, obstinate, and stupid. Very different is the case in the East; and not unnaturally so, seeing that the animal, under the more genial skies of Oriental latitudes, is as remarkable for docility, activity, and swiftness, as well as for elegance of form, as its European congener is for tardiness of step and meanness of aspect. The Egyptian Arabs give the ass the precedence over all other four-footed creatures for intelligence and sagacity, and their story-tellers bring forward as many stories in support of this opinion as would have kept Scheherezade from the block or the bowstring for another month or two. Our young readers may

be pleased with a sample of these tales, and we select for their amusement one which we find contributed to a recent French periodical by M. P. Granal, a writer who has personally visited the East, and who, by other compositions, has proved himself to be thoroughly conversant with its fictions and customs. He describes himself as having heard the story from the lips of his temporary attendant in Egypt, a professed narrator of such matters.]

RAJEB was a young man of Cairo, who had been left by his father with a fortune of about 2000 piastres. Had he embarked this little fortune in trade, and been industrious, he might have lived very comfortably; but he fell in love soon after his father died, and could think of nothing but the fair object of his passion. She was a young girl, whose countenance he had first seen for a moment, when by chance she put aside her veil to drink at the fountain of a mosque. She was very plainly dressed, and appeared to belong to some humble but decent family. But she was rich in beauty, at least, and in modesty, for she hastily replaced her veil on seeing a young man looking at her, and walked away without turning to the right or the left, or looking back as coquettes do. Rajeb followed her, and saw her enter a plain house, of the kind inhabited by the middle orders. From this time forward, Rajeb was consumed by the passion which had sprung up in his breast. Of the object of it he could learn no more, than that she was as virtuous and well-behaved as she was beautiful. At length he went to the parents of his mistress, and asked her hand in marriage. They received him very kindly; but when he came to speak of the dowry which they expected to be given by their daughter's husband, they demanded the sum of 5000 piastres. This was above the lover's means, and he exclaimed loudly against the enormity of the sum; but they were obstinate, and Rajeb could only prevail on them to give him a few days to reflect, and to look about him for means. If he did not appear at the end of the stated time, they would hold themselves at liberty, they told him, to accept of other offers.

Rajeb returned home, lamenting and reproaching him-

self with having idled away his past time. 'Ah! if I had worked hard,' said he, 'I might have increased my fortune, and might now have been happy!' He took out his money, and counted it several times, but he could not thus make it more than it was—2000 piastres. He lay down on his bed, and tried to sleep, but his mind was too much occupied with projects for procuring the required dowry to permit him to rest. At last, he bethought him of a maternal uncle at Tintah, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and who was said to be rich. Rajeb had no sooner thought of this person than he resolved to visit him. He would borrow the 3000 piastres: a rich relation could not refuse such a sum. The young man longed for the coming of day to set out on this hopeful errand.

Morning at length dawned, and Rajeb started on his journey. In order to save money, he went on foot, hoping also to interest his uncle the more by this economy. When he reached the first houses of Tintah, he inquired for his uncle Jousoff, 'the rich Jousoff,' of several boys whom he met.

'The rich Jousoff!' cried they; 'say rather the old beggarly miser Jousoff, who regrets to throw away a boue when he has picked it white!'

One of the boys, however, conducted Rajeb to his uncle's house. The young man entered it trembling, for the description which he had heard was by no means encouraging. When his uncle came to him, Rajeb saw an old, withered, ragged, dirty being, who cried: 'What do you want?' in a rough voice.

'Ah, my dear uncle!' cried Rajeb, throwing his arms about the old man, 'do you not remember me? I am Rajeb, the son of your sister—little Rajeb, whom you loved when a boy. I am come, dear uncle, to see if you are well.'

'Very well,' said Jousoff; 'I am very well, but very poor. I shall not be able to shew you very splendid hospitality.'

'What then?' said Rajeb cheerfully: 'riches and poverty come from God.'

At these words, they entered the old man's apartment, dark and dingy, without any other furniture than an old mat and a jar of water; neither pipes nor coffee was to be seen. Rajeb, however, was patient, and shewed no ill-humour. That evening they feasted upon a crust of wretched cheese, and some crumbs of black, detestable bread. The cheese, such as it was, was a novelty in that place, and the neighbours, who saw the old man buy it, could scarcely believe their eyes.

Rajeb was not accustomed to rich fare; but after his journey, he stood really in need of soup and roast, or something else that was good. But he ate the bread and cheese, and said nothing. When they had done, he tried to lead the conversation by degrees to the object of his journey. The old man, however, anticipated his purpose, and cried: 'I am poor, a beggar: no dervish is poorer than I am: I am ruined: all the world robs me. I have spent my last *para* upon a dinner for you.'

Rajeb perceived that he had to deal with a heart of marble; so, after trying in vain to soften the old man by descriptions of his mistress's beauty and his own passion, the youth rose, and, under pretence of taking the air, went out to conceal his bitter disappointment and vexation.

Troubled as he was with his own matters, Rajeb could not look without pity on a poor ass which he saw on going out of doors, and which was lying in a little shed, munching some morsels of straw that lay within its reach. Rajeb, who loved animals, approached to caress the poor, lean, starved creature, which was all hide-sore; and the ass seemed sensible of the affection shewn to it. Prompted by his natural benevolence, Rajeb then went away, and bought a measure of barley, and almost forgot his own griefs in the pleasure of seeing the ass fall to its food with the liveliest marks of joy. After bringing it water to complete its meal, the youth went back to his uncle. It is needless to say that Rajeb passed an unhappy night: he lay on the floor, and the vermin infesting the place were sufficient of themselves to banish

sleep. In the morning, the two relations breakfasted on the relics of yesterday's meal, and then the nephew was about to take his leave. But his uncle stopped him, and said: 'I have an ass which is of no use to me. It is all that remains to me of my substance, and if you wish'—Rajeb thought his uncle was about to make him a present of the ass, but he was in error, for the old man proceeded—'if you wish, you may go with me to the market, and see me sell him.'

Rajeb consented, and when they went to the stall of the ass, the young man again caressed the poor animal. In return, it looked at him with eyes full of intelligence, and struck the ground several times with its foot. Rajeb even thought he heard it say: 'Buy me.' Its looks at least, he thought, said so.

On the way to the market, Rajeb reflected on the subject, and felt himself impelled to purchase the ass by some involuntary feeling, which most people would have been disposed merely to call good-nature or pity. As the ass was young, and had no faults but those arising from starvation, several purchasers came forward. One offered 200 piastres, another 300, and at last the price mounted to 500. When Rajeb saw that his uncle was willing to take this, he offered a few piastres more, assured that he would get the ass. 'What do you want with the ass?' said the old man.

'I am resolved upon having it,' was all that the nephew answered.

'Ah, well,' said Jousoff, with a smile of greedy pleasure, 'you must give me 1000 piastres, and then it shall be yours.'

Rajeb was shocked at the miser's demand; but the old man, seeing his nephew's anxiety, would not bate of his exorbitant request; and the youth at last agreed, and a bargain was struck.

As Rajeb had left all his money at Cairo, it was agreed that Jousoff should go back with his nephew to that city, and there receive the purchase-money. Accordingly, they set out, and the ass with them. By the way, the creature

seemed to be inspired with fresh life, and gamboled and danced, as if to please its new master. Arrived at Cairo, Rajeb gave his uncle the promised sum, and entertained him handsomely. After a few days, Jousoff departed, and left his nephew alone. The latter occupied himself in making a good stall for his ass, and in tending and cleaning it, by which means it soon became quite a new creature. As for the mistress of his heart, Rajeb had almost given up all hope of her. The interval allowed him by the parents had expired, and the youth, now poorer than before, did not dare to present himself before them. Whilst matters stood thus, information was brought to him that his uncle had been found dead by the road-side, having been plundered and killed by robbers. The young man shed a tear for the sudden end of the miser, and then made preparations to go to Tantah, to take up the deceased's inheritance, though there seemed little hope of its proving great, notwithstanding the reputation which Jousoff had once acquired for being rich.

Mounting his ass, Rajeb proceeded to Tantah. He put up the ass in its old stall, and went into the house to search it. As he had almost expected, not a para was to be found: not a vestige of anything valuable was visible in any corner of the wretched abode. While Rajeb was prosecuting his examination, he was surprised by the continued whining and braying of his ass. Thinking he had neglected its wants, he went out several times, and put barley, straw, and water before it; but the animal would not touch them, and continued to stamp on the floor of its stall with its foot. Rajeb's attention was at length attracted to this movement, and the ass, seeing this, repeated it with increased vehemence. Its master, seizing a bar of rusty iron which stood by, then commenced to turn up the ground where the ass struck. As he did this, the animal looked on with eyes glistening with eager pleasure, and seemed as if it would fain say: 'Go on, go on: it is there!' At last, Rajeb came to a coffer. He turned it out, and, behold! it was filled to overflowing with doubloons, sequins, and all sorts of precious coins.

The youth hugged his treasure, but the ass would not yet let him rest. It struck the ground in another spot with his feet; and Rajeb, on digging anew, found a second coffer, filled with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other valuable gems.

The ass stamped no more, and Rajeb hastened to secure his treasures, and to get them transported to Cairo. He put them into two panniers, and although they were very heavy, the ass never slackened its speed, nor gave any signs of weariness, until it brought its burden to its master's door. On the night of his arrival, Rajeb hastened to the house of his mistress. He was just in the nick of time, for an old Turk had seen her, and offered the 5000 piastres to the parents. Rajeb, however, took the father home with him, and shewed a part of his treasures, when the marriage was at once agreed on. The young bride proved to be really as virtuous as she was beautiful, and made Rajeb happy. He gave large donations to the poor on the occasion of his wedding. As for the ass, it had the place of honour, during its life, in the stable, and was never doomed to any other toil than that of bearing its mistress and her children. Its master visited the stable every day, and spoke with it as with an old friend.

Behold, in this story, a lesson never to despise animals, but always to be gentle and compassionate to them, for they may often repay a hundredfold the little kindnesses which we do to them.

SLEEP-WALKING.

No phenomenon in the human economy is calculated to excite so much surprise as that called Somnambulism, or Sleep-Walking. If sleep be the intermediate state betwixt wakeful life and death, somnambulism is a condition intermediate betwixt sleep and wakefulness. In perfect sleep, all the organs or faculties composing the mind,

together with the external senses and the powers of voluntary motion, are in a state of rest or torpor. Dreaming is a slight approach to wakefulness, seeing that some of the cerebral organs are then in a state of activity, while others are quiescent. In dreaming, the external senses may or may not be in a state of activity. Some people, for example, can be led to dream of particular subjects by the talk of others placed near them when sleeping; while other dreamers are totally insensible to all sounds emitted within the range of their organs of hearing. In ordinary dreaming, too, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bedfellow a smart belabouring. Often, also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud.

All these partial demonstrations of activity in the external senses, and in the powers of voluntary motion, form an approach to that remarkable state termed somnambulism, in which all or nearly all of the senses, and of the muscles of the body, are frequently in perfect activity, the torpor of a part of the cerebral organs being the only feature rendering the condition different from that of waking life. The degrees in which the preceding characteristics are observable in somnambulism, vary, as is natural, in different cases; and the causes of this, as well as of the condition itself, are well and forcibly explained by Mr Macnish in his *Anatomy of Sleep*. 'If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if

we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing.' In other cases, for the reasons given, we both walk and see; and in a third variety, we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way, the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

These brief explanations may aid in preventing the reader from being puzzled by the philosophy of this curious condition of the bodily system, or from being disposed to discredit the cases related. The simplest and perhaps least surprising cases, are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse. The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism. In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches farther, and he would have passed through, or at least struck, a window. But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration. The following case is related by Smellie in his *Philosophy of Natural History*:—'Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reside some time in a farmer's house. Mr Baird, my landlord, had a servant-maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise in her sleep. A few nights afterwards, one of Mr Baird's sons awaked me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed.

I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived, Mr and Mrs Baird, one of their sons, and a servant-maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. We began immediately to converse. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly ; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

‘I knew that one of the farmer’s servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers ; and therefore I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and in the most peremptory manner forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs Baird in the harshest terms ; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale ; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and therefore changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm ; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable. At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door ; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavoured to throw herself over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate

herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one-half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful catastrophe. She was again prevailed upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her. This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and not by any design to deceive. I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately, to my astonishment, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, "Sarah! Sarah!" By this operation, Sarah awoke. She stared with amazement, looked round, and asked how so many people came to be in her apartment at so unseasonable an hour. After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation. She replied, that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, which was every moment on the point of goring her.'

In the preceding case, there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked. As will be shewn afterwards, this is a phenomenon which has recently thrown quite a novel interest over somnambulism, and made it a subject of greater importance.

The somnambulist in Smellie's case had not apparently the perfect power of vision. She did not or could not recognise the persons about her, yet she saw a window, and would have leaped through it, knowing that a passage was practicable. The true condition of the vision in somnambulism is indeed the point most difficult to comprehend. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a

dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast :—‘About two o’clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue boat’s crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o’clock that night, and walked through a difficult, and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.’ The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority—Dr Benjamin Franklin. The doctor relates, that on one occasion, while in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch
im.

Sometimes, in the case of a person liable to somnambulism, it is possible to direct the thoughts of the dreamer to any given subject, by acting on the external senses. Smellie, the writer already quoted, gives the subjoined instance:— ‘ Mr Thomas Parkinson, then a student of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, was accustomed to talk and answer questions in his sleep. This fact was known to his companions. To amuse ourselves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was asleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity. We whispered her name repeatedly in his ear. He soon began to toss about his hands, and to speak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and collected. His imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was stationed under the lady’s window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and speaking to him, as she had so often done on former occasions. At last, he became impatient, started up, laid hold of books, shoes, and everything he could easily grasp. Thinking his mistress was asleep, he threw these articles against the opposite wall of his chamber. By what he said, we learned that his imaginary scene lay in a street, and that he was darting the books and shoes at the lady’s window, in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear; and after tiring himself with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without wakening. His eyes were nearly shut; and although he freely conversed with us, he did not seem to perceive that any person was present with him. Next day, we told him what had happened; but he said that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his mistress.’

It is consistent with our own knowledge, that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulism. Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore’s soldiers, many of whom, in

disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet to go on, step by step, with their waking companions. Many tradesmen have been known to get up by night and work for a time at their usual employments, without being at all aware in the morning of what they had done. Gall mentions a miller who did this. One of the most extraordinary cases of this order, however, is that of a student of divinity at Bordeaux, who was accustomed to rise in the night-time, and to read and write *without the use of his eyes*. This case is stated in the French *Encyclopédie*, under the word *Noctambule*, and is attested by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. This prelate, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing, but he read and wrote with equal facility and equal accuracy as before. Macnish, who repeats this story, does not mention the fact of the eyes not being used, though this is the most marvellous feature in the case. The reading may not have been aloud, and may only have been apparent. But as for the writing accurately without the use of the eyes, this was certainly a feat which few waking persons could have accomplished. In addition to these cases, many others might be gathered, and particularly from Mr Macnish's *Anatomy of Sleep*; but that book is so accessible, that it is enough to refer to it for further information. We shall only mention one other case which is there given. It is that of Dr Blacklock, who, 'on one occasion rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done.' Being blind, his family would have the more difficulty in discovering his unusual condition.

Somnambulism, it was stated at the close of the farm-servant's case, had of late years assumed a new and more interesting aspect. This has arisen from

the discovery—if it be allowable to call it a discovery—that animal magnetism is capable of inducing a peculiar state of somnambulism, and that, during the continuance of that state, sensation or sensibility is destroyed. It has been seen that Smellie found the farm maid-servant to have lost sensibility in her arms. This is a statement corroborative of the account given of magnetic somnambulism. Taking advantage of this absence of sensibility, surgeons, it is said, have performed upon magnetic somnambulists the most severe and painful curative operations, without inflicting on the parties a moment's suffering of the slightest kind. The patient's mind, meanwhile, seems in a perfectly sound and active state, but without the power of remembering anything that passed in the unmagnetised state. A Parisian lady, aged sixty-four, who had a cancerous breast, was magnetised, and it was found that somnambulism could be induced. In her waking state she was deeply averse to an operation; but in her magnetised state it was proposed to her, and she consented at once. The breast was operated upon, and cut off without the slightest seeming pain to her. On waking, she was, it may be believed, much surprised. This case, it has been alleged, is but one of several, where the like has been done; and some of the most respectable medical men of Paris have borne witness to the truth, or at least apparent truth of these allegations. On this score alone, animal magnetism seems worthy of a full and fair inquiry. It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, if we could arrive at means by which all the painful operations to which the human body is rendered liable by disease or accident, could be performed without suffering to those who undergo them.

Somnambulism, or the tendency to it, most commonly arises from causes not apparent or discoverable. Where it occurs in persons not accustomed to exhibit any such propensity, some disorder of the digestive functions may be suspected, and the restoration of these functions to a healthy state may put a stop to the practice. But in confirmed cases, nothing can be done but to look ~~the~~

doors, bar the windows, and keep dangerous object instruments out of the way; or a cord may be affixed to the bedpost and the arm of the sleep-walker. A general rule, the somnambulist should be taken to bed before being waked.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

[Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, quoted in the thirty-ninth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*.]

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them, the present shall delight—
Like them, decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?—
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break.
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

LAST CENTURY ECCENTRICITIES.

BEAU NASH.

ONE of the most remarkable characters who flourished in England in the early part of the last century, was Richard Nash, better known by the title of Beau Nash. This man's life presents us with an interesting specimen of the strange mixture of ability and folly, virtue and vice, which we occasionally see jumbled together in a single individual. Beau Nash was the son of a poor gentleman in Wales, who endeavoured to give him a good education ; but there was a natural spirit of recklessness in the boy, which rendered all his father's well-meant schemes unavailing. After being withdrawn from college, young Nash entered the army as an ensign ; tired of this, he next devoted himself to the study of the law ; and, at length, tired of this also, he was saved from positive misery, by an event as fortunate as it was unforeseen. Hitherto, having paid extraordinary attention to the cultivation of gentility and an air of extreme fashion, he was reckoned a person every way worthy of filling the situation of master of the ceremonies at Bath ; a place whose wells were beginning to attract crowds of visitors. Nash thus, about the year 1704, became one of the first beaux of an age in which foppery may be said to have had a place among what are called the fine arts.

Behold Beau Nash now at the summit of his glory—superintending the arrangements of balls and concerts—squirring ladies at the pump-rooms—bowing, grimacing, simpering, leering, to all around—dressed in powdered wig, bag, and sword, with hands ruffled and ringed like a Versailles courtier. With all this flummery and nonsense, Nash was a useful wretch. Bath could not have gone on well without him. All such watering-places are liable to the visits of improper characters, whom it is the

business of the master of the ceremonies to discover, and prevent from intruding into respectable society. Nash was an extraordinary adept in this kind of employment. He might have been called a living and breathing directory to the Peerage and Commons of the empire. He made himself acquainted with the rank and quality of almost every family in the British dominions. By this means he prevented a vast deal of animosity, and what the last-century authors designate 'spleen;' for he regulated place and precedence with the utmost nicety, soothed ruffled vanity, arbitrated in disputes, and repressed irregularities, which, had they been looked over, might have ruined the reputation of the wells. Under his auspices, Bath became the scene of summer recreation for all people of fashion, who bowed to him as a sort of sovereign over the various amusements of the place. The magistrates of the city also found that he was necessary and useful, and took every opportunity of paying the same respect to his fictitious royalty that is generally extorted by real power. His equipage was sumptuous, and he used to travel to Tunbridge in a post-chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat, and, to apologise for this singularity, said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen; his dress was tawdry, though not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations; and, in his appearance, he in some measure mixed the fashions of the last age with those of the present. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the very best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

But perhaps the reader may inquire, what finances were to support all this finery, or where the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity? To answer this, we must now enter upon another part of his character—his talents as a gamester; for by gaming alone, at that period of which we speak, he kept up so very genteel an

appearance. Wherever people of fashion came, new adventurers were generally found in waiting. With such Bath swarmed, and among this class Nash was certainly to be numbered in the beginning; only with this difference that he wanted the corrupt heart, too commonly attending a life of expedients: for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester. But whatever skill Nash might have acquired by a long practice in play, he was not formed by nature for a successful gamester. He was constitutionally passionate and generous. While others made considerable fortunes at the gaming-table, he was over in the power of chance; nor did even the intimacy with which he was received by the great, place him in a state of independence. This was certainly a horrid condition of life, and could not probably have been endured by any man of understanding or independent feeling. To render Nash's means of living still more precarious and discreditable, a law was passed—this was in the reign of George II.—to suppress public gaming-tables; and in future the arbiter of the elegances at Bath had to depend principally on what he could pick up at private parties.

Never was there a more striking instance of imprudent generosity than was exemplified by Beau Nash. He was the best-hearted creature in the world; his purse was ever open to the distressed. No matter what were his own exigencies, or the claims upon him by creditors, he would at any time have emptied his pockets to save applicants from a state of unhappiness. As for being just before being generous, that was what he had not the most distant conception of. On one occasion, overhearing a poor beggar-man on the street say to his wife: 'How happy should we be had we ten pounds! that sum would make us right for life,' instantly his hand was in his pocket, and pulling forth the sum in question, presented it to the man, saying: 'There is what you want—go, be happy!' and hastened off without waiting to be thanked. On another occasion, he, in the same manner, for a similar reason, gave a gentleman who had been

ruined at the gaming-table, the sum of L.200. But the most remarkable instance of this species of insanity—for it can be called nothing else—took place in the following manner:—He was waited on one day by a gentleman of his acquaintance, who told him ‘he had just come from seeing the most pitiable sight his eyes ever beheld—a poor man and his wife, surrounded with seven helpless infants, almost all perishing for want of food, raiment, and lodging; their apartment was as dreary as the street itself, from the weather breaking in upon them at all quarters; that, upon inquiry, he found the parents were honest and sober, and wished to be industrious if they had employment; that he had calculated the expense of making the whole family comfortable and happy.’ ‘How much money,’ exclaimed Nash, ‘would relieve them and make them happy?’ ‘About ten guineas,’ replied the friend, ‘would be sufficient for the purpose.’ Nash instantly went to his bureau, and gave him the cash, at the same time pressing him to make all possible haste, for fear of the sudden dissolution of the miserable family. ‘I need not go far,’ said the friend smiling, and putting the money into his pocket. ‘You know you have owed me this money a long while—that I have dunned you for it for years to no manner of purpose: excuse me, therefore, that I have thus imposed on your *feelings*, not being able to move your justice, for there are no such objects as I have described, to my knowledge. The story is a fiction from beginning to end: you are a dupe, not of *justice*, but of your own *humanity*.’

The consequences which ensued from the want of a regular means of subsistence, and this heedless extravagance, were such as might have been anticipated: he was in poverty and debt. Hence, he grew peevish and fretful; and as old age approached, he became insolent and offensive. No longer the gay, thoughtless, idly-industrious creature he once was, he now forgot how to supply new modes of entertainment, and became too rigid to wind with ease through the vicissitudes of fashion. The evening of his life began to grow cloudy. His fortune was gone,

and nothing but poverty lay in prospect. He now began to want that charity which he had never refused to any, and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret. He was now past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, for he was poor, old, and peevish; yet still he was incapable of turning from his former manner of life to pursue happiness. An old man thus striving after pleasure, is indeed an object of pity; but a man at once old and poor, running on in this pursuit, certainly excites astonishment.

Those who pass a life without reflection, are generally made to think with bitterness before leaving the stage of existence. It must be a dreadful thing for a man on his deathbed, to feel a conviction that he has spent his life in folly, and that he has done little or nothing which he can look back upon with pleasure: yet there are hundreds who, for the sake of momentary gratifications, prepare for themselves this species of retrospect. Such was Nash. His health began to fail, notwithstanding that he had received from nature a robust and happy constitution, that was scarcely even to be impaired by intemperance. For some time before his decease, nature gave warning of his approaching dissolution. The worn machine had run itself down to an utter impossibility of repair; he saw that he must die, and shuddered at the thought. Fortitude was not among the number of his virtues. Anxious, timid, his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, he desired to enjoy a little longer that life, the miseries of which he had experienced so long. The poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game, and to the last, eagerly wished for one yet more happy throw. He died in February 1761, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, leaving behind him a few books, trinkets, and pictures, which had been given to him as presents.

BRUNTFIELD:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE war carried on in Scotland, by the friends and enemies of Queen Mary, after her departure into England, was productive of an almost complete dissolution of order, and laid the foundation of many feuds, which were kept up by private families and individuals long after all political cause of hostility had ceased. Among the most remarkable quarrels which history or tradition has recorded as arising out of that civil broil, I know of none so deeply cherished or accompanied by so many romantic and peculiar circumstances, as one which took place between two old families of gentry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Stephen Bruntfield, Laird of Craighouse, had been a zealous and disinterested partisan of the queen. Robert Moubray of Barnbogle was the friend successively of Murray and Morton, and distinguished himself very highly in their cause. During the year 1572, when Edinburgh Castle was maintained by Kirkaldy of Grange in behalf of the queen, Stephen Bruntfield held out Craighouse in the same interest, and suffered a siege from a detachment of the forces of the regent, commanded by the Laird of Barnbogle. This latter baron, a man of fierce and brutal nature, entered life as a younger brother, and at an early period chose to cast his fate among the Protestant leaders, with a view of improving his fortunes. The death of his elder brother in rebellion at Langside, enabled the Regent Murray to reward his services with a grant of the patrimonial estate, of which he did not scruple to take possession by the strong hand, to the exclusion of his infant niece, the daughter of the late proprietor. Some incidents which occurred in the course of the war had inspired a mutual hatred of the most intense character into the breasts of

Bruntfield and Moubray; and it was therefore with a feeling of strong personal animosity, as well as of political rancour, that the latter undertook the task of watching the motions of Bruntfield at Craighouse. Bruntfield, after holding out for many months, was obliged, along with his friends in Edinburgh Castle, to yield to the party of the regent. Like Kirkaldy and Maitland of Lethington, he surrendered upon a promise of life and estate; but while his two friends perished, one by the hand of the executioner, the other by his own hand, he fell a victim to the sateless spite of his personal enemy, who, in conducting him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, took fire at some bitter expression on the part of the captive, and smote him dead upon the spot.

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. The Lady of Craighouse had been an intimate of the unfortunate Mary, from her early years; was educated with her in France, in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women, as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and, finally, the sufferings and death of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of her early years, the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith, she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external

world. One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over her mind — REVENGE ; a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling, then known, was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated ; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention, was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen, a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride : she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child ; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king a charge of murder against the Laird of Barnbogle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace ; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary. The intelligence was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber, prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break

the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation: 'I know what you would tell: the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!' The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. 'Roger,' she said, 'will have the death of his brother, as well as that of his father, to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful.'

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in *barras* with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. 'Heaven's will be done!' said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; 'but, *gratias Deo!* there still remains another chance.'

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed, than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining far in the occident, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency was but just dead; Bayard was still alive—Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalised, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubay, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in

common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects, qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. 'My last and dearest,' she at length said, 'and thou, too, art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight, I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch-traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and

trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow*, which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood! The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings.'

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason; but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The Laird of Barnbogle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and, instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law of the *per duellum* so far; but sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of Forth, near the Castle of Barnbogle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of

Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level space, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen (the rabble not being permitted to approach), sat upon a rising-ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the Laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy, in the highest degree unpleasing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour, might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers, who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and, planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or other. The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his adversary chiefly depended, and, by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray nearly *hors de combat*. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes, without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question, then, became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the action would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight

most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee, in a half-stupified state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and thrust it up to the hilt beneath the breastplate of his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or, rather, Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a feeling as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. She expired in the arms of her son, murmuring, '*Nunc dimittis, Domine*,' with her latest breath.

The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young Laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them by the kindness of Heaven; and at their death, they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly

blessings—the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

The tale of Bruntfield is founded upon facts alluded to in the following extracts:—

(*From Birrell's Diary.*)

‘1596, the 22d day of December, Stephin Bruntfield slain upon St Leonard's Craiges, as apeiris, be James Carmichael, second son of the Laird of Carmichael' [ancestor of the Hyndford family.]

‘1597, the 15th of March, the single combat foughten betwixt Adam Bruntfield and James Carmichael; the said Adam challenged James Carmichael for murdering of his umq^{le} brothir Stephin Bruntfield, captain of Tantallon. The said Adam purchased a licence of his majesty, and fought the said James in Barnbogle Links before about 5000 gentlemen; and the said Adam, although but ane young man, and of mean stature, slew the said James Carmichael, he being as able a lyke man as was living.’

(*From Anderson's History of Scotland, MS. Adv. Lib.*)

‘Thai met in ane small inche by the sea, near to Barnbogle, my lord duke and sundry otheris being their judges.’ The same work proceeds to state, that Carmichael first struck Bruntfield in ‘tho lisk’ (*loin*), which was returned with a stroke that felled Carmichael to the earth; Bruntfield then leapt upon the body of his adversary and despatched him with his dagger. He was then conducted back to the city with acclamations.’

(*From Notes of a Conversation on Local Antiquities, with Sir Walter Scott, December 17, 1834.*)

‘We spok o’ Bruntfield Links, an extensive downs in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Sir Walter said, that, in his young days, there was a stone near the upper end of that common, which was pointed out as the scene of a remarkable murder which took place at the end of the sixteenth century. The name of the murderer was Carmichael—of the slain man, Bruntfield; and from this

latter individual the common was said to have derived its name. According to tradition, the widow of Bruntfield had three sons, all of whom she brought up with the duty of revenging their father's death inculcated upon them, and with the view that each, as he successively reached the years of manhood, should challenge and fight Carmichael. Two did this, and met with their father's fate; but the youngest obtained leave from the king to fight Carmichael in public lists on the island of Cramond, where a vast assemblage of people, from every part of Scotland, met to witness the combat. Carmichael, though a tall and powerful man compared with his opponent, was killed on the spot.

For notices of the Moubrays of Barnbogle, an honourable family now extinct, see Mr Pitcairn's excellent publication of *Criminal Trials*.

A PARISIAN MERCHANT.

It is worthy of observation, that the great majority of the benefactors of the poorer classes have been persons who themselves had to struggle with the hardships of life, and who have owed only to industry, to order, and economy, the happiness of being able to assist their fellow-creatures. Men born to wealth and greatness, are too often ignorant of the privations and wretchedness of their inferiors; but those who have undergone similar trials and difficulties, are taught to look upon those beneath them with that intelligent eye which a common feeling alone can give: they learn to discover and to divine their wants, and know, by the experienced misery, the point to which relief can best be applied.

A new and striking proof of the truth of this assertion was afforded by a paragraph in the French papers of the month of February 1840, which, in announcing the death of a man hitherto known only within a narrow

circle, told also of a bequest to a very large amount, to be appropriated to the opening of an asylum for a class of persons whose necessities he was able, for the reasons above mentioned, accurately to estimate, and of whose excellent qualities he wished to prove his appreciation—that class was the clerks of the city of Paris.

Charles Lawrence Donaud was born at Paris, the 10th of August 1762, of one of those old families who did honour to commerce by irreproachable integrity. Having distinguished himself at the college of Harcourt, he began the study of the law, and was received, while still a young man, as advocate in the French parliament; but soon his natural bias for the profession of his fathers made him repair to England, the commercial fame of which led him thither, in ardent desire for information.

Having returned to his own country, after a six years' absence, he founded at Paris a new establishment, which soon became flourishing. The property bequeathed to him by his father, considerable in that day, enabled him to enlarge his commercial relations. But the Revolution began, and despoiled him of everything—not only of a great part of his patrimony, but of all that he had acquired by commerce, so that he might be regarded as utterly ruined.

Happily, our merchant did not suffer himself to be cast down by this reverse of fortune. Endowed with a strong mind, with indefatigable perseverance, no sooner did better days dawn than he began again his commercial engagements, which his industry rendered lucrative, and in which he had the advantage of a credit which he had established by his probity, his undeviating exactitude, and his many other estimable qualities. One of his favourite maxims was: that 'if industry lays the foundation of fortune, economy must raise the superstructure;' and so faithfully did he adhere to this principle, that he was never known to waste, in what could minister merely to luxury, the fruits of his labours.

Though blunt in manner, Donaud was most benevolent, hearty, and generous. He had a real attachment

for those who served him with zeal and perseverance, and his last will was dictated by a desire to leave proofs of that attachment to such of them as should survive him. In a note-book kept by him, the following entry was found, bearing date July 18, 1829: 'L——, my faithful cashier, died this morning after an illness of thirty-eight days, and the Society of Merchant Clerks have performed the last rites, and defrayed the expenses of his funeral. L—— had exercised the office of cashier in my establishment for thirty-five years, without my ever having discovered the slightest inaccuracy or incorrectness in the immense receipts that passed through his hands during all that period of time. So little did I reckon upon surviving him, that in my will, I had left him his full salary for life, and also a sum of money over and above, so as to place him quite at his ease. Man proposes, and God disposes.'

This cashier, the immediate object of the solicitude of Donaud, had been obliged during his illness to go to an hospital where, from the circumstance of there being a great crowd of patients, he had perhaps not met with the needful care. This occurrence was doubtless the origin of his desire to provide a special asylum for that class—'a class,' so the will runs, 'so useful to the banker and the merchant, the members of which, for a trifling salary, pass frequently their whole life in preserving the fortunes and credit of bankers and merchants by their rigid accuracy and integrity in discharging the trust reposed in them; and this, too, with so little certainty of a provision for themselves in case of sickness or old age.'

Donaud had no children; he bequeathed the half of his fortune to found an asylum, which, under the name of 'Asylum for the Clerks of Paris,' might receive to the number of ten, infirm, sick, and superannuated patients from that class, taken from the banking and commercial houses of Paris. This act of beneficence is worthy of being remembered, and imitated as regards those aged and necessitous, who, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, are in their old days left stranded by misfortune.

CRUISE OF THE SALDANHA AND TALBOT.

THE following attempt to describe a scene which it has seldom been the lot of man both to witness and to survive, will possess a melancholy interest from the associations with which it is connected. We will only premise, by assuring the reader that the narrative is perfectly authentic, and was penned in a communication to a friend in Edinburgh, in almost the very words here set down. Some of our readers perhaps may remember of an extract from it appearing in the Edinburgh newspapers of the time, being inserted for the purpose of allaying the fears of friends and relatives in that quarter, for the safety of those whom common report had, not irrationally, consigned to a watery grave:—

LOCKSWILLY, Dec. 10, 1811, H. M. S. Talbot.

At mid-day of Saturday the 30th ultimo, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, we weighed from our station here, in company with the *Saldanha* frigate of thirty-eight guns (Captain Pakenham, with a crew of 300 men), on a cruise, as was intended, of twenty days—the *Saldanha* taking a westerly course, while we stood in the opposite direction. We had scarcely got out of the loch and cleared the heads, however, when we plunged at once into all the miseries of a gale of wind blowing from the west. During the three following days, it continued to increase in violence, when the islands of Coll and Tiree* became visible to us. As the wind had now chopped round more to the north, and continued unabated in violence, the danger of getting involved among the numerous small islands and rugged headlands on the north-west coast of Inverness-shire became evident. It was

* Two small islands lying to the north-west of the Isle of Mull. Tiree was formerly celebrated for a marble quarry, and a fine breed of small horses.

therefore deemed expedient to wear the ship round, and make a port with all expedition. With this view, and favoured by the wind, a course was shaped for Lochswilly; and away we scudded under close-reefed foresail and main-topsail, followed by a tremendous sea, which threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and accompanied by piercing showers of hail, and a gale which blew with incredible fury. The same course was steered until next day about noon, when land was seen on the lee-bow. The weather being thick, some time elapsed before it could be distinctly made out, and it was then ascertained to be the island of North Arran, on the coast of Donegal, westward of Lochswilly. The ship was therefore hauled up some points, and we yet entertained hopes of reaching an anchorage before nightfall, when the weather gradually thickened, and the sea, now that we were upon a wind, broke over us in all directions. Its violence was such, that in a few minutes several of our ports were stove in, at which the water poured in in great abundance, until it was actually breast-high, on the lee-side of the main-deck. Fortunately, but little got below, and the ship was relieved by taking in the foresail. But a dreadful addition was now made to the precariousness of our situation, by the cry of 'Land ahead!' which was seen from the fore-castle, and must have been very near. Not a moment was now lost in wearing the ship round on the other tack, and making what little sail could be carried, to weather the land we had already passed. This soon proved, however, to be a forlorn prospect, for it was found we should run our distance by ten o'clock. All the horrors of shipwreck now stared us in the face, aggravated tenfold by the extreme darkness of the night, and the tremendous force of the wind, which now blew a hurricane. Mountains are insignificant when speaking of the sea that kept pace with it; its violence was awful beyond description, and it frequently broke over all the poor little ship, that shivered and groaned, but behaved admirably.

The force of the sea may be guessed from the fact of the sheet-anchor, nearly a ton and a half in weight, being

actually lifted on board, to say nothing of the forechain-plates board broken, both gangways torn away, quarter-galleries stove in, &c. &c. In short, on getting into port, the vessel was found to be loosened through all her frame, and leaking at every seam. As far as depended on her good qualities, however, I felt assured at the time we were safe, for I had seen enough of the *Talbot* to be convinced we were in one of the finest sea-boats that ever swam. But what could all the skill of the ship-builder avail in a situation like ours! With a night full fifteen hours long before us, and knowing that we were fast driving on the land, anxiety and dread were on every face, and every mind felt the terrors of uncertainty and suspense. At length, about twelve o'clock, the dreadful truth was disclosed to us. Judge of my sensations when I saw the surf and the frowning rocks of Arran, scarcely half a mile distant on our lee-bow! To our inexpressible relief, and not less to our surprise, we fairly weathered all, and were congratulating each other on our escape, when on looking forward, I imagined I saw breakers at no great distance on our lee; and this suspicion was soon confirmed, when the moon, which shone at intervals, suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, and presented to us a most terrific spectacle. At not more than a quarter of a mile's distance on our lee-beam, appeared a range of tremendous breakers, amongst which it seemed as if every sea would throw us. Their height, it may be guessed, was prodigious, when they could be clearly distinguished from the foaming waters of the surrounding ocean. It was a scene seldom to be witnessed, and never forgotten! 'Lord have mercy on us!' was now on the lips of every one — destruction seemed inevitable. Captain Swaine, whose coolness I have never seen surpassed, issued his orders clearly and collectedly when it was proposed, as a last resource, to drop the anchors, cut away the masts, and trust to the chance of riding out the gale. This scheme was actually determined on, and everything was in readiness, but happily was deferred until an experiment was tried aloft. In addition to the

close-reefed main-topsail and foresail, the fore-topsail and trysail were now set, and the result was almost magical. With a few plunges, we cleared not only the reef, but a huge rock, upon which I could with ease have tossed a biscuit; and in a few minutes we were inexpressibly rejoiced to observe both far astern.

We had now miraculously escaped all but certain destruction a second time, but much was yet to be feared. We had still to pass Cape Jeller, and the moments dragged on in gloomy apprehension and anxious suspense. The ship carried sail most wonderfully, and we continued to go along at the rate of seven knots, shipping very heavy seas, and labouring much—all with much solicitude looking out for daylight. The dawn at length appeared, and to our great joy we saw the land several miles astern, having passed the Cape and many other hidden dangers during the darkness. Matters on the morning of the 5th assumed a very different aspect from the last two days' experience: the wind gradually subsided, and with it the sea, and a favourable breeze now springing up, we were enabled to make a good offing. I have nothing further worth mentioning respecting ourselves, than that we anchored here this morning, all safe. Fortunately, no accident of consequence occurred, although several of our people were severely bruised by falls. Poor fellows! they certainly suffered enough: not a dry stitch, not a dry hammock, have they had since we sailed. Happily, however, their misfortunes are soon forgot in a dry shirt and a can of grog. Now, they are singing as jovially as if they had just returned from a pleasure-cruise.

The most melancholy part of my narrative is still to be told. On coming up to our anchorage here this morning, we observed an unusual degree of curiosity and bustle in the fort: crowds of people were congregated on both sides, running to and fro, examining us through spy-glasses; in short, an extraordinary commotion was apparent. The meaning of all this was but too soon made known to us by a boat coming alongside, from which we learned that the unfortunate *Saldanha* had

gone to pieces, and every man perished! Our own destruction had likewise been reckoned inevitable from the time of the discovery of the unhappy fate of our consort, five days beforehand; and hence the astonishment excited at our unexpected return. From all that could be learned concerning the dreadful catastrophe, I am inclined to believe, that the *Saldanha* had been driven on the rocks about the time our doom appeared so certain in another quarter. Her lights were seen by the signal-tower at nine o'clock of that fearful Wednesday night, December 4, after which it is supposed she went ashore on the rocks at a small bay called Ballymastaker, almost at the entrance of Lochswilly Harbour. Next morning, the beach was strowed with fragments of the wreck, and upwards of 200 of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were found washed ashore. One man—and one only—out of the 300 is ascertained to have come ashore alive, but almost in a state of insensibility. Unhappily, there was no person present to administer to his wants judiciously, and upon craving something to drink, about half a pint of whisky was given him by the country people, which almost instantly killed him! Poor Pakenham's body was only recognised this morning amidst the others, and, like these, stripped quite naked by the inhuman wretches, who flocked to the wreck as to a blessing! It is even suspected that he came on shore alive, but was stripped, and left to perish! Nothing could equal the audacity of the plunderers, although a party of the Lanark Militia was doing duty around the wreck. But this is an ungracious and revolting subject, which no one of proper feeling would wish to dwell upon. Still less am I inclined to describe the heart-rending scene at Buncrana, where the widows of many of the sufferers are residing. The surgeon's wife, a native of Halifax, has never spoken since the dreadful tidings arrived. Consolation is inadmissible, and no one has yet ventured to offer it.

CULTIVATIONS.

ALL men are not agriculturists, horticulturists, or arboriculturists; but yet almost all men are *cultivators*. By this it is meant, that men in general cultivate, or coax, or unduly appreciate and fondle, some particular feature of their persons, or else, perhaps, some integument connected with their persons, to such a degree as to be rather conspicuous, while to everything else they only give the ordinary degree of attention. There are many features of human nature which remain to be detected and described; and this is one—*cultivations*. So far as I am aware, no one ever thought of pointing it out to mankind; the subject of cultivation has hitherto remained totally *uncultivated*. So it shall be no longer.

Hair, as the only part of the person which actually grows like a vegetable, is naturally a large subject of cultivation. The Cavaliers long ago cultivated love-locks, which they kept hanging down in graceful fashion from their temples. These locks, or curls, are now changed for tufts, or bunches of hair, which the young men cultivate at the same place, and are ever shaking up and tedding, exactly as if it were a crop of hay instead of hair. Mark a modern beau as he walks along the street, and you will observe at one glance that the principal part of the man, the heart—the sensorium—the cynosure—the point from which all the rest evolves—the root of the man, in short, is the tuft under the right rim of his hat. All the rest of him is a mere pendulum, vibrating from this axis. As he walks along, he hardly feels that any other part of him is in existence, besides that. But he feels his tuft most intensely. Thought, feeling, everything, lies concentrated in that; head, body, and limbs, are all alike mere members devolved from it. If you were to cut off the side-bunch of a modern beau in his sleep, he would, for the time, be utterly ruined.

It would be like the polypus, deprived of everything but a single leg; and he would require several months of dormant existence—that is, retirement from the streets—to let the better part of him grow out again from the worse, which had remained behind. Let not the demure Puritan, however, think that the joke lies all against the gay cavalier or beau. There may be as much of the sin of cultivation in the stroked and glossy hair of the Roundhead, or *plain man*, as in the love-locks and bunches of their antipodes in sentiment. I have seen some men, who affected to be very unaffected, cultivate a peak on the top and centre of their brows as sedulously, and with as much inward gratulation on account of it, as ever I saw a dandy cultivate a tuft or train a side-curl. It must be understood that there are cultivations of a negative character, as well as of a positive, and he who is guiltless of cultivation in his heart is alone guiltless. Next to curls, stand whiskers. What a field of cultivation have we there! The whisker is a bounty of nature, which man does not like to refuse taking advantage of. The thing presses upon him—it is *there*; and to put it altogether aside, except upon the demand of temporary fashion, is scarcely to be thought of. Some men, however, are more able to resist the demon of whiskers than others. There are some men so prone to the temptations of this fiend, that they enlarge and enlarge their field of cultivation, by small and imperceptible degrees, till at length the whole chin falls a prey, excepting, perhaps, a small bit about the mouth—just enough to preserve the cultivator within the pale of the Christian church. Sometimes the Whisker Fiend makes an insidious advance or sally up towards the corners of the mouth; and there—in those small creeks or promontories—does the sin of cultivation invariably flourish more proud and rampant than anywhere else. The whisker of the cheek is a broad, honest, candid, downright cultivation; but that down about the corners of the mouth is a sly and most impish one—a little pet sin, apt to beset its cultivator in a far less resistible fashion than any other; and

it may indeed be said, that he who has given himself fairly up to this crime, is almost beyond redemption.

There are some men who cultivate white hands, with long fair nails. For nothing else do they care very particularly—all is well, if only their hands be neat. There is even a ridiculous notion, that elegant hands are the most unequivocal test of what is called good birth. I can say, for my own part, that the finest hands I ever saw belonged to a woman who kept a butcher's shop in Musselburgh. So much for the nonsense about fine hands. Then there is a set of people who cultivate a ring on a particular finger—evidently regretting, from their manner of managing it, that the South Sea fashion of wearing such ornaments in the nose has never come into this country. Some men cultivate neat ebony canes with golden heads, which, they tell you, cost a guinea. Some cultivate a lisp. A few, who fall under the denomination of stout gentlemen, rejoice in a respectable swell of the haunch, with three wrinkles of the coat lying upon it in majestic repose. Some cultivate a neckcloth—some a shirt breast—some a jewelled pin, with a lesser pin at a little distance, which serves to it as a kind of anchor. There has also of late been a great fashion of cultivating chains about the waistcoat. Some only shew about two inches of a gold or silver one between the buttons and the pocket; others, less modest, have themselves almost laced round and round with this kind of tracery. There is also to be detected, occasionally, a small patch of cultivation in the shape of a curious watch-key or seal, which depends from part of the chain, and is evidently a great pet. A not uncommon subject of cultivation is a gold watch.

In our time, we have known some men whose taste for cultivation descended so low as the very foot: they took a pleasure in a particular jet of the trouser at the bottom, where it joined the shoe. Then there is a class who cultivate silk umbrellas. It is a prevalent idea among many men, that a silk umbrella is an exceedingly *genteel* thing. They therefore have an article of this kind, which they are always carrying in a neat, careful manner, so as

to show that it is silk. They seem to feel as if they thought all right when they have their silk umbrellas in their hand: it is a kind of patent of respectability. With a silk umbrella, they could meet the highest personages in the land, and not be abashed. A silk umbrella is, indeed, a thing of such vast effect, that they would be content to go in humble guise in every other respect, provided they only had this saving-clause to protect them. Nay, it is not too much to suppose them entertaining this belief—that five-and-twenty shillings put forth on a good silk umbrella, produces as much value, in dignity, as £5 spent upon good broadcloth. How some men do fondle and cultivate silk umbrellas!

There is a species of cultivators who may, in some cases, be very respectable, and entitled to our forbearance, but are, in others, worthy of a little ridicule. I mean the health-seekers; the men who go out at five in the morning to cultivate an appetite, and regularly chill every sharp-set evening-party they attend, by sitting like Melancholy retired, ostentatiously insisting that they 'never take supper.' When a health-seeker takes a walk, he keeps his coat wide open, his vest half open—seems, in short, to woo the contact of the air—and evidently regrets very much that he cannot enjoy it in the manner of a bath. As he proceeds, he consumes air, as a steam-boat consumes coal; insomuch that, when he leaves the place, you would actually think the atmosphere has a fatigued and exhausted look, as if the whole oxygen had been absorbed to supply his individual necessities. Wherever this man goes, the wind rises behind him, by reason of the vacuum which he has produced. He puffs, pants, fights, strives, struggles for health. When he returns from his morning-walk, he first looks in the glass, to congratulate himself on the bloom which he has been cultivating in his cheek, and thereafter sits down to solace the appetite which he finds he has nursed into a kind of fury. At any ordinary time, he could spring from his bed at nine o'clock, and devour four cups of tea, with bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks beyond reckoning. But he thinks it necessary

to walk four hours, for the purpose of enabling himself to take eight cups, and a still more unconscionable proportion of bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks. He may be compared, in some measure, to the fat oxen which are sometimes shewn about as wonders, though apparently there is nothing less wonderful, the obvious natural means being taken. These oxen, if left to themselves in a good park, would become very respectable oxen—a little *embonpoint*, perhaps, but no more. But, being treated otherwise, they are rendered unnecessarily fat and unwieldy; and so it is with the appetite of the health-cultivator.

CULTIVATIONS, it will thus be observed, is a subject of vast extent, and of great importance, not only to the landed interest, but to all the other interests of the country. I should be glad to treat it at full length in a separate volume, for which, I doubt not, ample materials might be found. But I must content myself with giving it in the meantime only a kind of *topping*, as the farmers say; and perhaps I may return to it next *harvest*. R. C.

THE PRIZE GERANIUM:

A SKETCH OF VILLAGE LIFE.

THERE is no part of England I have ever seen more interesting to me than Salisbury Plain. Unlike the usual idea of English scenery, it is adorned by no green meadows, no scented hay-fields, no shady hedgerows. Not very long ago—I should suppose within the memory of many living—it was mostly uncultivated, and served as pasture-ground for sheep; the greater part of it is now, however, under tillage; and in the early autumn, when I visited it, was covered, I had almost said, with *seas* of waving grain. And somewhat similar was the effect produced on my mind by this plain to that produced by

the sea. When in the midst of those unenclosed downs, the view is only bounded by the horizon, save in one direction; where some low rising-ground—anywhere else unworthy the name of hills—scarce interferes with the ocean-like sense of the rest; as in the dim remoteness this low line of coast-like form, might not inaptly represent the cliffs of a distant shore. This rising-ground, like the plain itself, is formed of chalk; and in the turf, or other vegetation with which it is covered, is cut out on the white background the figure of a horse—the ancient Saxon emblem.

Instead of sails on this solid and waveless sea, one may occasionally discern some wagon, coach, or carriage, standing out against the sky, as it wends its way across the downs; or here and there long poles, or similar landmarks, to point out the road in snow, might typify masts; while last, not least, rising out of a kind of yet unploughed, half-moorish, half-pasture-land, may be seen, like rocks rising from the deep, a stupendous temple of stone, hoary with the age of many centuries, older than the legendary days of the early Saxon invaders, more ancient far than history itself. This is Stonchenge, probably the most ancient remnant of antiquity in Britain—certainly one of the most interesting archaeological problems in the world. And those low barrows by which it is surrounded possess, too, a similar mysterious interest. Are they, too, parts of some great astronomical and religious scheme or map, of which Salisbury Plain was the fitting field?—or are they the resting-places of the mighty dead, whose names perished, perchance, thousands of years ago, whose very existence now is but a doubt?

It may sound strange to speak of the valleys in a plain; but, though strange, it is true. Fancy a raised flat surface, with various irregular cracks or fissures in it—but those bearing no greater proportion to the magnitude of the surface than cracks in a china plate do to the size of that article of domestic convenience—and you have some idea of the relative proportions of these downs and the valleys by which they are intersected. Those valleys are oases

of verdure, clothed with old trees and green meadows, and watered by pleasant streams, the chief of which is the little river Avon. Many of the prettiest little villages in all England are sprinkled thickly on the sedgy, rushy banks of the still, calm Avon, each with its squire's mansion at one end, and sometimes in a park-like enclosure, its grave, cheerful parsonage, and solemn little church, with its ancient tower and venerable yews. There are not, in all the length and breadth of our land, any communities, except it may be in the Hebrides or Shetland, more thoroughly 'out of the world,' as the phrase is, than these little Wiltshire villages. The railways, which have done so much to bring many remote places within the pale of the bustling world's life, have tended to shut them out from it. Since their establishment, the stately mail and stage coaches which used to traverse the plain, have ceased to run. There is no thoroughfare now through its quiet green vales. It is an island of rest and silence in the midst of an ocean of noise and bustle. Yet human life, its hopes, fears, wishings, strivings, are there the same as all the world over.

It was the latter end of July when I arrived at the little village of —, that sweetest season when the brilliant gorgeousness of summer begins to merge into the more sober glory of autumn. The great waving fields of grain on the downs were whitening to harvest. The tangling vetch, and the scarlet poppy, and the blue cornflower, and many other sweet blossoms, grew in the fields or by the wayside; while the low, reedy banks of the Avon were fragrant with meadow-sweet, and beautiful with the delicate white flowers and trailing shoots of that most graceful of all wild plants, the convolvulus. The roses and the lilies in the rectory flower-garden had given place to geraniums, verbenas, carnations, and sweet-peas. Brilliantly they glowed in their pretty beds on the smoothest and greenest little lawn in all England; and quietly rose the old church-tower above the little shrubbery which alone separated the flower-garden from the village graveyard. The rectory-house itself was a most pleasant

dwelling, irregular in shape, and built of shining flint, bordered with brick, and was light and bright and airy; the gayness, however, sobered by a certain air of seriousness, even as the cheerful spirits of its hospitable inhabitants were mellowed by an ever-present sense of the holy and honourable work they were there to perform.

When I arrived at —, I found all the village occupied in looking forward to and preparing for a horticultural show, in which prizes were to be distributed to the most successful cultivators of village-gardens. It was to be held the week after my arrival, in an immense barn about a stone's throw from the rectory. I had just come from London, and the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations seemed to have created there hardly so intense an interest as this village vegetable-exhibition in sweet little —. Oh! would it be a fine day! The weather was very unsettled: when there were no black thunder-clouds and pelting showers, there was a mackerel sky and mares' tails. But the rectory gardener, who was the presiding genius of the whole affair, and to whom it was the greatest day by far of the whole year, was certain the weather would clear before then. 'It was sure to be a fine day:' so said we all, but I at least had a misgiving in my heart.

One evening, a few days before the all-important one of the fête, I accompanied my friend and hostess on one of her visits of kindness to a sick neighbour. The cottage in which the latter dwelt consisted of only one apartment, but this one was large and airy. In a recess formed by the fireplace, which was built out towards the middle of the floor, stood the bed, which was shaded by clean chintz curtains. The scanty furniture of the apartment was also clean and comfortable, and in the window was a handsome, vigorous geranium, on which some flowers were already blown, while others were on the point of unfolding. But my attention was attracted chiefly by a deformed girl, who sat at a small deal-table opposite the fire, busily engaged in needlework. She was dreadfully deformed. — shoulders were almost as high as her head, and she

had on her back an undeniable hump. She was very short, her features harsh, and her complexion pale, though not sickly. But the expression of this face, to a physiognomist like myself, almost atoned for its want of physical beauty. It was lively, ardent, and hopeful; and the quick dark eye, which would have been a fine one had it not been rather too deep set, was full of intelligence, and seemed to me to denote practical ability of no ordinary degree. Altogether, I was impressed with the idea of a cheerful, kindly, healthy spirit—a spirit so much occupied in thinking of things without, that it had no time to make itself miserable by dwelling on the deficiencies of the tabernacle in which it dwelt. ‘Ah!’ I said to myself, as I inspected the finished execution of a shirt with which the girl was busy—for I consider myself a tolerable judge of needlework—‘so much for having something to do—a work in the world, however humble: another confirmation of my favourite doctrine—that, humanly speaking, hope and employment are the two great requisites for happiness.’ I had put a few questions to the young workwoman, and she had answered, as I expected, in an intelligent, respectful, and gratified manner, when I was called to the side of the bed by my friend to speak to the invalid.

A striking contrast was she in every respect to Rhoda, for such was the name of the little seamstress—a common one in that part of the world. The sick girl did not seem much above twenty. Her figure, as far as one could judge, as she now sat propped up by pillows, was straight and well formed. Her features were remarkably fine; but, alas! her complexion had all the exquisite and unmistakable clearness of consumption, and its beautiful but unearthly light blazed in her large brown eyes. She spoke cheerfully, but seemed quite aware that the inevitable hour drew nigh.

We lingered but a few seconds by her bedside, and then, fearful of exhausting her, we turned to leave the cottage. As we passed the table where Rhoda sat, I stopped for a minute to bestow the praise on her needlework I had been prevented giving before by the call of my friend.

'Yes,' said my friend, 'Rhoda is the best needlewoman in the parish, and the best worker, and so useful in the school.'

'And the best nurse,' said the feeble voice of the sick girl from the bed.

'I do not know what the parish would do without Rhoda,' rejoined my friend.

The deformed girl looked up from her work. Her lip quivered, her dark features flushed with pleasure, and a tear started to her expressive eyes.

'It is little I can do for you or Mary, ma'am,' she said, 'when I think of what you have done for me.'

She spoke in so low a tone that it was impossible her voice could reach the invalid, and we passed out of the cottage.

'There is some history attaches to these two girls,' I said to my companion as we returned to the rectory.

'One can hardly call it a *history*,' was her reply; 'it is but an anecdote illustrating how much good may be done by a little kindness. If you will take a few turns on the lawn, I shall be happy to tell you all there is to tell. The air will do me good, too, as the sight of poor Mary has made me sad.'

Accordingly, we repaired to the lawn; and as the shades of the balmy summer evening crept over the old church and the pleasant flower-garden, my friend communicated to me the following account of the two girls, whose appearance, for reasons so different, had interested me so much. I prefer, however, giving the substance of the narrative in my own words, as I shall thereby be enabled to make it more concise.

When my hospitable friends came to the parish a few years back, as far as I could gather, for they were no trumpeters of their own good deeds, they found it in a very neglected state. There were but few of the orderly cottages, and none of the neat, smiling, productive little gardens which make it now the beau-ideal of a rural village. Need I say that the moral condition of the village was also different. Are not neat cottages and trim

gardens somewhat of a moral index? Is not the progress of industry at once the cause and the consequence of a higher moral tone?

On looking round on their new flock, even amid much that was disorderly and degraded looking, morally and physically—they were more especially struck by a poor deformed girl. She was dressed in rags. Her hair, matted and disorderly, was stuffed behind her ears, and hung down her back. Her plain, harsh features were not devoid of a certain sharp, but not pleasant kind of intelligence. She looked at once depressed, discontented, and rebellious, and shot round fierce and angry glances at the children, who seemed to jeer and laugh at her.

‘Who is that girl?’ inquired the new pastor of a young woman who chanced to be passing by.

‘Only Humpy Rhoda!’ she answered contemptuously, while a smile of self-complacency, as she glanced after the poor deformed girl, played round her rosy lips, and brightened her large hazel eyes. This was Mary, then in the first blush of womanhood—tall, straight, and slender, and radiant with the freshest bloom of youth and health.

It chanced that Rhoda heard the answer. She turned round, saying, with an expression of the bitterest rage and mortification: ‘I hate you, Mary—I hate every one of you!’ and then burst into tears. Here was a frightful state of feeling on both sides—a state of absolute moral darkness!

But it was necessary to commence a reform cautiously as well as zealously. It was first represented to Mary that Rhoda was as God made her, and that to mock at God’s work, was to mock at Himself. Mary was a soft-hearted, impressible girl, with a naturally amiable disposition. She had merely been led into her present seeming cruelty by thoughtlessness, by the general voice, and by her own beauty and popularity. She was very anxious to please the new rector and his lady. Partly from this motive, partly from a better, and partly from the natural amiability of her disposition, she was easily won over to treat Rhoda with respect and kindness. To

induce in Rhoda better feelings was a much more difficult task: not that my friends had much difficulty in gaining her affections. She was taught to read and work, and various other useful arts, and she learned with almost marvellous rapidity—for her abilities were good—her energy was immense, and all her powers were stimulated by the wish to surpass those who had despised her. And she did surpass them. She was the most cleanly, active, and industrious girl in the village. There was nothing within the ordinary compass of village affairs that Rhoda could not accomplish. What was too difficult for another, was easy to the clever Rhoda. All this produced its natural effect upon the strong feelings and undisciplined mind of the deformed girl. She became passionately devoted to the rector and his lady; but all their persuasions were unavailing to induce her to forgive those who had formerly used her unkindly. Her feelings of resentment, and her feelings of gratitude were equally strong. To Mary, more especially, she displayed her unforgiving spirit. Nothing could persuade her that the present gentle conduct of the latter proceeded from any other motive than a desire to supplant her in the favour of the rector and his lady. She *hated* such meanness, and even to please them—and she would have died for them—she would not stoop to the same. They were good, she knew; but as to Mary, who was as proud as a peacock, pretending to be like them, she was not to be taken in by any such hypocrisy. And she would frequently send Mary to my friend with tears in her eyes, and her temper wellnigh lost, saying that it was all in vain to hope to make an impression on Rhoda. But my friend bade her be of good cheer, and that patience and kindness would prevail in the end. ‘You know, Mary,’ she would say, ‘this is but the natural consequence of your former thoughtless conduct. Only by unwearied perseverance can you shew that you have heartily repented of it.’

It was almost immediately after the arrival of my friends at —, that, for the encouragement of industry,

and with the hope of creating a healthy recreation, and repressing unhealthy ones, the horticultural show was established, and the system of prizes introduced. Neither Mary nor Rhoda having gardens, they were of course precluded from competing in the way of vegetables or bouquets. But there was to be a prize also for the best geranium, and for this they both resolved to contend. At last the day arrived. There were various other geraniums besides Mary's and Rhoda's; but by almost every one theirs were thought the best, though which of the two bore off the palm was greatly disputed. But the judges were not chosen from among the villagers. They were selected from among the gardeners of the neighbouring gentlemen, and were ignorant to whom the various articles belonged. Whether right or wrong, I cannot tell, this conclave awarded the prize to Mary.

Nothing could exceed Rhoda's jealousy and mortification. She was very ambitious of distinction, and had set her heart as anxiously on the geranium prize as ever did statesman on power, or general on conquest, or author on fame, or any other human being on any earthly bauble whatever. Small and insignificant as her ambition may seem to us, little was the world to Rhoda; and perhaps, after all, what we call great and small may be to a different order of beings but the difference between one microscopic atom and another. Be that as it may, Rhoda, like most persons of strong feelings under a violent disappointment, who have received no moral education, got into a passion, and exclaimed there had not been fair play, and that the prize had been given, not to the best geranium, but to Mary's pretty face. At this, there was a great outcry of 'Shame!' among the assembled competitors, with all of whom the pretty and good-tempered Mary was a great favourite. Glances of reproach and contempt were cast upon Rhoda, and expressions of sympathy with Mary were heard on every side. Maddened with disappointment, and the old bitter sense of hardship and ill-usage returning upon her, Rhoda, in a sort of transport, pushed

recklessly past Mary in the crowd. In doing so, she knocked the latter against the projecting part of a wall. Mary lost her balance, and trying to recover it—both her hands occupied in carrying the flower-pot which held the geranium—her foot struck against a stone, and she fell. She was instantly lifted up, her face as pale as that of the dead, and covered with blood. She had fainted. She was laid by the bystanders on some turf close at hand, and in a few seconds she recovered her senses. Meantime Rhoda, in a new passion of remorse and penitence, had thrown herself down beside her. ‘Take her away, the wicked thing—she has done it!’ cried some among the crowd who had gathered round. But Mary raising herself, said: ‘No, no; let her stay. You are sorry, Rhoda—are you not? You were only a little bit angry just at the time, you know.’ Now, Mary at first had been somewhat incensed against Rhoda, but her fall, instead of further irritating her, had calmed her at once. It is a remarkable truth, that a little provocation will sometimes make us angry, when a real injury makes us magnanimous, perhaps because the latter calls out our deeper principles and feelings, while the former acts only upon our superficial impulses.

A medical gentleman, who had been present as one of the spectators, now arrived from the rectory. Mary complained much of having hurt her arm, and on examining it, he pronounced it to be broken. Rhoda’s terror and distress were now extreme; but even in the midst of them, she displayed her superior presence of mind and readiness of resource. Mary was carried home, and laid in bed previous to her arm being set. While this operation was being performed, Rhoda held the patient, who had the magnanimity not to utter a complaint.

‘And now, Rhoda,’ said the aunt of Mary, with whom the latter lived, for her own parents were both dead, ‘you may go away—I am glad you seem to be a little sorry.’ The tears started into Rhoda’s dark eyes.

‘No, Rhoda,’ said Mary; ‘I should like you to stay, if

you would ; for I shall not be well for a day or two, and nobody would nurse me I know like you.'

'O Mary, you are *really* good!' was Rhoda's solo response ; but she stayed ; and never had invalid a more zealous attendant.

Mary's illness was, however, of short duration ; and the fracture being simple, the bone speedily knit together again. But from the day on which Rhoda had acknowledged the formerly hated Mary to be *really* good, she never wavered from her conviction, and did not seem to be able to do enough to atone for her former unkindness. And Mary's perseverance in well-doing was rewarded at last. But good always produces more good. Rhoda now began to ask herself, if Mary had been '*really* good,' what she herself had been ? Her heart had been turned by Mary's goodness. Might not the hearts of others be turned in the same manner ? Some had been unkind to her : she would be kind to them, as Mary had been to her. Whether or not it would have the same effect in their case, she felt at least that it would make herself happier. She now began to perceive the force of much she had heard her good pastor both preach and say, that had hitherto fallen on her ear as mere meaningless words.

She put in practice her good intentions. She worked for, nursed, helped, comforted everybody. At first, people began by doubting her, and by saying she would change ; but at last they were forced to be convinced that she was sincere and constant. A great revulsion in popular feeling was the consequence. Everybody began to see that every one but the rector, his lady, and Mary had been wrong. Rhoda was now a public blessing ; and was it not everybody's own fault that she had not always been so ?

But these pleasant changes had hardly taken place at —, than an event occurred which saddened all the little community. Mary caught cold one chill spring night, and the cold seized on her lungs. Erelong, it became evident to all—even to Rhoda, who hoped till

hope was impossible—that her end was at hand. Such was the substance of my friend's narrative.

The day before the eventful one of the *fête* was pouring wet—not a break in the clouds, not one gleam of sunshine the whole day. Still, the gardener said: 'It will be fine to-morrow.' And it was fine on the morrow. It was one of those bright days one occasionally sees in the midst of unsettled weather, when the sun seems even brighter than usual, when the earth wears her gayest green, and the trees, even in the summer's decline, seem to renew the freshness of spring. Mary was still alive. How busy we were all the early morning decorating the barn with green branches, receiving the contributions of the candidates, and arranging them all on the benches, covered with white cotton for the purpose! I was standing near the door when Rhoda handed in the geranium I had noticed in the window of Mary's cottage. 'Is this yours, Rhoda?' I asked.

She looked down as she answered, while the dark eyes filled with tears: 'No, miss—it is poor Mary's. O miss, I do so hope she may get the prize!'

My friend, who was near me, said as soon as Rhoda was gone: 'The geranium was Rhoda's, but it has been Mary's ever since her own was destroyed by the fall the day her arm was broken. It is far finer now than it was then, for Mary, till she was confined to bed, spared no pains in tending it, and Rhoda has taken care of it for her since.'

And now all is ready, and the guests are beginning to assemble in the rectory drawing-room; and soon it was full, and then, by half-a-dozen at a time, we go to inspect the exhibition; and then the judges inspect it likewise, and hold their important deliberations; and then we all go in a body to see the prizes distributed. The geranium prize was awarded to Mary. Never shall I forget Rhoda's look of satisfaction. 'Oh!' she cried, 'I did so wish her to get this once more, and she is a little easier to-day.'

'May I go with you, Rhoda, to tell her?' I asked.

Permission was granted, and we went. On arriving,

we found that the invalid, who had seemed better all the morning, had suddenly sunk into a very low state. Rhoda's countenance fell. 'She won't care for prizes now,' whispered the aunt.

The dying girl heard the whisper, and looked up. 'O yes, I do!' she cried. 'Thank you, my kind Rhoda: I care for any proof of your kindness.' Then, after a pause, and with some difficulty: 'Dear Rhoda! take back the geranium, and keep it in memory of our having forgiven one another. There is nothing so blessed as forgiveness; but I cannot speak now.'

Ready to weep, I was obliged to return to the gay scene, and leave those humble friends, who were truly of earth's noblest. Rhoda I saw no more that day: I guessed how she was occupied.

The guests are now wandering on the lawn: here, a group of clergymen, discussing weighty affairs no doubt; there, a knot of married ladies, discussing affairs also weighty of course; there, one or two squires, coursing their matches o'er again; there, some young persons talking nonsense, as young persons will; and there, a sentimental couple, who have retreated into a moss-house—'to be out of the sun,' they say; but I have an inward suspicion, to escape me—I, in my stupidity, or pre-occupation of mind, having been quite unconscious till that moment that I had been one too many. And now, I stand alone by the window, and a neighbouring squire's wife approaches me, politely entering into conversation with the stranger, and saying what a pleasant sight it has been, and how she wishes there was a Mrs—— in every parish; and I heartily respond to the wish. And then we go to luncheon; and then the villagers assemble to dinner in the barn; then the guests, small and great, all disperse by degrees. It is all over. The great day of the year at little—— has gone off brilliantly. We have tea quietly, and I go up to my own room to rest, and to think of Mary and Rhoda.

My room looks out on the lawn, and on the little church. It is dusk: the gay company are all gone: softly night

steals over the scene, so sweet and so still: the stars shine peacefully down on the little church, and its dark, overshadowing trees: the calm is almost preternatural: suddenly, a sound breaks on the silence—a slow, solemn sound from the bell in the church-tower; and I know well what that sound means—I know that the spirit of the gentle Mary has passed away from forgiveness on earth to forgiveness beyond the earth.

I am far away now from that quiet village in the great Wiltshire Plain; but amid the fever of busy life, to think of it is, to my mind, like a soothing anodyne. The memory of the garden-show, with its innocent gaiety, the noble feelings of the two peasant girls, and the end of the whole, so sad yet so touching, spring up in my heart evermore like a fountain shedding around it freshness and repose.

CAVE-TEMPLES IN THE EAST.

AMONGST the remarkable objects which are scattered profusely over the vast continent of Asia, few have more frequently arrested the attention and excited the admiration of the traveller, than those cave-temples which are situated on the islands of Salsette and Elephanta, near Bombay, in the East Indies. They are calculated to astonish not only by their vast size, but also by the singularity of their conformation; for they are not, like other temples, composed of small parts put regularly together, and reared from a foundation upwards, but have been hewn out of the living rock with infinite labour and care. We propose to give an account of these works, drawn up from the writings of various travellers who have visited and described them.

Salsette was formerly separated from Bombay by a strait 200 yards wide, across which, in the year 1805, a causeway was carried, thus uniting it with the larger

island. It is 18 miles long, by 14 broad; and the comparatively small area comprised within these limits, is remarkably rich in mythological antiquities, and the remains of reservoirs, with flights of stone-steps round them. But by far the most splendid remains of former grandeur, are the temple-caves of Canara, or Kennery, on account of their number, their beautiful situation, their elaborate carving, and their marked connection with the religion of Buddha. The caves are scattered at different elevations over the sides of a high rocky hill, and literally perforate it like a honeycomb. They differ considerably in form, size, and accommodation; and if we suppose the largest to have been a temple where religious ceremonies were performed, the smaller ones may have been the habitations of the priests and their pupils, when India was the nursing-mother of art and science, ere Europe emerged from ignorance and barbarism. Many have deep and well-carved cisterns attached to them, which, even in dry seasons, are supplied with water. One of the caves, a large and nearly square chamber, covered with magnificent carving, and in the inside surrounded by a broad stone-bench, is called the Durbas, from a supposition that it was appropriated to certain purposes of state during the time that the island was under the Mohammedan domination. The great temple is situated at some distance from the summit of the mountain, in a commanding situation. It was at one time converted into a place of Christian worship by the Portuguese. This stupendous work is entered through a lofty and beautiful portico of the same height and breadth as the temple, having on its front, but inclining to the left hand, a high detached octagonal pillar, surmounted by three lions seated back to back. The whole is very richly decorated. On the east side, there is a colossal statue of Buddha, with his hands raised in the attitude of benediction; and the screen which separates the vestibule from the temple, is covered with a row of male and female figures, nearly in a state of nudity. They are carved with considerable spirit, and the learned Bishop Heber is of opinion

that they represent dancers in various attitudes. The outer front of the portico, and the area before it, are now injured by time, and the mouldering sculpture is intermingled with clematis and various rock-plants. In the centre of the portico is a large door, above which is a semi-circular arch containing three windows. The apartment to which this splendid entrance conducts, is an oblong square, terminated by a semicircle opposite the entrance; and in the centre of this semicircle, with a free walk all round it, is a circular mass of rock left solid 19 feet high, and 48 feet in circumference. It is carved externally like a dome, as well as ornamented on the top after the manner of the capital of a column, and from this a large gilt umbrella used formerly to spring. This dome is generally supposed to be a representation of the *lingam*, the symbol of Seva, or Siva, one of the incarnations of the divine being in the Brahminical mythology. The following are the exact dimensions of the temple itself:—Length of the interior, 91 feet 6 inches; breadth, 38 feet; depth of the portico, 12 feet; portico-wall, or support of rock, 5 feet; front-wall, or support of rock, 3 feet; area 28 feet; outer-wall, or support of rock, 2 feet 8 inches. The length of the whole temple, portico, and area leading to it, is 142 feet 2 inches. A colonnade of octagonal pillars runs down each side and across the bottom of the apartment, leaving a narrow walk between them and the wall. Twelve of these on each side nearest the entrance are ornamented with carved bases and capitals, in the style usual in Indian temples. They are generally finished in a masterly style, and the sculpture is little impaired by time. Some of the pillars are comparatively plain, though none are altogether without ornament. On the summits of several, there is carved a figure resembling a bell, between elephants, horses, lions, and other kinds of animals.

The roof of the temple is arched semicircularly, and ornamented with slender ribs of teak-wood, having the same curve as the roof, and disposed as if they were supporting it; but neither does it require this aid, nor are

they strong enough for the purpose. They were doubtless appropriated to some purpose, probably during the celebration of solemn festivities, to suspend lamps or flowers from. The antiquity of this beautiful and majestic temple will be examined after the excavations of Elephanta have been described.

The island of Elephanta, about two leagues from Bombay, is rather more than six miles in circumference, and has the appearance of a long hill divided in two, there being a low narrow valley running between two abrupt eminences which skirt it on either side. About a furlong from the beach, there formerly stood erect the figure of an elephant, thrice the size of life, rudely sculptured out of an enormous mass of dark-coloured rock; and from this circumstance, the island derived its name, which was given to it by the Portuguese. The hill which contains the excavations is ascended by a narrow path, winding amongst rocks, trees, and underwood; and about half way up, the first cave opens upon the view. The entrance is by no means so imposing as that of Salsette; and, from the lowness of the roof, the spectator is constantly reminded of being in a cave or rocky subterranean chamber. Yet his surprise and admiration are excited to the highest degree when he enters; and all travellers concur in stating, that it is entitled to the whole of the praise which has been lavished upon it. Rows of massive columns cut out of the solid rock, in uniform order, and regularly placed, form three magnificent avenues leading from the top to the bottom. The capitals of each seem to form a cushion, upon which the roof rests; and so admirably are they cut, that they appear as if they had collapsed by the weight of the superincumbent mass. The apartment is surrounded by handsome colonnades, the pillars of which are carved with uncommon delicacy. The sides are adorned with groups of figures in alto relief, placed at regular distances, and terminating the avenues formed by the colonnades, so that only one group is seen at a time, except on a near approach: the regularity and proportion of the whole are remarkably striking. The

figures are generally in graceful attitudes ; but an indication of corresponding muscular strength is wanting those of gigantic size.

In a recess at the bottom, facing the vestibule, and nearly in the centre, is an enormous bust having three faces, each five feet in length, the whole being six yards in height. This is generally supposed to represent the deity in the Hindoo mythology—Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva—in the characters of the creator, preserver, and destroyer. The face in the middle displays regular features, and a placid serenity of character. It is adorned with a towering head-dress, on each side of which is a profusion of ornaments. The aspect of Vishnoo has the same mild character as that of Brahma ; but in the countenance of Siva, severity and revenge, the characteristics of his destroying nature, are strongly depicted. In one of the hands is a large snake, while the other contain fruits, flowers, and other blessings for mankind, the lotos and pomegranate being easily distinguished. The lotos, which is so often introduced into the Hindoo mythology, forms a principal object in the sculpture and paintings in their temples, is the ornament of their sacred lakes, and the most conspicuous beauty in their flower sacrifices. This gem of Flora's crown is frequently seen in the Egyptian and Grecian sculpture. Some recent writers, and amongst the rest Bishop Heber, have questioned the opinion of this statue being a representation of the Hindoo deity, and for it have substituted the theory that it is the threefold face of Siva. This conjecture was advanced by the learned prelate in support of his somewhat lame hypothesis, that these temples are of comparatively recent origin ; because Siva alone, in his threefold aspect, is, and has been for centuries, the popular deity of the Hindoos. But we shall recur to this subject afterwards.

On each side of this colossal statue is a gigantic figure leaning on a dwarf—an object of frequent occurrence in the sculptures of these excavations. The giants seem to stand as a body-guard to the grand idol, and separate it

from a large recess filled with a variety of figures of both sexes in different attitudes. There is one conspicuous female figure, single-breasted, like the Amazons; the rest, whether they represent mortals or immortals, are commonly arrayed in the ornaments worn by the modern Hindoos. The spaces between the larger figures are occupied by small ærial beings, which hover about them in infinite variety. In a recess of this temple, there is one piece of sculpture, executed with remarkable beauty and spirit. It is a colossal statue, fourteen feet high, and represents the Siva Vindex of the Hindoo pantheon. It is much mutilated, the whole of the lower extremities having been broken away; and of the eight arms with which it was originally provided, several are now broken. Enough, however, of this gigantic personage remains to convey an idea of the sculpture, which is very fine. The countenance expresses terrible ferocity, blended with a certain degree of majesty, which serves to convey the idea, that, though the wrath there bodied forth be unrelenting, it is that of a deity, not the vulgar and brutal passion of a mortal. There are many other figures, some of equal size, and some less; and all, whether single or in groups, have a reference to the mythology of the Brahmins, whilst the caverns of Canara or Kennery are unequivocally Buddhist temples. 'This temple,' says Mr Moore, in his *Hindoo Pantheon*, 'may be called a complete pantheon; for among the hundreds, I may say thousands, of figures there sculptured, every principal deity is found. Many deified heroes in the more modern mythological romances, contained in some of the Puranas and Tantras, will have been exalted since the excavation of this wonderful cavern; but I strongly believe that all the gods of the *Vedas* (sacred writings of the Hindoos), or, if I may so term them, all the legitimate Hindoo deities, will be found in its different compartments, if not indeed too much defaced for recognition.'

On the right and left, passages lead off to smaller excavations, containing sculptures, baths, &c.; and in one of the apartments is a colossal representation of the

lingam. With regard to the impression made upon the mind of a spectator on visiting these caves, the words of Bishop Heber, a man of refined tastes and elegant accomplishments, may be quoted:—‘Though my expectations were highly raised,’ says that learned dignitary, ‘the reality much exceeded them, and that both the dimensions, the proportions, and the sculpture, seemed to me to be of a more noble character, and a more elegant execution, than I had been led to suppose. Even the statues are executed with great spirit, and are, some of them, of no common beauty, considering their dilapidated condition, and the coarseness of their material.’ Another writer observes, regarding these extraordinary works of human skill and perseverance:—‘The Elephanta caves, especially, cause admiration, when we contemplate the immensity of the undertaking, the number of artificers employed, and the extraordinary genius of its first projector, in a country until lately accounted rude and barbarous by the now enlightened nations of Europe. It is a work which would be admired by the curious, had it been raised from a foundation like other structures; but when we consider that it is hewn inch by inch in the hard and solid rock, we cannot but be astonished at the conception and completion of the undertaking.’

Writers are not at all agreed upon the antiquity of these excavations, and, in the absence of anything like positive proof, a degree of uncertainty must attach to all conjectures regarding the period at which they were executed. Bishop Heber is opposed to the more generally received opinion of their high antiquity, and urges in support of his views, amongst other arguments, the following:—That the rock out of which the temple is carved, is by no means calculated to resist, for any great length of time, the influence of the elements; and that decomposition has rapidly increased within the memory of man; but this is evidently an erroneous view of the matter, for if the mouldering is so rapid as to be perceptible by persons now living, the whole structure would have been one heap of ruins long before the lapse of half

the number of ages which the learned prelate admits it most probably to have existed.

There can be little doubt but these caves were appropriated to religious purposes (the pure Hindoo religion and mythology it seems almost certain); and as they are the most magnificent to be found in the country, we are entitled to trace their origin to that period of Hindoo history when that people had arrived at their highest pitch of prosperity, and their religious ceremonies were conducted on the most splendid scale, and in the most magnificent edifices. We are by no means to suppose that, in the decline of national prosperity, and consequently of religious observances, such a Herculean labour as the execution of Elephanta would have been undertaken; nor is it likely, on the other hand, that it was elaborated from the solid rock, before the national prosperity had reached at least a very high degree of perfection, else we might look for still more remarkable instances of their industry, taste, and religious zeal, which, however, are not to be found. But all authentic records of the ancient history of this part of India have perished, and the poems and histories which at present exist, and generally relate the occurrences of remote antiquity, are a tissue of incredible fables. This, the only other means of determining the question, being denied us, plausible conjecture alone can be advanced; and it is, that these works were executed between three and four thousand years ago.

MR 'BIANCONI'S CARS.

Few men have been so useful in their day as Mr Bianconi of Clonmel. This gentleman, whose successful enterprise affords an apt instance of what may be accomplished by well-directed perseverance, is a native of Milan, and from being one of the poorest, is now one of the wealthiest men

in Ireland. Having come to Ireland about thirty years ago, in some humble mercantile capacity, he quickly perceived the advantages, public and private, which might be gained by establishing stage-cars on various roads throughout that country, and began by attempting to run one from Clonmel to Cahir. The experiment was at first discouraging, few or no passengers supporting it; but the plan ultimately triumphed, beyond the most sanguine expectations which could have been formed of such an undertaking.

At the meeting of the British Association at Cork, Statistical Section, Mr Bianconi was called on to read a paper on the subject of his establishment, which he did as follows :—

‘Up to the year 1815, the public accommodation for the conveyance of passengers in Ireland was confined to a few mail and day coaches on the great lines of road. From my peculiar position in the country, I had ample opportunities of reflecting on many things, and nothing struck me more forcibly than the great vacuum that existed in travelling accommodation between the different orders of society. The inconvenience felt for the want of a more extended means of intercourse, particularly from the interior of the country to the different market-towns, gave great advantage to a few at the expense of the many, and, above all, occasioned a great loss of time; for instance, a farmer living twenty or thirty miles from his market-town, spent the day in riding to it, a second day doing his business, and a third day returning. In July 1815, I started a car for the conveyance of passengers from Clonmel to Cahir, which I subsequently extended to Tipperary and Limerick. At the end of the same year, I started similar cars from Clonmel to Cashel and Thurles, and from Clonmel to Carrick and Waterford; and I have since extended this establishment so as to include the most isolated localities—namely, from Longford to Ballina and Bellmullet, which is 201 miles north-west of Dublin; from Athlone to Galway and Clifden, 163 miles due west of Dublin; from Limerick to Tralee

and Calhirciveen, 233 miles south-west of Dublin; and numbering 110 vehicles, including mail-coaches and different sized cars capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and travelling eight to nine miles per hour, at an average fare of one penny farthing per mile for each passenger, and performing daily 3800 miles, passing through more than 140 stations for the change of horses; consuming 3000 to 4000 tons of hay, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of oats annually; all of which are purchased in their respective localities. These vehicles do not travel on Sundays, unless such portions of them as are in connection with the post-office or canals, for the following reasons:—First, the Irish, being a religious people, will not travel on business on Sundays; and secondly, experience teaches me, that I can work a horse eight miles per day, for six days in the week, much better than I can six miles for seven days. The advantages derived by the country from this establishment are almost incalculable: for instance, the farmer who formerly rode and spent three days in making his market, can now do so in one, for a few shillings; thereby saving two clear days, and the expense and use of his horse. The example of this institution has been generally followed; and cars innumerable leave the interior for the principal towns in the south of Ireland, which bring parties to and from markets at an enormous saving of time, and, in many instances, cheaper than they could walk it. This establishment has now been in existence twenty-eight years, travelling with its mails at all hours of the day and night, and never met any interruption in the performance of its arduous duties. Much surprise has often been expressed at the high order of men connected with it, and at its popularity; but parties thus expressing themselves forget to look at Irish society with sufficient grasp. For my part, I cannot better compare it than to a man emerging into convalescence from a serious attack of malignant fever, and requiring generous and nutritive diet in place of medical treatment. Thus I act with my drivers, who are taken from the lowest grade of the establishment,

and who are progressively advanced according to their respective merits, as opportunity offers, and who know that nothing can deprive them of this reward, and a superannuated allowance of their full wages in old age and under accident, unless their wilful and improper conduct; and as to its popularity, I never yet attempted to do an act of generosity or common justice, publicly or privately, that I was not repaid tenfold. In conclusion, Mr Bianconi regretted that the shortness of the notice which he had received to meet the Association, should have rendered it impossible for him to prepare a document more ample in details and more worthy of the Section.'

Mr and Mrs Hall, in their work, a *Week at Killarney*, speak in warm terms of approbation of Mr Bianconi's cars. 'In form, they resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well-horsed, have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares for each person averaging about two-pence per mile. They are open cars, but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles. It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country: its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense, and with little sacrifice of time.'

Is it possible to read these particulars without a reflection on the advantages to be derived from perseverance in properly designed enterprise? Here is an unfriended foreigner, who, by the mere force of his own
 ity and industry, directed to practical objects,
 vast public benefits, not to speak of a justly

earned private fortune ; while others, spending the energy of a life-time on visionary abstractions, accomplish not only no public good, but an incalculable amount of evil, and, as might have been anticipated, leave off poorer than they began.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

ONE of the most remarkable chiefs of North American Indians, was the celebrated Logan, a Cayuga, the acknowledged head of the Six-Nations, who flourished in the decade 1770-80. In a work on Indian biography, published a number of years ago at New York, there is an account of this individual, and the fate to which he was exposed by the encroaching policy of the whites.

According to the narrative in question, Logan, though belonging to an eastern tribe, resided during most of his life in a western settlement, either at Sandusky, or upon a branch of the Scioto, there being at the former location, a few years before the revolution, about 300 warriors, and about sixty at the latter.

Logan was the second son of Shikellimus, a respectable chief of the Six-Nations, who resided at Shamokin (Pennsylvania), as an agent, to transact business between them and the government of the state. Logan's father was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking, like most of his countrymen. Indeed, he built his house on pillars, for security against the drunken Indians, and used to ensconce himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1749, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace-making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever before and afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend

of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like his.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly; for it is well known that a large number of civilised adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of that people than of shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, land-jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case, according to their custom, as Mr Jefferson expresses it, in a summary way.

Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanawha in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and not at all suspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under still more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl. Among these, too, was both a brother of Logan and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousandfold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was indeed provoked beyond endurance, and he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued, between the Virginians on the one side, and combination mainly of Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delaware, on the other. The former of these tribes

were particularly exasperated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favourite chiefs, *SILVER-HEELS*, who had, in the kindest manner, undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from the Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly 200 miles.

The civilised party prevailed, as usual. A decisive battle was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year last named, on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in West Virginia, between the confederates, commanded by Logan, and 1000 Virginian riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west. This engagement has by some annalists—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it—been called the most obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, many subordinate officers, and about fifty privates killed, besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army—a force of 1500 men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the north-west.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle, that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger, sent (as Mr Jefferson states) that the sincerity of the negotiation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

‘I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said: “Logan is the friend of white men.” I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last

spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

Of this powerful address, Mr Jefferson says: 'I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan;' and an American statesman and scholar, scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium, has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary for any humbler authority to enlarge upon its merits: indeed, they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colours. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that towards the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory. Such was the melancholy fate of Logan. 'The fire-water' of the white trader claimed him as a victim. He sank into an ignominious grave!

STORY OF A BLIND LADY.

LUCY DE MARNE was born towards the end of 1802, in a country town in the north of England. M. de Marne, her father, was a French gentleman, who, during the peace of Amiens, had gone over to England on business, and had married the only daughter of a widow, in whose house he lodged, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. His wife, who was of a very delicate constitution, died three months afterwards, bearing him a daughter. The child was attacked by ophthalmia in the first month of her age, and lost her sight. When the war broke out anew, M. de Marne returned to France. Little Lucy was scarcely a year old when she inherited a considerable property in the East Indies, coming from an uncle of her mother, an old officer in the navy, who had made a large fortune in the service of the Mahratta princes, and had left it to his niece. So, by a strange caprice of fate, still in her cradle, and afflicted with a deplorable infirmity, little Lucy happened to become a rich heiress.

Judging that the climate of the south would best suit his daughter, who was very delicate, M. de Marne purchased the Château de Sens, in the south-west of France, and settled there, taking with him only two servants, Beraud, and Martha his wife, on whose faithfulness he could depend. Having thus fixed his residence in a pleasant part of France, the father of Lucy proceeded to rear and educate his unfortunate daughter with the greatest possible tenderness. As she grew in years and strength, the best masters competent to teach the blind were procured for her; and under these auspices, she acquired a surprising degree of knowledge of the external world, while as regards the development of moral sentiments, she left nothing to be wished. Acute, intelligent, and kind-hearted, Lucy was universally esteemed and loved. She learned to read by means of raised letters;

and also by an ingenious device, she acquired the art of writing. In music, she became a proficient; and so delicate were her hearing sensations, that she could tell the name of every person by the sound of their footstep, or even their breathing. Sitting on a terrace which commanded a view of the Pyrenees, she could, by mere contact with the air, describe the approach of storms, and indicate the direction they would take.

We do not purpose to dwell on the early years of this interesting creature. What has to be told refers to circumstances in her after-life — our object being to recount certain actual occurrences in French domestic history.

In consequence of failing health, M. de Marne found it desirable to resort to a watering-place, in a mountainous district of country. Here he and his daughter became accidentally acquainted with a young gentleman, Henry Lisson, who was pursuing his studies as an artist. Born of an honourable but not wealthy family, Henry had devoted himself to the arts of painting and statuary. He was just about setting out the very next day to visit the lakes in the duchy of Milan, famous for their romantic beauty.

M. de Marne invited the young artist to come and visit him at the Château de Sens when he returned. The young man accepted the invitation for the following spring. On taking leave, he pressed affectionately the old man's hand, and begged to be allowed also to shake hands with Lucy. The young girl was moved; something inexplicable seemed to have befallen her. The pressure of that hand, which had met hers for a moment, seemed always to remain there, and to give her an unknown kind of agitation. 'What I feel!' thought she to herself with terror. 'Can it be the beginning of that terrible passion, of which I have heard tell, and which for me could only be a source of suffering?'

In the meanwhile, the amelioration which had appeared in the health of M. de Marne proved merely temporary. Soon the symptoms became aggravated to such a degree,

as to give fears of imminent danger. One evening, feeling much worse, he sent for Beraud, and taking the hand of the distressed old servant, he said to him, not without effort: 'My good old friend, you have given me many a proof of your attachment, and now I ask another after my death. Never separate from my poor Lucy, whom I leave alone, in a state of infirmity which exposes her to many dangers. I have written to my sister, and I suppose that she will soon be here. I could not avoid this: never mind, it is to you, and to your wife, who have taken care of and loved my child from her birth, as if she were your own daughter, that I confide her. Promise me that you will never leave her, and I shall die in peace.' Beraud made the required promise fervently. The next day, M. de Marne was no more.

How paint Lucy's despair!—how express the torn heart of her who had lost the being in whom centered all her affections here below! That her reason did not give way under the trial, was owing partly to the kind care of an excellent English lady, with whom she had become intimate at Pau; to the affection of Marie, a young girl, whom she had partly educated; and, above all, to the consoling influence of enlightened religion.

At last, Lucy's aunt arrived. Her father had rarely spoken to her of this relation, a half-sister, with whom he seldom had any communication. She was a woman between forty and forty-five. Lucy was painfully impressed at the first moment, by finding no likeness at all between the voice of her aunt and that of her father; and the great flow of sensibility with which she embraced her niece, did not appear to the latter to come from the heart, but to be, on the contrary, rather studied. In a word, she felt towards this aunt an instinctive repugnance, which the sequel only too well justified.

Returning to Sens, all soon resumed its wonted order at the château, where, besides her aunt, Lucy had the company of a dear friend, Adrienne, a young lady of her own age, who came on a visit. Beraud and his wife continued to act as stewards, and took the habit of carrying

their accounts to Lucy, as they used to do to her father. When she came to acquire a detailed knowledge of all her possessions, the poor girl felt almost terrified; and she asked herself, what use it could be to her to be so rich, and what she could do with all this wealth.

So slipped away part of the winter. Clorinda—such was the name of Lucy's aunt—had very comfortably taken up her home at the Château de Sens. There was in her manners a certain cheerful good-humour, which made her invitations generally acceptable, and dazzled the good country neighbours. Lucy tried hard over and over again to love this relation, who made so many friends, but she felt it to be impossible, and Adrienne partook entirely of her impressions in this respect.

There happened at that moment to be much public talk about the arrival at Toulouse of a famous Italian singer, who was to give some concerts. Urged by Clorinda, Lucy consented to go, and pass some weeks in that town, and Adrienne accompanied them. The very evening of their arrival, the ladies went to the theatre: the singer fully justified his reputation, so our fair friends did not miss one concert. One evening Lucy, who always chose a place in the background, heard a few words uttered in the next box, and instantly recognised that voice, which had never ceased vibrating in her innermost soul: it was he! A few minutes later, Adrienne laughingly whispered to her friend: 'Lucy, you have certainly captivated a handsome gentleman seated in the next box, for he does not take his eyes off you.' The emotion of the poor blind girl may be easily imagined. She felt disposed to faint, but was suddenly roused by a sort of universal agitation, which broke out through the whole audience. A strong smell of fire, and a good deal of smoke filled the house, and cries of 'Fire! fire!' were heard. Lucy's aunt darted out of the box, and Adrienne fainted. What on earth was to be done? What was to become of them? Lucy turned towards the box where had been heard Henry Lisson's voice, and named him. In one moment he was by her side, told her to depend

upon him, took the fainting Adrienne in his arms, and entreated Lucy to follow him, which she did, clinging, unperceived by him, to Adrienne's dress. As soon as the latter was borne into the open air, she recovered. A carriage was found, and the two friends got in, pouring forth fervent thanks to their preserver.

Of course, Mr Henry next morning called at their hotel. Lucy, yielding to an instinctive wish of delaying a painful discovery, sent word she should be happy to receive his visit in the evening. It is proper to remark here, that in Lucy the eyes were in no way disfigured, and even without any veil, at first sight, her infirmity might have passed unobserved. Mr Henry Lisson, who had only seen her once by daylight, and then her veil was, as usual, down, could have no idea that she was blind.

In the evening, Mr Lisson returned to pay his respects. Lucy and Adrienne received him. The conversation naturally turned at first upon the yesterday's alarm of fire. Lucy found once more in the young artist that cordial politeness, those amiable manners, which had struck her before. She even fancied that she discerned in his voice, when he addressed himself to her, a certain tenderness of intonation. She took good care not to call for lights, but this did not appear extraordinary, for the air was so pure and balmy, that the party continued to sit and chat upon a balcony overlooking the public walk. When the moment came for taking leave, the voice of the young man betrayed a slight vexation. He hoped to have the pleasure next day, he said, of *seeing* the ladies—dwelling with a marked emphasis on the word *seeing*.

The following evening he came at the same hour, and he was scarcely seated when he began with : 'Miss Lucy, I have brought one of my drawings, of which I wish to have your judgment. It is a sketch of that very picturesque spot where I met you the first time. When the candles come, you will see whether I have succeeded.'

No further delay was possible. Lucy rang for lights in a state of inexpressible agitation. Adrienne, who

guessed what her friend felt, put her arm round his waist. Lucy took the drawing in her hand, and burst into tears. 'Mr Lisson,' said she, 'the light of the lamp just placed on the chimney is shed around in vain for me. Look at me : I cannot see what you shew me : am blind !'

This unexpected revelation struck the young painter dumb. After a few minutes, however, he sought to excuse himself with much emotion. 'Forgive me, Miss Lucy,' said he ; 'I have very unintentionally caused you much pain.'

From this moment, Henry became more kind and more tender. His visits were renewed every day, and his conversations with Lucy grew more and more intimate. For her part, the poor girl let herself go to the bent of her inclination. 'And why should he not love me?' thought she. 'After all, what is vain bodily defect compared to the treasures of tenderness I feel in my heart ! Cannot these suffice to make a man happy, who is himself susceptible of generous affection ?'

Lucy's aunt, too, had taken a great fancy for the young artist ; and when the little party left Toulouse, she did not hesitate to give Mr Lisson a pressing invitation to the Château de Sens ; and a fortnight later, he joined the ladies there. His manners towards Lucy were as respectful and affectionate as ever. He shewed continual solicitude for her. If there was a hedge to get through, or a stile to be crossed, his attention on such occasions took a peculiar character for her. He it was who always appeared the least venturesome, so that he contrived to make her forget her unfortunate infirmity. One day he said to her : 'My choice is decidedly fixed. I shall be a statuary ;' and at the same time he presented to her a bust of herself he had just finished. What a delightful surprise to her !

It was a beautiful summer evening, and Lucy and Henry were sitting together on the terrace, enjoying the breezes perfumed with the new-mown hay. They had been chatting a long time. Lucy had been trying, by a

deep analysis of her own impressions, to make him understand those combinations of the senses of touch, of hearing, and perhaps also of smell, which rendered present for her the palpable forms of things. She was telling him, that it seemed as if an indefinable moral force united her to those around her, to those who were dear to her, by ties the strength of which nothing could equal; for instance, that it was impossible for her to imagine that there existed a means by which she could feel better than she did at that moment that he was there before her—beside her.

Lucy's words became very impressive, and presently she thought she perceived that Henry made a sudden gesture, which he as suddenly repressed with a sigh. A moment after, having herself made a slight movement, something fell from her waist: it was a rose which he had given her the day before. Henry picked it up, and pressed it to his lips. Lucy perceived this, and, carried away by an irresistible impulse, she said: 'Henry, can you love a poor infirm being like me?' For the first time, then, Henry gave vent to his feelings. At the very first sight of Lucy in the valley by the side of the stream, he had felt one of those mysterious impressions, which can only be compared to an electric shock. This feeling had been strengthened when he met her on two or three different occasions, but he really loved only from the moment her infirmity was revealed to him; for his was one of those choice natures whose affections live in devotion and sacrifice. Lucy was her own mistress. The two lovers exchanged their vows in the face of heaven.

But this happiness was destined to be too soon unbittered. Clorinda began to have some idea of the real state of things. A marriage between Henry and her niece would have overthrown certain projects of her own, with which we shall become acquainted presently, and on which she had set her heart. She made haste, therefore, to pour into Lucy's mind the poison of an odious suspicion. It was very evident, she told her niece, that all Henry sought was her fortune. How could she hope, continued

the good lady, afflicted as she was with the greatest misfortune that could affect the beauty of a woman, that she had the capability of inspiring with a real passion a handsome young man, who might have his choice of the most beautiful? This insinuation struck poor Lucy to the heart, and she became deeply unhappy. Henry perceived the change, and pressed her for an explanation of the cause. Lucy at once gave it him, repeating word for word what her aunt had said.

It is unnecessary to relate the indignation and the protestations of the young artist. 'And yet,' added he, 'your aunt only holds the language of the world. Yes; for the vulgar, she is in the right. I have no fortune, and of course I must be a fortune-hunter, who am paying you court for your money. The world always supposes some vile calculation, because society is full of such. In the eyes of the great number, a noble elevation of feeling, a devoted attachment, is mere romance. Such odious suspicions shall not soil the purity of the tenderness with which you have inspired me. It shall not be said, that you have allowed yourself to be carried away by a thoughtless impulse. No! Try me. I will submit with joy: I will work to deserve you: I will earn fame and fortune; and when I shall come, and lay them at your feet, people must then acknowledge that it is you I loved, and not your riches.'

'Yes,' answered Lucy; 'let it be so. We will pay this tribute to the world and its prejudices. We will delay our happiness, to render it more solid.' With these words, she took from her finger a ring, and gave it to Henry, saying: 'My friend, your betrothed gives you this: your bride will receive it back with joy, when you judge the hour come to bring it to her.' It was agreed that Henry Lisson, immediately after Adrienne's marriage, should leave the château, where her wedding was to take place in a few days, for Adrienne was just about to marry one of her cousins, to whom she was greatly attached, and who loved her tenderly. The day following that of the marriage was indeed a sad day for Lucy, who lost at

once the only two beings who loved her for herself—Adrienne and Henry.

The coolness which had subsisted between Lucy and her aunt from the day of her odious insinuations, soon gave place, on the part of the latter, to apparently friendly advances. This designing woman had a secret plan, on account of which it was necessary to propitiate her niece. This plan was just to secure Lucy's hand, and especially her fortune, to a *protégé* of her own—a cousin of the good lady's late husband, the Baron de Stacy. This person, who, according to Clorinda, possessed every perfection, was a man of about six-and-thirty, a gamester, a debauchee, and over head and ears in debt. He soon made his appearance at the château, and took great pains to make himself pleasing to Lucy—all in vain. His visit was not long this time, but a few days after he returned, and seemed to take up settled quarters in the château. Lucy had hoped to induce his departure, by the excessive coldness of her reception; but he did not seem to take any notice of it. At last, one day he made her a declaration of love in form. Lucy answered frankly and firmly, that her affections were irrevocably engaged. Nevertheless, he did not give up the point, and continued his unpleasant assiduities. His passionate bursts, his tragical airs, only rendered him daily more intolerable. Lucy could read in his tones the exaggeration of a sentiment which was not felt. His voice sounded to her well-exercised ear like an instrument out of tune.

This resistance on her part irritated the plotting couple, who thought that perhaps her opposition would be weakened if they could separate her from the persons who were devoted to her. A set of manœuvres with this object began, without striking at first the poor orphan. One day, Beraud came to her, and said, that he was growing old—that the care of the garden was too much for him—and that it would make him very happy if his lady would give him the place at the lodge, the keeper being lately dead. The lodge was so very little removed, that his wife should continue to sleep at the château, and wait on her

mistress. This request was granted. But very soon the arrangement proved inconvenient, as the old woman could not accustom herself to pass the nights away from her husband, who, she said, might be taken ill all alone: so that Lucy felt it necessary to authorise Madame Beraud to settle herself entirely in the lodge. Beraud's wish in the first instance, and the subsequent uneasiness of his wife, were all owing to the unperceived management of Clorinda and her confederate.

At the same time, the visits of Adrienne, settled at some distance from the château, first became rare, and at last ceased entirely. In after-days, she related to her friend the wilful rudeness of her aunt, which had obliged her to stay away. Lucy had now only Marie, her maid; but this girl fell ill, and went for a change of air to her friends—small farmers in the neighbourhood; and when, as had been agreed, she was about to return on her recovery, Clorinda contrived to marry her to a young farmer, who took his bride home. So, day by day, the poor orphan found herself more solitary and more miserable.

It may be matter of surprise, that she opposed no resistance to these manœuvres, of which at length she could not but see the aim. To account for this apparently apathetic disposition to submit, and let things take their course, we must understand the peculiar position of a blind person. Concentrated and thoughtful, the blind will naturally come to ripened and firm resolutions, and to certain very positive opinions on men and things. But in the various actions of every-day life, they are necessarily dependent and subordinate to others, and they consequently take habits of resignation. Blind persons will be obstinate in their internal reasoning, and compliant in their external conduct.

Six months had slipped away since the departure of Mr Henry Lisson, and Lucy had received from him several letters, which were her only consolation. Suddenly this also failed. The orphan wrote, but no answer came. What could she think of this silence! By degrees, she

was led to suppose that Henry had forsaken her—was false to her. Nevertheless, was it quite sure that he was unfaithful to all his vows? Might not some unforeseen circumstance have prevented his writing? 'Suppose,' thought she, 'his letters have been intercepted.' Lucy clung to this idea like a shipwrecked mariner to some floating spar of the vessel broken to pieces by the storm. To clear her dreadful doubt, she thought of writing to Adrienne, and to desire her husband to make inquiries. But how could she be sure that the letter would reach its address? Fortunately, our heroine had, unsuspected by all, a messenger of whose faithfulness she was sure.

In the general dispersion of all those on whom she could depend, one single individual had escaped proscription. It was a young boy of about twelve years of age, who used to lead the cows to pasture on the neighbouring hills. In past days, when Lucy was happy and cheerful, she had often met the child in some of the courts of the château. Little Henriot was a poor orphan, of whom one of her labourers had taken the care, and his lively repartees had amused and interested her. She thought a good deal about him, and taught him. First, she made him learn to read. A blind person teach one who is blessed with sight to read! How could it be? Not only the thing was not impossible, but did not offer the difficulties that may be supposed. It was, indeed, a very simple thing. The spelling-book which he used, Lucy had it also with letters in relief, so that he read with his eyes the letter, the syllable, or the word, which she touched with her finger. He learned thus, in a short time, to read, aided by his own quick intelligence, guided by his patient instructress. Afterwards, she taught him how to cast up accounts, and at the same time made him learn his catechism. But when days of sorrow came, these lessons became more rare, and at last ceased: the poor cow-herd was forgotten.

But he had not forgotten. More than once he came near the windows of his benefactress' apartment, and let her know his presence by some mountain-song. This apartment was situated at the further end of one of the

wings of the château. Attached to it was a terrace, surrounded by a parapet, from which a little staircase led into a meadow bordered by a thick hedge and a ditch. This was Lucy's own private domain, where she liked to retire, especially since the guests in the château were so disagreeable. Henriot, to whom neither hedge nor ditch was any obstacle, used to come that way to her window. He was always accompanied by a large dog, one of the race of the Pyrenees, called *Mountain*, which took a great attachment for the poor forlorn girl.

So Henriot was the messenger whom Lucy chose to carry her letter to the post-town, about two leagues off, and put it safely in the letter-box. For greater certainty, the answer was to be brought by Adrienne herself. Many days passed; at last, one morning Adrienne came. When the two friends had retired to Lucy's room, Adrienne pressed her silently to her bosom, and some tears dropped from her eyes upon the poor blind girl's face. In two words, the result of the inquiries made by Adrienne's husband was this: Henry was no longer in Paris. Ill, and melancholy, he had gone to Rome in company with two young artists. He lived there retired and sad, visiting habitually only one foreign family, in which there was a very beautiful young lady!

The first effect of this news was terrible on poor Lucy. She neither wept nor complained, but fell into a kind of stupor. At length a torrent of tears came to her relief, and then, being somewhat more calm, she desired to remain a short time alone. This moment of solitude she passed in imploring God fervently to shed into her soul that holy resignation which can only be found in Him. She rose from her knees, strengthened by her prayer. 'All is over,' said she to Adrienne; 'we will never speak of him more.' Adrienne remained some days at the château to cheer her friend, whom at last she left calm, and apparently resigned.

A week after, one day that Lucy was alone in her room, one of the maid-servants of the château came in, and *throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, implored her*

to save her from the persecutions of the Baron de Stacy. The poor orphan was astounded at this revelation. But she no sooner recovered the first shock, than she felt that a being capable of such villany ought no longer to remain under the same roof with herself. Now or never was the time to take a decided step. Under pretence of concluding a pending bargain for the sale of some wood to the mayor of a neighbouring village, who was a wood-merchant, Lucy sent for this magistrate. He was a man half-gentleman, half-farmer, knowing, self-interested in business, but conscientious and resolute. He came immediately on receiving Lucy's invitation; asked to inspect carefully the portion of wood in question; and then returned to breakfast—an operation which the worthy functionary always went through in a style that left to the orphan full time to execute the vigorous measure she meditated. Having disposed things properly, she sent to request her aunt to come to her apartment; and there, without any circumlocution, she informed the good lady, that she had just discovered a circumstance, which did not allow of the Baron de Stacy remaining any longer in the château, and that she required he should leave it instantly.

Clorinda was at first thunderstruck; but soon recovering herself, exclaimed against such an order given on a first impulse, and which she did not hesitate to characterise as an unworthy insult. 'Madame,' replied Lucy with great coolness, 'I will submit to the direction of no one in my house. I insist upon it, that your relation quits it this day, for his presence is a disgrace.' Her aunt interrupted her with vehement exclamations, and striking violently the table before her. 'Hear me,' said Lucy with perfect calmness: 'the mayor is in the next room. He is not aware yet of the real motive which made me send for him. Do you choose to occasion a scandalous scene? As you please. If I must have recourse to law in order to remain mistress of my own house, I will.'

This provident precaution of Lucy drove her aunt to

frenzy. Clorinda declared, that to turn her cousin out of doors was doing so to herself. 'My intention,' return Lucy, 'was to dismiss from my house the Baron de Sta and not my father's sister; but if you consider yours inseparable'—

'Enough!' cried Clorinda with stifled rage; 'I understand you. Well, since you drive me to extremities, I shall find that I know how to take my revenge.' Three hours later, she had left the château with the baron.

Once more free, Lucy dismissed a few servants, whom she rested some suspicion, and then she sent for Marie, and settled her with her husband at the château. Her mind began to recover some serenity, but this was not to last long.

It was the most beautiful summer evening imaginable when nature, all softness and peace, makes it a delicious thing to feel and to breathe. Lucy felt tempted to go down from her little terrace into the meadow below. Presently she heard from the road, which passed hard by, a plaintive voice calling for help. It was a crippled beggar, who had fallen, and could not rise without assistance. Lucy's kind heart was struck with pity, and she opened the little door that led to the road. At the same instant she was violently seized, and dragged away; a handkerchief was tied tight over her mouth; and she felt herself thrown into a carriage, which set off at full gallop. 'Fear nothing: no harm will be done you; but do not scream or stir.' After having uttered these words, those who bore her off remained silent, and Lucy's repeated and urgent questions received no answer. Her terror and despair can be more easily imagined than described.

After travelling several hours, the carriage stopped somewhere for the night. Our unfortunate heroine passed it on a chair, in the midst of incessant present terror, and of the most perplexing alarm for the future. Here, again she turned to Him who is never invoked in vain; and she gathered courage and resignation from prayer. At break of day they set off again. The jolting of the

carriage made her sensible that they were following a cross-road, and when the postilion cracked his whip, the sound convinced her that they were in the midst of a wood. At last they came to the journey's end, and the poor young lady was introduced into a room, where she found her aunt, who threw her arms round Lucy's neck with demonstrations of the most exaggerated sensibility. Perfidious wretch! To Lucy's pressing questions, she answered that the first thing necessary was to take rest—explanations could come a little later.

Lucy remained alone in the room, and having ascertained that she was so, and by touching all round the walls, that she had really shut herself in with perfect security, fell into a deep sleep, which recovered her from the moral and physical fatigue she had undergone. Afterwards, having refused to leave her room, dinner was brought to her. The following night passed calmly, and without any incident. The next morning, her aunt pressed her to come down into the garden. Lucy consented, from a vague presentiment that, later, it might be important to know, as far as was possible, the details of the place that held her captive. Her aunt continued, as the day before, to pour out unceasing protestations of devotion and tenderness. Her part was to try and persuade her niece that, whatever might have been her former conduct, she was now her assured protectress. Lucy feigned to believe it.

Soon the baron came. A long and stormy conversation ensued between him and the heiress. On the one hand, there was the barefaced avowal of a fixed determination to attain his purpose at any cost; and, on the other, as firm a resolution not to give way, and the expression of the most unbounded contempt. The enraged baron went so far as to threaten Lucy with a scandalous lawsuit. 'Beware, madame,' cried he; 'there are means of proving that your father and mother were not united in lawful wedlock. Consent to be mine, and you will save your mother's honour. I leave you a week to reflect.'

Some days after this violent scene, Lucy was sadly

walking in the garden towards evening, when suddenly she heard, on the other side of the wall which separated her from the surrounding country, an animal running fast, and then a barking. It was Mountain, Henriot's dog. She called his name. 'Thank God,' cried the boy, 'I have found you at last, miss!' It was the instinct of the dog that had led Henriot along her track. A plan of escape, to be executed the next evening, was quietly settled. Henriot was to hide himself in some bushes near the little gate of the garden, and wait for her. This once agreed on, the orphan retired with a calm mind.

Next day before dawn she went down into the garden, opened the little door, and ventured forth into the country beyond at all hazards. After walking for about an hour, she heard loud shouts behind her: it was the voice of the baron. He pursues her—he catches her. Suddenly barking is heard, then the sound of a struggle, then cries for help. It was Mountain, which had seized the baron by the throat, and still held him tight. A cart coming that way, the wounded man was placed in it, and carried home senseless. As to Lucy, Henriot led her to a woodman's cottage, where she found kind hospitality. With some difficulty a carriage was got, and a person on whom she could depend, to drive her to the Château de Sens, which she at length reached in safety.

Some weeks passed in undisturbed tranquillity. In the meantime, Lucy learned that the wounds of the baron were less dangerous than had been at first supposed, and that he was almost recovered. In fact, she soon had proof that he was still in existence, and that his evil nature continued in full vigour. She received legal notice, requiring her to give up possessions to which she was not lawfully entitled, she only being a natural daughter, and having thus only title on M. de Marne's property to that portion allotted by the law of France to illegitimate children. Lucy remembered perfectly having possessed among her papers the marriage-certificate of her parents, drawn up in French and in English; but

when she sought for it in the box which held all her family documents, it was not to be found.

It does not enter into our plan to give the details of the lawsuit. Suffice it to say, that Lucy lost it by the first judgment, and appealed to a superior court. Not choosing, in the meantime, to inhabit the Château de Sens while it was in litigation, Lucy retired with Marie to board at a convent at T——. She had already passed several months there, when one day Marie ran into her room oppressed and breathless with emotion. ‘Ah, mademoiselle, a gentleman—down stairs—come, come quick!’ And she dragged her mistress along into a large parlour, where the boarders received their visitors. A gentleman, in truth, was waiting for Lucy. It was Henry Lisson. The tone in which he simply pronounced *her* name conveyed a whole justification. The two lovers had been victims of an infamous deception. First, several of their letters had been suppressed: then, it was cunningly contrived that notice should reach the sister of Mr Lisson, through a channel she thought unexceptionable, that Lucy had given up Henry, and that her marriage with the Baron de Stacy was a settled thing. Henry wrote several letters, which all remained unanswered. This silence he construed as a confirmation of that which his sister had heard, and, in despair, he set out for Italy. When he returned to Paris, he learned by the public papers the issue of the lawsuit, which deprived Lucy of all her possessions, and instantly set off to come to her. ‘Now that you are poor,’ ended the young man, ‘and that those considerations which stopped us formerly no longer exist, will you at length consent to make me the happiest of men?’ After some hesitation, Lucy yielded, and arrangements were made for the marriage.

In the meantime, the agent whom Lucy had sent to England to procure a certificate of the marriage of her father and mother, returned with the properly authenticated documents. These being produced, obtained a verdict which reinstated Lucy in the full and entire possession of her property. Her every wish gratified,

rich, beloved, at the moment of uniting herself for ever to the man of her choice, who would not envy such happiness as Lucy's!

It was the very eve of the long wished-for day. The evening slipped away in gentle converse. Henry was happy, but his movements betrayed a certain agitation. It was growing late, and still he lingered: it seemed as if he did not know how to tear himself away from his betrothed. At last he rose to go. There was something convulsive in the pressure of his hand, a strangeness in the tone with which he said *farewell*. Lucy felt seized by an indefinable anxiety: she could not sleep. Are there situations in which God permits the soul to have a confused prescience of impending misfortune?

Next morning, about eight o'clock, a servant of the hotel in which Henry lodged came to the convent, and broke to Lucy the news that his master was wounded. The preceding day, he had been publicly insulted, and furiously challenged, by the Baron de Stacy. A duel—how detestable are such encounters—had ensued. Lucy, almost frantic, flew with Marie to the hotel. The unfortunate young man was almost lifeless. At sight of his bride, he made a slight motion, uttered the name of Lucy, and expired! The miscreant De Stacy escaped.

Sincere piety alone can pour balm into such wounds. Lucy took refuge in her religious feelings, and by degrees recovered calm and peace. She made of her riches a patrimony for the poor, and her life is a continual act of beneficence.

Such is a glimpse of a domestic tragedy which took place a few years ago in France. The whole particulars were exactly as they are here recorded.

THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

ONE morning, I was about to leave Kendal by the stage-coach for the south. While the vehicle was getting ready, I ascended to the box, which, for many sufficient reasons, I always select in good weather. There I spread my cloak on the seat, by way of establishing my right of prepossession ; and as the coach was not to start for some minutes, I descended to stretch my legs—not that I was then in need of such exercise, but perhaps from some vague idea of meeting the coming disease. On returning to re-ascend, what should I behold but a little shred of a man occupying the place which I had laid out for my own comparatively portly person ! He was an old withered little creature, dressed in a brown greatcoat and a gray worsted wig ; and it was evident, from the firm projection of his under lip, and the keen settled eye with which he regarded me as I approached, that his mind was completely made up on the subject of his intrusion. I addressed him, nevertheless, with a respectful request, that he would give me that place, which, he might observe from my cloak, had been bespoken before he came upon the ground.

‘ I am first here,’ said the little man, in a broad Cumberland dialect, ‘ and ma mooney is as good as yours, I reckon.’

‘ But the rules of travelling, sir,’ said I mildly.

‘ To all my remonstrances, however, he only answered : ‘ Ma mooney is as good as yours ;’ and so I had to give up the point.

I was entreated to go inside, where there was only a single lady ; and though it is as hard to be obliged to take an inside place instead of an out, as it is to drink porter in place of small-beer, I half thought of complying ; only, while I put on my gloves, I begged the coachman would understand, that, in case it rained, which I foresaw it

would—and some drops fell in confirmation of opinion—we were not to be intruded upon by wet outside passengers.

‘Oh!’ said the little man, ‘I can put oop my umbrel’

‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘if you want to bring the light upon yourself and the coach!’

‘It wont thoonder, will it!’

‘It looks like it, sir,’ said the coachman drily.

‘Then I am in!’ said the little man.

‘I protest against *that*,’ said I.

‘I’ll pyc the defference,’ said the little man, and he swung. The money was pocketed, and I took my seat on the coach-box. The sun immediately shone forth, having been merely raising the vapour for the forenoon, and we set off with the usual noise and velocity.

The drive for several miles was delightful, and the coachman was good enough to pause a minute at Lev Hall, that admirable specimen of an old English manor house, so as to admit of our enjoying the sight of antique gardens. We had not been again in motion above a minute, when something like a female scream from the interior broke through the rattle of the wheels. ‘What can the little man in the wig have been doing what is it?’ burst from us all. It soon appeared that the little man in the wig had stretched out his head to see the gardens, and, in pulling it back, had knocked off his hat, which was lying a little way behind on the road. The coachman pointed out to the coachman, who, contrary to proper rules, but with abundance of good-nature, went back to fetch it.

The horses had just started, when another shout was heard, louder than before, from the same little wretch with the wig. It appeared he had lost his insufferable wig at the same time with his hat, but only missed it upon finding his hat too large. With equal promptitude, however good-will, the coachman went back again, and brought the wig, but vowed he would not alight a third time, if he should have lost his head. This served for the first stage.

We reached Millthorpe, and changed coaches; but that was not generally known. We had hardly started, therefore, when there was again a tremendous shout. What now! The same ever-troublesome passenger. He had been dozing in the left coach, and only aroused by a stable-boy going to clean him out! A fat man in black, who sat behind, was the announcer-general of these disasters, and gave them at last in such a quiet, matter-of-course form, that it began to be perfectly ludicrous.

We now came to another stage, where the passengers again got down. In a few minutes, a horse in the stable gave a scream, such as he does when he is angry and kicks, and presently there was a rush to the stable-door.

'Oh, nothing more than our old friend, the little man with the wig,' quoth the man in black, turning quietly away; 'he has been going too near a horse, and has been kicked.' The little fellow came out, looking most ruefully.

'The ungrateful brute! I only poot ma hand on him in kindness!' said he; and finished the sentence by squeezing his knee.

'He doesn't understand you,' said the coachman. 'Come, bundle in!'

'I would rather go atop,' said he; 'and there is room.'

'Well, well.'

I had given my seat to the lady, who felt the coach too close, and I began to find the country not interesting; so I went inside, and was alone. To divert myself in these circumstances, I began of course to think of home, which to every man is or ought to be a refuge of pleasant thought.

Crash!—Hallo! 'What's that now?' cried the coachman.

'The little man in the wig,' quoth the man in black.

'What has he done?'

'Only broken one of the coach-windows.'

'Well, if a have broken a window, I'll pry the window.'

'You have broken it,' said I; 'and, what's more, my meditations.'

'Your what?'

'A meditation, sir, that I wouldn't have had broken for money.'

'If t'ou canst shew me that I ha' broken onything that had a reet to be in ma waye, I'll pye it—a can do no more.'

The little fellow, in trying to find ease for his bones, which were probably cropping out a little too much, had turned to the side of the coach, and one of his boots, not being restrained by the slackened sinews of his knee, had come in contact with the pane. The damage, however, was paid, and we soon after reached Lancaster.

Here we had a certain time given us, in order to see the town; and in due season most of us were once more at our posts.

'All right!' cried the guard, and the coach drove off.

'Noa, noa!' shouted something behind us; and the coachman looked back.

'What is it?' said he.

'The little man with the wig!' quoth his old cicerone.

The coachman (a new one) could hardly keep his seat with laughter, as he saw the tremendously indignant stare of the little man, while he reproachfully held up his watch. 'Ma time is not oop by many minutes,' said he.

'Look at the clock,' said the coachman.

'A don' mynd the clock: ma watch is reet, and I'll mantaane it. Bou't her only ten days ago, and cost me four pound.'

'Then,' said the fat man in black, 'she's a dead bargain, for I see she is not going.'

'Not goan! a most ha' forgotten to wind her oop—a most.'

'No matter—mount!' and with that, he once more took his seat, and we proceeded.

There are few objects of particular interest on this road for many miles; our chief amusement, therefore, was in

looking after the gambols of our little traveller, and noticing how uniformly and ingeniously he contrived to be all but left behind, and this apparently without the least intention.

The coachman, it chanced, was exceedingly morose, and the old man saw it. He could, therefore, have no intention of using freedoms, yet every time we started after a halt, it was necessary to draw up; and the answer as to what was amiss was uniformly, 'The little man with the wig!' At one time, he had gone off before us, and there was first a buzz among the passengers, and then a general request to stop. 'What is it?' 'Only the little man with the wig; he is not in his place.' He was now sought for, but could not be found. 'Perhaps he left here!' The way-bill was examined. 'No; he is booked to Liverpool.' 'Must find him then.' 'No; can't stop for any man. My time is up.' And, after every inquiry, he was abandoned to his fate; but we had not proceeded five minutes, when there was a screech from the roadside from the object of our inquiry. While we were seeking him, that he might not be left behind, he had manfully walked on, and was wondering what had become of us, and even held up his watch in accusation.

At a little place near Preston, we had halted to change, and one of the horses was said to have met with an accident. He must do his work, however, and the coachman had mounted, when all at once it was discovered that this wretched creature was again absent. He had gone to examine the accident, about which he knew nothing, and never dreamed of noticing that the coachman was on his box. 'Strap him down with the luggage!' shouted the coachman, as the little fellow was hurried away. The guard said he would certainly get killed or lost, and we were all of the same opinion. The most ludicrous thing was the look of astonishment with which he always found himself in fault. All experience seemed thrown away upon him. He was as much taken by surprise at the fiftieth as at the first mistake. He had hardly cooled from one fret, till he was in another.

Scrape followed scrape, and misfortune chased misfortune, and yet the chance of farther scrapes and misfortunes seemed still undiminished.

At Preston, the case became more serious than ever. He had got down as usual, and was standing at once in sight, and quite out of danger, and this by the express direction of the coachman, who at last began to relax so far as to notice the singularity of the old creature's adventures. While we were all enjoying this, and even the old man himself half joining with us, there was a scream from the people about us, and, looking round, what was it! A coach had come up, and was dashing through the archway leading from the inn-yard, when, who should be in the way but—the little man with the wig! While looking at us, he was struck by the pole, and, clinging to it, was stuck up like a forked radish upon the stone that guarded the wall, the pole close to his throat, but fortunately not upon it. His look was indescribable. It seemed to say, as plainly as look could speak: 'There now! you see that, by following your directions, I am in more danger than ever!' He was picked out of his perilous situation, and hurried into the coach—the coachman half laughing, and declaring that it would not be possible for him to deliver him safely. At last he was in, and there were no farther stops; consequently, we concluded that our sport was ended. But not so. He came out on the road at the place of his destination. The bundles he had appeared almost innumerable; and the coachman, as every successive one was pulled out, cried: 'Is that all?' and was answered: 'Just another, if t'ou'll have the kindness.' At last the whole seemed to have been discharged, and the little man paid his trifle, the coachman declaring he had never worked so hard for anything in his life; so we started, congratulating ourselves on our escape.

'Hallo!' from the guard.

'Eh! anything wrong?'

'Yes, the little man with the wig!' said our obese friend
once more,

'Tou didn't see a green striped carpet-bag,' said he, almost breathless—'didst t'ou!'

'What! was that yours?' The guard again opened his receptacles; again rummaged them—not there!

'What is it you're seeking?' shouted his friend from the door at which he stopped, at the same time holding up the carpet-bag, already delivered.

'Ah! a ha' gotten it!—all reet—good-day to you;' and for the last time, we saw the tormenting little man with the wig!

So ends this tale of a coach-goblin—for, at the time, I could hardly consider him in any other light. Perhaps, at home, as Bob Acres says, and out of harm's way, the little man with the wig was a most respectable member of society. It was evident, however, from his proneness to coach-accidents and scrapes, that he was a man who, in circumstances at all extraordinary, and when forming part of a social system, was calculated to derange his own comfort and that of every person in contact with him—not perhaps, from ill dispositions, but from want of attention and punctuality. There are many such characters in life; but I never met with one in a more extreme or more amusing form than the LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

ANECDOTE OF A LUNATIC.

'WHAT is honour?' says Falstaff. 'A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air.' Though the witty knight thus reached the conclusion that honour, being neither able 'to set a limb,' nor to 'take away the grief of a wound,' was a non-existent thing, the very fact of his making such a catechetical inquiry into its nature and qualities shews that, in his days, honour had been somewhat of a puzzle, as it certainly is in ours. It may be *air*, but sometimes it is air in commotion, with the

force of a potent breeze to fill the sails of prosperity, or a hurricane to overturn and destroy. The most heterogeneous things are done in its name, and the most irreconcilable things reconciled through its influence. A man of honour may cheat honest tradesmen, and still be held not the less honourable; but if he does not pay a gambler whom he strongly suspects of cheating *him*, he ceases to be a man of honour. A man of honour may ruin the happiness of his dearest friend, and yet be not the less a man of honour—provided always that, in addition to the injury primarily inflicted, he is willing to go out and shoot at the friend in question. In short, the most extraordinary incongruities go to the making up of the compound, honour, at the present day. Of some features in the modern man of honour's character, every principle of reason and justice bids us disapprove; but in other respects, certainly, there is something fine and noble in the ideas entertained on this subject. We have a little story to tell, which will at once illustrate our meaning, and shew how the preceding ideas have been at this moment suggested to us.

Visiting lately a rural district of Scotland, which, for good reasons, we do not wish to name particularly, we were led to pay a visit to a small private asylum for lunatics—a scene always peculiarly attractive to those who take an interest in the philosophy of mind. Everything was found to be in a most comfortable and creditable condition—as unlike as possible to that of all such places twenty or thirty years ago. One individual, out of the small number of persons confined here, arrested our special attention. He was a man past mid-age, upright in person, and with that general bearing which at once indicates the military man. His manner was quick and lively, or rather restless, and this was, in truth, the only feature in his deportment from which one could have guessed anything to be amiss with him. He spoke rapidly, and with apparent good sense, and seemed to take a pleasure in talking with visitors, as well as to have an anxiety to entertain them. His power to do so was in a great

measure confined to the exhibition of his room, and the few curiosities contained in it. He had everything in excellent order—the habits of the soldier in this respect being evidently strong within him. All his books were neatly arranged, and his numerous papers were docketed and shelved with the greatest regularity. Those papers consisted chiefly of memorials to government or the war-office, the drawing up of which formed the great occupation, we were told, of his days, and the main theme of his conversation. Altogether, he spoke so sensibly, and everything about him had such an appearance of order and respectability, that it was impossible not to feel an interest in the poor man, or to avoid entertaining some curiosity as to his past history. Fortunately, a friend was able to supply the desired information on this point.

‘Poor Captain B——,’ said our informant, ‘is a victim to the niceties of military honour at the present day, though, in some measure, as you shall hear, he absurdly deserved his fate. He served with credit in our army during the early part of the late continental war, and was subsequently sent out with his regiment to one of the West India islands, for the possession of which the French were then disputing with us. The British took the island, and remained stationed in it for some time, but they were in turn attacked and expelled by the French. A considerable number of our soldiery were taken prisoners, and among them was Captain B——. He was a man unpossessed of that degree of mental fortitude which can render endurable any chance occurring in the way of duty, and fretted greatly under the misfortune that befell him. Nevertheless, like others, he gave his parole not to attempt an escape, and on the faith thereof, was permitted to enjoy a good deal of licence in his movements. He and his companions were not permitted to roam wherever they chose, indeed, on the island, but they were allowed the freedom of a large open space for the benefit of air and exercise.

‘Such had been the state of things for some weeks, when, one day, a British ship was seen hovering off the

island. Captain B—— saw it among others, and instantly the possibility of an escape occurred to him. If he could quit his place of confinement, and put off in a small boat from the coast, under cover of the shades of evening, the probability was, that he would readily reach the ship. But, then, his parole—the word of honour given by him not to attempt flight! Captain B—— was not blind to the impropriety of breaking a pledge of this kind; but the desire of escape gained the ascendancy over all other feelings, and smoothed down all objections. That night, without communicating his intention to any one, the captain contrived to leave his room, clambered over the wall encircling his place of confinement, and made his way safely to the beach. The moonlight enabled him to see the British ship at but a very short distance, and he got hold of a small boat without being observed. In this vessel, after a long and laborious pull at the oars, the captain found himself at last by the side of his countrymen's ship, and was taken in greatly exhausted.

‘To the officer in command, Captain B—— said nothing about his parole, but when conveyed to Jamaica, where his regiment then lay with the rest of the forces on the West India station, he found himself obliged to tell the truth, knowing that, sooner or later, it would be learned from others, whether he himself told it or not. After the excitement attending the act of escape had passed off, he had begun to reflect, with some uneasiness, on the light in which the matter might be viewed by his superiors in command. But the reality was far more harassing than he had at all anticipated. His colonel, when informed of the affair, threw him instantly into arrest, and summoned a court-martial to inquire into the matter. The captain's statement was decisive against himself. He admitted having given his parole, and having broken it. The decision against him was unanimous, and to the effect, that his “conduct was most unworthy a British officer and gentleman, and calculated to throw disgrace on the whole service.” It was, moreover, resolved, that he should be *instantly sent back again to the French station, with the*

explanation, that "the British army, to a man, reprobated the conduct of Captain B—— in breaking his parole."

'Accordingly, by the earliest opportunity, the unlucky officer was reconveyed to his late place of confinement among the French. His state of mind, under these circumstances, was pitiable. To be so cast off and repudiated by his own friends, and to be sent back to meet still greater disgrace, and perhaps punishment, at the hands of the enemy, was indeed calculated to gall his feelings most deeply. The results of his re-transmission to the French station made the case much worse. When he was landed under a flag of truce, and conveyed to the quarters of the general in command, that personage immediately called his principal officers about him, and held a consultation with them. Captain B—— was present, and every eye was turned upon him with indignant contempt. The conference was short, and ended in the commander sitting down to write a note, which bore, that "the French were highly gratified with the politeness of the British in sending back Captain B——, and sincerely believed that every man in the British army must despise his conduct in violating his word of honour; but that they (the French) begged leave to return him to his friends, as they declined keeping, or having anything further to do with, so mean a rascal." This note was read aloud to Captain B——, and that unfortunate person was afterwards under the necessity of returning to the vessel which had brought him from Jamaica.

'If the feeling of shame and disgrace endured by the captain was great before, it was increased tenfold on his return to Jamaica with the scornful note of the French commander. All his former friends cut him directly and avowedly. No man would speak to or associate with him, and he was ultimately obliged to petition to be sent home on the plea of bad health. In reality, his bodily health was perfectly good, but not so with his mental health. The circumstances here related preyed upon his thoughts, until reason was shaken from her throne. This change was first made apparent in England, by the incessant and

lengthy memorials which he poured in upon government, all relating to his own services and sufferings, and conceived in such rambling terms as clearly to indicate the writer's state of mind. We believe that from government came the suggestion of confinement. However this may be, Captain B—— was placed in a private asylum; and there he now is, and is likely to be for the remainder of his days. It is perhaps well that the poor man thinks himself injured, for he is rendered by that impression comparatively happy. By one breach of the laws of honour, he lost his place for ever in society, and perhaps not undeservedly; yet, no one can regret any circumstances which tend to give him comparative ease in his, at best, most unfortunate condition.

Whatever may be thought of the licence permitted to modern men of honour in many respects, the inviolability of a word or pledge, given even to an open enemy, is certainly, as already hinted, somewhat of a redeeming and compensating feature. It is evident, indeed, that the frequent or habitual violation of faith in such cases as that of Captain B——, would tend materially to increase the asperities of war. Trusting unreservedly to the honour of their captives, the captors may grant them a thousand freedoms which otherwise could never be accorded. A want of reliance in such cases would render the dungeon the only place of security for the prisoner. The behaviour of Captain B——, therefore, was calculated to do much practical mischief, which could only have been obviated by such a repudiation as he received at the hands of his fellow-officers. And yet how many men of *honour* in this world of ours daily commit acts productive of greater, or at least much more direct evil, without losing even one step in society, not to speak of being galled into madness like poor Captain B——!

END OF VOL. IV.

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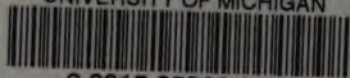








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